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"In the Land Where the Elephants Are"

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY MR. ROOSEVELT AND MR. D. S. ELLSWORTH

II

AMONG the most enjoyable moments in the hunting in Mysore were the early-morning stalks. Mahaboob Khan was indefatigable, and I have no idea when he found time to sleep. He was as full of ideas as a nut is of meat, and there were always alluring tales of tigers that had been infesting such and such a village. We sometimes arranged these early hunts by starting long before daybreak from Bhadravati and strewing our members in likely localities under the guidance of local shikarries. At other times we would all go off to some far-distant rest-house, and early next morning start each in an opposite direction. At still other times one of us would go off alone to a jungle camp, and the rest would start out from Bhadravati.

Mahaboob Khan was possessed of a fund of anecdotes about man and beast. A number of them concerned the maharajah of K., with whom he had been hunting. This maharajah, he explained, although a Mohammedan, at one time had had a number of Brahmins holding high positions in his court; but the word Brahmin is now anathema to him. This came about because his dewan (a title corresponding roughly to prime minister) and his chief secretary were desirous of putting him out of the way, and with this end in view suggested that he should go hunting a peculiarly savage bear that had been causing a lot of damage. They told the maharajah that they knew the locality, and that there would be no necessity to take guides or local hunters. Accordingly they sallied forth, each of them carrying one of the maharajah's rifles, while he strode along unarmed. As luck would have it, they soon ran upon the bear, which came ambling toward them growling. When the maharajah turned to grab a rifle from one of his companions, he found that each of them was engaged in climbing a well-selected tree. The bear was upon him, but he thrust one arm into its mouth, endeavoring to hold it off with the other. As he swayed to and fro in his struggle with the bear, he shouted to his ministers to come down and despatch the animal, but neither would budge from his perch. The maharajah was by now coming off distinctly second best in the contest, and could not have held out much longer when a wood-cutter, who had heard the shouts, came running up. The dewan, in his eagerness to ascend his tree unimpeded, had dropped the rifle he had been carrying; the maharajah had still sufficient presence of mind left to direct the wood-cutter to the rifle and explain to him how to hold it against the bear and loose it off. When the bear rolled over dead, the maharajah snatched the rifle from the wood-

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cutter, and, hastily reloading the empty chamber, scored a neat right and left upon his courtiers as they sat huddled in their trees. From that day no Brahmin need apply for a position in his court.

We all made out with very little sleep; at one time for four nights on end after the drives, Mahaboob Khan and I shoved off for some reported habitat of tiger, arriving there usually after midnight to be up and off again before daylight. Once we went to Ubrani, where we had to break into the rest-house. Two days before a pair of tigers (it was the mating-season) had charged right up to the cattle as they were being driven out to graze, and killed two of them. The local shikarry was sure he knew the jungle where they lived, and for three hours we crept about, twisting and bending and sometimes crawling on all fours. We came upon fresh leopard sign, and put up two herds of spotted deer and one lot of muntjac, but the tigers had sought "fresh fields and pastures new."

The others went off after black buck three mornings near Birur, and each got one. Black buck are graceful animals about the size of our American antelope; their horns are spiral and corrugated. The coat of an old buck is very black, that of a young buck or of a female is rufous. The usual manner of hunting them is to set off in a bullock-cart, and rattle and creak around the plains and brush country which is the black bucks' haunt. They take little notice of a bullock-cart, no matter how many bells are jingling from the harness of the cattle, and you can get up far closer than you can on foot, for the black buck inhabits a country where scientific stalking is almost impossible. I went out after them one morning and made a most appalling miss, the sort that makes you bitterly resolve henceforth to give up shooting altogether, and wonder whatever made you think of coming out anyway.

It was amazing the variety of game we saw on these morning hunts. There were always jackals and monkeys. Of the deer tribe, the axis or spotted deer were the most common. Once when we were watching a herd dashing away, Mahaboob Khan caught a momentary glimpse of a leopard that had been stalking them. At another time we came upon eight or ten wild dog standing over a big spotted-deer buck that they had only that moment pulled down. These were the red dog of the Deccan of the Mowgli stories; handsome animals with long rufous coast. They are very destructive to game, and few animals escape once they have struck off after them. The African wild dog (*Lycaon pictis*) possesses the same tireless energy, but in appearance falls far behind, for it is a short-haired, spotted, mangy-looking beast. I have heard it said that a tiger will leave his kill for the wild dog, but I very much doubt it.

We did not come upon many wild pig. Preston shot one and I wounded one with a long, running shot, but through the stupidity of some natives lost it. In most parts of India shooting wild boar is as heinous an offense as shooting foxes in a fox-hunting country; but where we were, the country was so broken and the jungles were so dense that there was no possibility of pig-sticking. Spearing the boar from horseback is a fine sport that calls for a stout heart and a clear eye, and not only do horse and rider often come croppers, but the boar is no mean adversary, and can give a good account of himself, as man and horse have often found to their cost.

One morning we got belated news that should have come through on the previous day, that a tiger and a boar were fighting in the jungle near Lakvalli. It was bad luck not hearing sooner. Mahaboob Khan had once been told of such a fight that was going on near a small village. Upon hurrying thither he found the battle still raging, and shot both contestants. He said that they seemed very equally matched, but that both had received such severe punishment that he did not believe that either would have survived.

I went often after sambur (*Rusa aristotelus*) and saw many herds. It was the worst time of year to try for a good head, for the bucks had most of them recently shed their antlers and were in the velvet, some with their horns just showing. As far as I could make out, this shedding of the antlers is not a regular process, and some stags keep their horns for several seasons without changing. This retention is even more common among the

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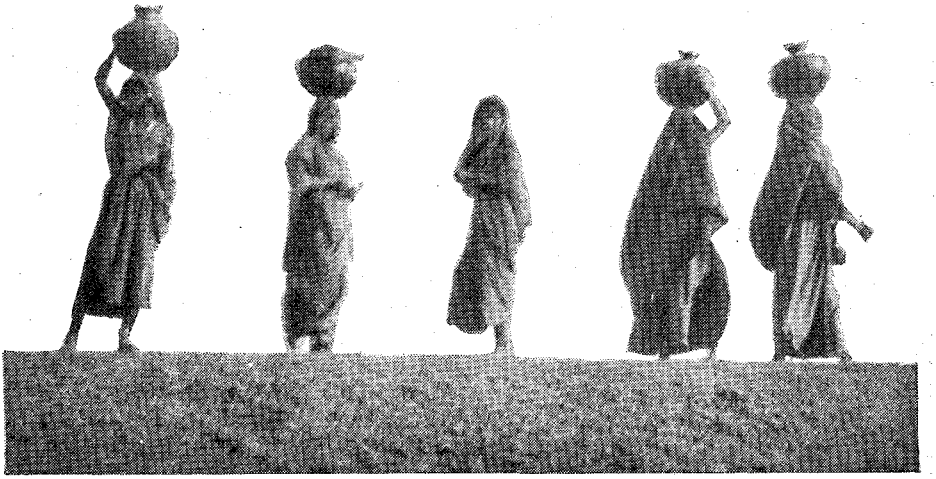

Village women bringing water from the wells.

spotted deer. The sambur is the largest of the Indian deer, and a big, handsome animal he is. The stag is dark brown; an old one looks almost black. The hind is a lighter brown. The body hair is coarse, and around the neck there is a mane which can be erected. The under part of the tail is white, and when he is frightened the sambur throws his tail up, in the same way in which our antelope do. We found sambur usually among the bamboos. I missed a good shot at one, but a few days later had an opportunity to retrieve myself, and managed to do so.

We did not see many snakes—a cobra, a couple of grass-snakes, and two pythons. The first I had shot when I was after gaur. The second B. accounted for when we were coming back from a drive. It was fifteen feet long, and had swallowed a spotted-deer doe. The native who first caught sight of it shouted "bagh! bagh!" ("tiger! tiger!") and the distended skin did at first glance resemble a tiger.

We had many unsuccessful drives for tiger. One morning, when we had been off after gaur and sambur at a little jungle rest-house known as Sukuhulli, a native came in hot-foot to tell us that he had seen a tiger lying on the road, and that instead of beating a retreat it had not moved when he could last see the spot as he hurried off to bring us the news. We went back with him and found the fresh pug marks. Local authorities told us that the country was suitable for driving, so we gathered some Londharis from a near-by village and tried our luck. It was bad, for the tiger slipped out around one of our flanks. That same afternoon a young tiger made a similar escape. This time it crossed the trail and went right past one of the stops, in spite of the old fellow's valiant efforts to drive it back. He was tremendously excited when we came up, and enacted the scene in full pantomime for us a dozen times, waving his blanket and shouting to illustrate his part. During another drive a leopard came close to where I was stationed behind a bush in the bottom of a nullah. I heard it growling, but it must have winded me, for it turned and slipped back through the beaters. A couple of them had seen it and insisted that it was a tiger, until we conclusively proved it to be a leopard by some very clear pug marks. It is a mistake to put too much confidence in native reports, even when they would seem to be well substantiated; they are all more or less like the old fellow's description in the Irish R. M. stories of how he had seen the fox "walking along, and him as big as a donkey." Once, after a series of unsuccessful drives, Mahaboob Khan was heard to fervently exclaim: "God is great, but, God, what luck!" He was only translating into English the conventional Mohammedan formula of fatalism.

I have always been puzzled to explain the extreme inaccuracy with which people, many of unquestioned experience,

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talk of hunting and of game. By some curious trick of memory men seem to entirely forget their own blank days, and the number of times their friends go off without bringing anything back, and they talk as if any one could go out and bag whatever he chose. I have heard seasoned hunters say that in a couple of days in Cochin-China, or Java, or India, it was always possible to shoot a tiger, when they must have known that to do so in that length of time would be a matter of the most outrageous luck. People living in any of those countries for years and going off hunting regularly, often never so much as see a tiger. It exasperates one to hear these optimists hold forth, doubly so if one has been off hunting and only succeeded by the most persistent effort in accomplishing what they treat as such a simple affair. It is the same all over the world, but I have never got beyond the feeling of intense annoyance.

There was no question but that there were a great number of tigers in the district in which we were shooting, but in spite of the fact that we had a most elaborate bundobust and were ready at all times to go any distance to a reported kill, we saw but three, all told, and this although I was shooting for three weeks and the others for nearly four. I was the only one to see two out of the three tigers.

I never quite understood how it was that native maharajahs and foreign celebrities could be assured of bagging a number of tigers with ease and comfort, until Mahaboob Khan explained to me several of the methods of making the arrangements for these shoots. He said that if you had unlimited men and elephants at your disposal you could encircle a large section of jungle and gradually close in upon it until you had all the game herded into a comparatively small area that lent itself to successful driving. A simpler manner of guaranteeing the hunter a shot consisted in placing ties which had been injected with heavy doses of opium. After the tiger had killed and feasted, he would go a short distance away and fall into a drugged sleep that would last as long as eight hours. While he was in this stupor he could be easily secured and put into a cage, to be loosed in much the same way as a bagman fox. The cage would be hauled on a bullock-cart to some convenient spot in a nullah, and when all was ready he would be released, the beaters would shout and pound their buffalo-skin drums, and all would be well. Mahaboob Khan explained that he had himself supplied nineteen tigers to shikarries who were organizing expeditions which were to admit of no possibility of failure. It is difficult to understand how the drug taken in this manner could have any such effect as Mahaboob Khan claimed, and I would like to learn from some authority on the power of drugs whether such results would be possible.

One morning when we had returned to Bhadravati after a night at some forest camp, we found a cheerful-looking red-turbaned Lombari awaiting us with a particularly urgent message that two tigers had killed a buffalo, one of our ties, in a grove of Arica nut palms. Kiria, for that was our friend's name, had come in twenty-five miles during the night with the news. We put him on the running-board of the car and boiled out to Kunchenhulli, where the kill had been reported.

On the way, while Preston was driving the car, a cow ambled out from behind some trees. To swerve would have been most dangerous, so Preston wisely kept the wheel straight, hitting the cow square amidships. We knocked it down and bumped right over it, its horns piercing one of the mud-guards. When we stopped the car to take stock of the damage, the cow was lying on the road behind us, apparently badly broken up. B. told Ellsworth to put it out of its misery with a bullet, but as he approached we saw it in leisurely fashion right itself, saunter along on its interrupted course, and lower its head and start grazing when it reached the opposite side of the road.

Abdul Huq, the Mohammedan forest guard, was awaiting us with news that the tigers had again killed. Thompson, a fellow American from the Bhadravati Iron Works, joined us for the beat, and we hurried off to our machans. The jungle which we were to beat was shaped in the form of a rough triangle. My post was ten feet up in a tree, at the apex of the triangle. Kiria squatted in the branches above me, and I motioned to him to watch one side while I kept lookout on the other.

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He was the keenest native with whom I hunted in Mysore. These beaters from Kunchenhulli village were the most efficient that we had, and it was not long before we heard them coming along, whacking the trees with their sticks and shouting. That first sound that told that the drive had started never failed to give me a thrill. Nearer and nearer they came. Some stray cattle appeared and started to graze near by. Kiria made a hasty descent and flew at them, waving his blanket. They dispersed, and he returned as noiselessly as possible. Nothing had come through except a couple of jungle-fowl, and the beaters were scarcely more than a hundred yards distant. I had just made up my mind to another blank drive, when I felt Kiria pulling my sleeve, and looked across to see a tigress trotting off about forty yards away. I threw the rifle to my shoulder and let drive. She stumbled and went down on her nose, but only for a second before she was up and off and out of sight. I had just time for another hasty shot through the bushes, and then both Kiria and I tumbled out of the tree. The tigress had disappeared in a long, shallow ravine that led down from the hills. We were certain that she had been hard hit, but even so she might go quite a distance if she were followed, so Kiria and I ran as hard as the broiling sun would permit up along the nullah, a mile or perhaps a mile and a half, to where it narrowed down sufficiently so that by standing on a hummock in the centre I could be certain that nothing could get by without being seen. A hasty examination of the ground fairly convinced us that our quarry had not yet passed. I sent Kiria back to tell the others what I had done, but he had not got far before I could hear shouts and yells coming down the wind, and then a shot. Still I was not going to abandon my commanding position upon the strength of mere conjectures, and I waited until word came that the tigress was dead. The beaters had found her lying under a little bush at the entrance to the nullah, not more than a hundred yards distant from where she had first fallen when I hit her. Opinions differed as to whether she was dead yet or only in extremis, so Thompson had wisely put in a shot to make sure. Unfortunately it spoiled her skull.

Mrs. Roosevelt's python with the spotted deer inside it.

Our village friends were wildly excited. They lashed the tigress to a pole and formed a triumphal procession, shouting and singing and beating their drums. We had to watch carefully to see that no one surreptitiously removed the whiskers or claws, for both are much in demand, the

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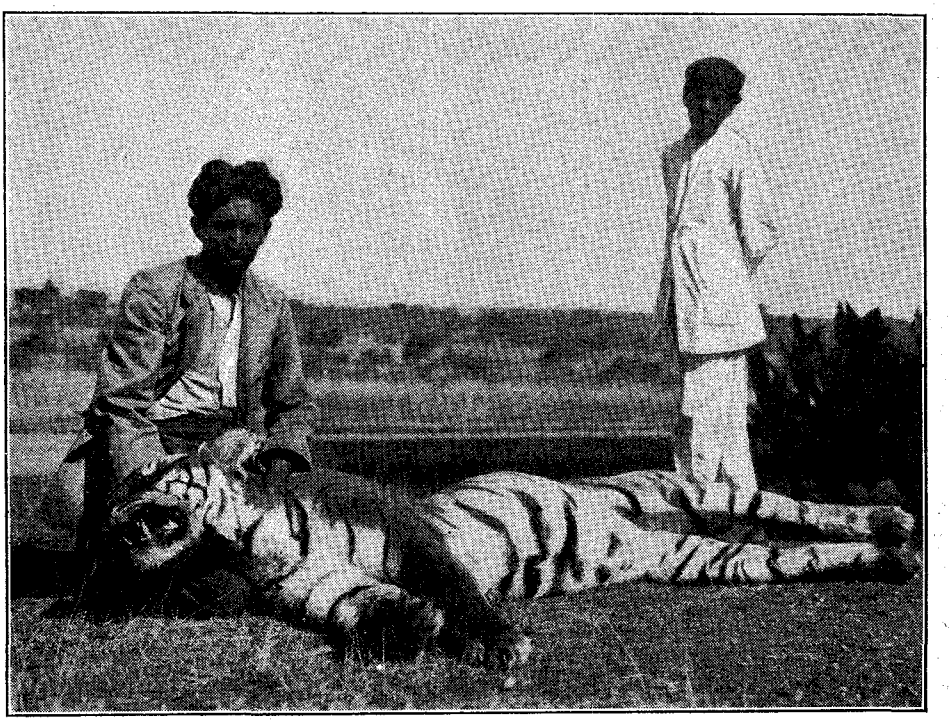
former being regarded as peculiarly efficacious in certain sorts of medicines. The procession swelled in numbers as we neared the village, and small boys pranced along in front, while the women and girls lined the way.

That was the last time that any of us saw a tiger, although I was hunting for ten days longer, and the others for an additional week. The villagers insisted that the tiger must have broken out to one side without being seen, possibly in the confusion immediately after I had shot the tigress. They heard him roaring in the palm grove that night, but no more of our ties were killed there during the rest of the hunt.

One of the hardest days that we put in was in the course of an expedition after bear, not long after I had shot the Kunchenhulli tigress. There was a small Mohammedan village beyond Shikarpur where bear were reported to be exceedingly plentiful. We were told that one had tried to enter the rest-house, and the night we spent there the villagers insisted upon barricading the windows and doors for us. At daybreak, as usual, we were each off in a different direction, but the ground was so excessively dry that it was certain to be largely luck if we came upon anything. I saw a fine buck spotted deer, but, of course, did not wish to disturb the country by shooting. We found plenty of places where bears had been grubbing and once or twice heard pig. There was an exciting moment when I made out what my shikarry insisted was a tiger coughing on the hillside above us. We headed cautiously in the direction from which the sounds had come, but we must have been either winded or seen. I was not certain whether it was a tiger or a leopard that we had heard.

When we got back to the village we started on our return trip to Bhadravati. Our water had practically given out, and no more had been boiled. Drinking unboiled the water you get in the villages is as a rule a foolhardy proposition, and can result in cholera or typhoid or dysentery. At the end of the dry season, when the water-supply has sunken low and is fetid and slimy, it is not an inviting beverage



Mahaboob Khan and my second tiger.

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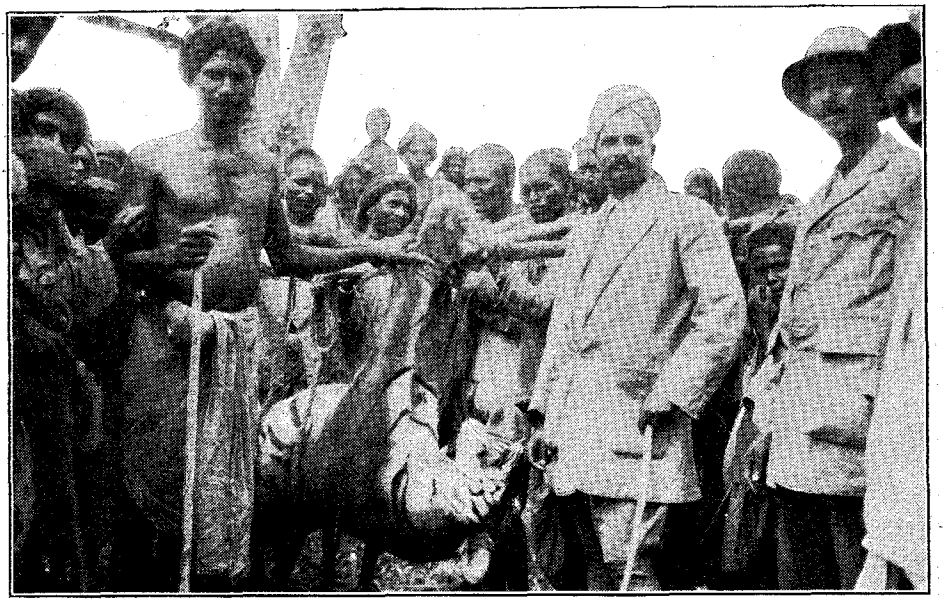

Kiria, Abdul Huq, and Mahaboob Khan with the second tiger.

even when boiled. We generally carried a good supply with us in thermos bottles. I had a large Stanley unbreakable bottle, and it was the only kind that we found really feasible on a trip where everything had to stand a lot of tumbling and throwing about. It survived the roughest treatment, but all the others broke sooner or later.

As we passed Kunchenhulli on our way back to Bhadravati, our friends came swarming out with the most lurid tales of the way in which the tigers had been roaring during the previous night, and Mahaboob Khan having satisfied himself as far as he was able as to the veracity of the accounts, we decided to try a beat. It was a blank, but there was another place near by which was considered a favorite haunt for bears, and we went off to try it. We had had nothing to eat or drink since early morning, for we were saving the few drops left in one of the thermos bottles until we should have finished beating. It was now about two in the afternoon, but we had a long way to walk to reach the places where we were to be stationed, and once there we sat in the scorching sun waiting for the beat to start. It was in the course of this drive that Preston got his pig. Spotted deer and peacock were the only thing else to come through, but Mahaboob Khan said that there had been a tiger in the drive, but that it had been allowed to break back. It was nearly six when we got back to the car, and nine o'clock before we reached Bhadravati, and long draughts of tepid water, for there was, of course, no ice to be had there, except when specially ordered from Bangalore, twelve hours away by train.

On another day, when we were again driving near Kunchenhulli, it was equally scorchingly hot, and we had climbed several hills. At the end of the first drive we discovered that the tiger which we were after had crossed over the ridge, after gorging himself on the bullock we had tied out as bait. He had rested under some bushes close to where one of us had been stationed, showing with what good judgment the stands had been selected. While we were busy discussing the best way in which to arrange the next beat, it began to rain, and in a minute we were seeking shelter behind rocks and beneath trees from a veritable deluge. Hailstones pelted down, and from having been sweltering and perspiring ten minutes before, we were now crouching shivering wherever we could find the slightest pro-

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tection. It lasted for almost two hours, although it was only what is known as a mango shower, a forerunner of the monsoon. When we had these showers during the night, the early-morning stalking was excellent, but by about ten everything would be dried up and the leaves as crackly as ever.

Once we went off on a pad elephant after small game. We were only hunting a short time, for we were not eager to do any shooting but merely to see at first-hand what hunting from an elephant was like. He was a big beast, but it was amazing to see with what little noise he moved. In Africa, when hunting elephants, we would marvel that after the first wild rush, when the giant lianas snapped like bits of string, the noise would completely die away and we would hear no more of our quarry. The African elephant is very different from the Indian; he is larger in bulk, his ears are almost twice the size, and his skull is heavier and differently formed. It is possible to kill an Indian elephant with the head shot when he is facing you, but there is little hope of doing so with the African, for his massive skull will almost invariably deflect even the most powerful bullet. I have never known of a case where the African elephant has been successfully trained in the way in which an Indian elephant is trained. When we were in Uganda, an Indian elephant had recently been brought in, and was invariably surrounded by crowds of admiring natives. They seemed to regard this elephant with far more amazement than they did the rifle, or the compass, or the graphophone, or any of the things with which we tried to intrigue them; for these were all white man's magic, and so they shrugged their shoulders and let them pass, but they knew the wild elephant and could thoroughly appreciate what taming it would mean.

Hunting in the Indian jungles on an untried elephant must be a most exciting affair, and I can imagine no more helpless feeling than clinging to the back of a runaway elephant that has been frightened by gun-fire or by a tiger and is bolting through the jungle like a runaway locomotive.

The time we had at our disposal was drawing rapidly to a close, and Ellsworth was most anxious to have a try at bison, so he went off, with a native with whom Mahaboob Khan had himself hunted, into a wild bit of jungle back of Sacrebyle. He took very little except a rhoorkhee chair with him, and slept out under a big tree. For three days we heard nothing from him, and then came a grimy but welcome chit announcing that he had got a bison. He surely deserved it, for it had meant long, hard tramping and well-directed bullets when he finally had his chance.

We had already reached the time limit I had set for myself, but B. had not yet so much as seen any big game, so we arranged that she and Ellsworth and Preston should stay on with Gudkov and put in four or five days' more hunting while I went to Mysore to thank the maharajah for his many courtesies, and for all that he had done to make our hunting in his state successful. I had then to go on to Madras on business, and visit a seaport between Madras and Calcutta, where I had arranged with B. to join me.

The first days' hunting after I left were unsuccessful as far as big game was concerned. Once they thought that they had two bears cornered in a cave, but after some exciting moments they found that the bears had made their escape. On the last day they had a blank drive in the morning, and decided as a final resort to go to a village called Anapinacate, and drive a nullah from which we had once put out a leopard. It was a lovely bit of country, and there were near the nullah two or three of the finest trees it has ever been my fortune to see. One was a giant mango, that could not have been more symmetrically shaped had it been a box-tree trained under the supervision of a landscape-gardener. It threw a dense and most inviting shade over many a square yard of ground. Another was a huge mimosa, equally handsome in its own fashion, but casting no such shade as the mango. The finest banian-tree that we came upon was near Kunchenhulli; it is difficult to estimate, but it could not have been so very much smaller than the famous one in the botanical gardens at Calcutta, which covers ten hundred and twenty-eight square feet of ground. There are few things that have as strong an appeal as giant trees, and one could think enviously what a continual pleasure

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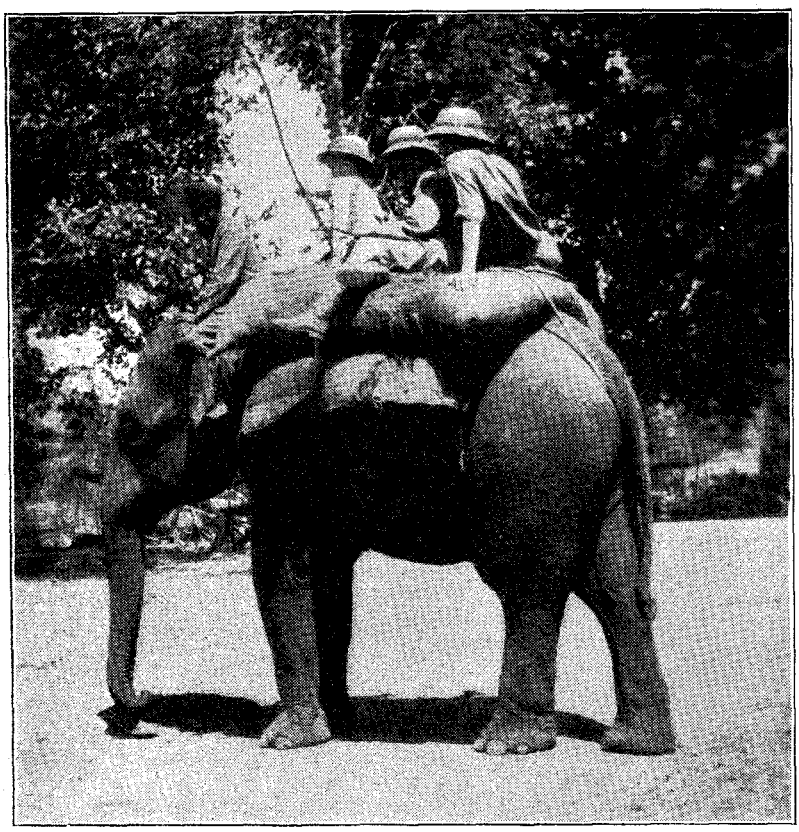
it would be to have that great mango-tree on one's land at home.

On this last drive B. was stationed in a good-sized tree with a native in the branches above her to help keep a look-out. Preston and Ellsworth were on either side, but out of sight. When the drive was almost through, B. happened to glance to the side over which the native was supposed to be keeping watch, and there about half-way across the clearing in which their tree was standing, she saw a leopard, trotting quietly over. There was only time for a snap-shot, but down the leopard went on his nose, and B. said that the excitement of seeing him go down was worth the whole trip. Before she could get in a second shot the leopard had picked himself up and disappeared into the jungle. She jumped out of the tree and tried to go after him, but fortunately the underbrush was too thick and tangled. When the beaters came up they were naturally reluctant to go in, but Preston picked up a staff and led them in to beat on toward where B. and Ellsworth and Mahaboob Khan were stationed. B. and Mahaboob had with them a tall native armed with a spear, and reputed to be a lion in bravery. It was he, however, who lost them the leopard, for when they came upon it standing in a little open patch, it had not seen them, and just as B. whispered to Mahaboob and dropped down onto one knee to get a steadier aim, their native spearman caught sight of it, and with a wild shout bolted in the direction whence they had come. The echo of the shout and the disappearance of the leopard were simultaneous; there was no time to shoot. It was very bad luck, for the leopard had been standing stock-still not more than thirty yards away. B. saw it once more, most unexpectedly, just when



Starting off after small game on a pad elephant.

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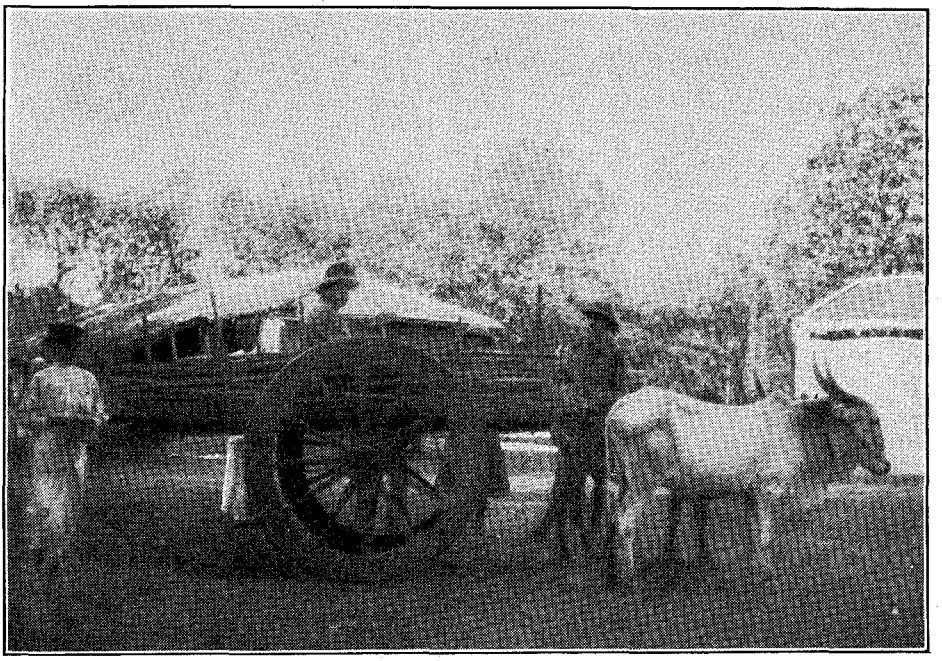
she was dropping out of a tree into which she had climbed to get a better view during the beating of a small patch of jungle. This time again there was no chance for a shot, and by now it was growing dark and the leopard had crossed over into a large nullah, out of which it would be most difficult to drive it. Very reluctantly the pursuit was given up, and only just sufficient time was left to catch the night train from Bhadravati. Gudkov came out next day with Mahaboob Khan, but although they found plenty of blood sign they never succeeded in coming to terms with the leopard.



Ellsworth starts off in a bullock-cart on his way to the bison country.

The last day's hunting in which I personally took part was with Preston after gaur. I had to leave on Sunday evening, so on Saturday, after the close of an unsuccessful drive, we went back to Bhadravati, and a few hours later Preston, Mahaboob Khan, and I took our blankets and some food and set off toward where Ellsworth had shot his gaur. The first part of the way we did by motor, and we had only about six or eight miles left to cover on foot. It was a glorious night, with brilliant moonlight flooding the trail wherever the vegetation was not too dense. In spite of the blankets and supplies we were carrying, we felt as if we could go on forever; it was a veritable fairy-land through which we were marching: deep jungle trails, emerging into open glades in which the towering mass of some great mango-tree stood out sharply clear in the silver of the moonlight. We skirted the edges of a clearing occupied by a few shadowy huts, until finally we came upon our guide's house, our advent heralded by the barking and yelping of his dogs. Pointing out to us the tree under which we were to sleep, our host slipped off into his hut, leaving us to select what we considered the spot most free from ants. In this I was more successful than Preston, and was soon sound asleep.

Just before daylight Yela awoke us, and, fortified by a cup of coffee from the thermos bottle and a mango each, we set off in his wake. Dawn found us threading our way through the forest, now on one of Yela's trails, now on a game trail, and now feeling our way cautiously through virgin jungle. It had been raining on the previous afternoon and early evening, so the going was fairly good. Yela with his

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bare feet moved as noiselessly as any other denizen of the jungle, and we picked our way with the utmost care. It was about seven o'clock when, upon emerging into a long, narrow clearing, Yela, who was in the lead, dropped down, pointing off to our right. Preston was immediately behind him, and, as I came out of the jungle, I caught sight of five gaur feeding in the tall grass. After a hurried whispered colloquy Preston let drive with his 405 Winchester at what was obviously the bull. Over he went, and the others vanished like smoke into the jungle. We hurried over to where the bull had fallen; the bullet from the 405 had broken his back. A huge, powerful animal he was, probably the handsomest of the buffalo family—massive shoulders, heavy, symmetrical horns, and dainty feet that seemed hardly stout enough to sustain his great bulk.

We could not spend too much time admiring him, for now that we had been successful we wished to get back as soon as possible with the trophy. Here we found ourselves confronted with the ever-present caste difficulty: Yela, although I had been told he was a pariah, or outcast, was not permitted by his caste to help in the skinning, or even touch our quarry. I had only one knife with me, and it took more than an hour to get the head off. When it came to rolling the animal over we were fairly stumped. We succeeded in pressing Yela into service, after some persuasion, but we could scarcely budge the gaur. My knife had become blunted making the cuts in the thick hide, and to remove sufficient of the carcass to enable us to turn it was labor of the hardest. We could not leave the head to wait in the hot sun until we should send back to bring it in, so we persevered, and at length succeeded in turning the body over and completing the removal of the head. We dragged it off into the forest and covered it with leaves and branches, for it was far too heavy for the two of us to carry back to Yela's hut.

We had come almost straight away from camp, so were some time in getting back, but it was a cheerful trio returning from a successful chase. We found Mahaboob Khan awaiting us; he had gone off in the opposite direction to look over the country, and had seen two bears. One was up in a tree searching for honey, the other was waiting below. In Pollock I had read an account of how bears occasionally violated the Eighteenth Amendment through robbing the natives of the wild honey that had been set out to ferment. Pollock described the antics of a bear that had overindulged, but Mahaboob Khan was able to cap the account by telling how the natives described seeing an inebriated pater familias balancing a tub of fermented honey on his head as he bore it off home so that Madame Bruin could join in the festivities.

Yela told us that he could take an ox-cart to fairly near where we had left the gaur's head, and our next difficulty was to get the cart. One was coming to meet us to take out our bedding, but when we tried to send it off with Yela, caste once more intervened, and the driver explained that he would not be permitted even to carry the head on his cart. The cow is the sacred animal of the Hindus, and they are supposed under no circumstance to kill it, or touch it when dead. The gaur they look upon as wild cattle and observe the same restrictions, although Yela had no objection to hunting gaur with us, and no feeling whatever about our killing them.

We were told that there was not far off a village of pariahs, who had no religious scruples of any sort, and thither we went. We found two weddings under way, and before we could get down to business each bridegroom came with a little tray holding a couple of mangoes and the materials for betel-nut chewing. With three low obeisances, touching the head upon the ground, these were presented to us, and then the brides came forward and went through similar ceremonials.

After this was over we were able to make arrangements for a bullock-cart, but starting it off was another matter, and it was not until long after dark that the head was eventually brought in. By that time I was speeding to Bangalore, after a last farewell to the indefatigable Mahaboob Khan—may his shadow increase—but not to such an extent as to handicap the energy and good-will which I hope to test once more at no very distant day.

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The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

VI

"OLD FORSYTE" AND "OLD MONT"

WALKING away, in the confusion of her mood Fleur trod nearly on the toes of a too-familiar figure standing before an Alma Tadema with a sort of gray anxiety, as if lost in the mutability of market values.

"Father!" she said: "*You* up in town? Come along to lunch, I have to get home quick."

Hooking his arm and keeping between him and Eve, she guided him away, thinking: "Did he see us? Could he have seen us?"

"H'm!" said Soames: "Have you got enough on?"

"Heaps!"

"That's what you women always say. East wind, and your neck like that! Well, I don't know."

"No, dear, but I do."

The gray eyes appraised her from head to foot.

"What are you doing here?" he said. And Fleur thought: "Thank God he didn't see. He'd never have asked if he had." And she answered:

"Well, darling, I take an interest in art, as well as you."

"Art!" said Soames. "I'm staying with your aunt in Green Street. This east wind has touched my liver. How's your—how's Michael?"

"Oh! he's all right—a little cheap. We had a dinner last night."

Anniversary! The realism of a Forsyte stirred in him. Pale, dark under the eyes! Thrusting his hand into his overcoat pocket, he said:

"I was bringing you this."

Fleur saw a flat substance wrapped in pink tissue-paper.

"Darling, what is it?"

Soames put it back into his pocket.

"We'll see later. Anybody to lunch?"

"Only Bart."

"Old Mont! Oh, Lord!"

"Don't you like Bart, dear?"

"Like him? He and I have nothing in common."

"I thought you fraternized rather over the state of things."

"He's a reactionary," said Soames.

"And what are you, ducky?"

"I? What should *I* be?" With these words he affirmed that policy of non-commitment which, the older he grew, the more he perceived to be the only attitude for a sensible man.

"How is Mother?"

"Looks well. I see nothing of her—she's got her mother down—they go gadding about."

He never alluded to Madame Lamotte as Fleur's grandmother—the less his daughter had to do with her French side, the better.

"Oh!" said Fleur. "There's Fusy and a cat!" Confucius, out for a breath of air, and tethered by a lead in the hands of a maid, was snuffling horribly and trying to climb a railing on which was perched a black cat, all hunch and eyes.

"Give him to me, Ellen. Come with mother, darling!"

Confucius came, indeed, but only because he couldn't go, bristling and snuffling and turning his head back.

"I like to see him natural," said Fleur.

"Waste of money, a dog like that," commented Soames. "You should have had a bulldog and let him sleep in the hall. No end of burglaries. Your aunt had her knocker stolen."

"I wouldn't part with Fusy for a hundred knockers."

"One of these days you'll be having *him* stolen—fashionable breed."

Fleur opened her front door. "Oh!" she said, "Bart's here, already!"

A shiny hat was reposing on a marble

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coffer, present from Soames, intended to hold coats and discourage moth. Placing his hat alongside the other, Soames looked at them. They were too similar for words, tall, high, shiny, and with the same name inside. He had resumed the "tall hat" habit after the failure of the General and Coal Strikes in 1921; his instinct had told him that revolution would be at a discount for some considerable period.

"About this thing," he said, taking out the pink parcel, "I don't know what you'll do with it, but here it is."

It was a curiously carved and colored bit of opal in a ring of tiny brilliants.

"Oh!" cried Fleur: "What a delicious thing!"

"It's Venus floating on the waves, or something," murmured Soames. "Uncommon. You want a strong light on it."

"But it's lovely. I shall put it on at once."

Venus! If Dad had known! She put her arms round his neck to disguise her sense of *à propos*. Soames received the rub of her cheek against his own well-shaven face with his usual stillness. Why demonstrate when they were both aware that his affection was double hers?

"Put it on, then," he said, "and let's see."

Fleur pinned it at her neck before an old lacquered mirror. "It's a jewel. Thank you, darling! Yes, your tie is straight. I like that white piping. You ought always to wear it with black. Now, come along!" And she drew him into her Chinese room. It was empty.

"Bart must be up with Michael, talking about his new book."

"Writing at his age?" said Soames.

"Well, ducky, he's two years younger than you."

"I don't write. Not such a fool. Got any more new-fangled friends?"

"Just one—Gurdon Minho, the novelist."

"Another of the new school?"

"Oh, no, dear! Surely you've heard of Gurdon Minho; he's older than the hills."

"They're all alike to me," muttered Soames. "Is he well thought of?"

"I should think his income is larger than yours. He's almost a classic—only waiting to die."

"I'll get one of his books and read it. What name did you say?"

"Get 'Big and Little Fishes' by Gurdon Minho. You can remember that, can't you? Oh! here they are! Michael, look at what Father's given me."

Taking his hand, she put it up to the opal at her neck. "Let them both see," she thought, "what good terms we're on." Though her father had not seen her with Wilfrid in the Gallery, her conscience still said: "Strengthen your respectability, you don't quite know how much support you'll need for it in future."

And out of the corner of her eye she watched those two. The meetings between "Old Mont" and "Old Forsyte"—as she knew Bart called her father when speaking of him to Michael—always made her want to laugh, but she never quite knew why. Bart knew everything, but his knowledge was beautifully bound, strictly edited by a mind tethered to the "eighteenth century." Her father only knew what was of advantage to him, but the knowledge was unbound, and subject to no editorship. If he *was* late Victorian, he was not above profiting if necessary by even later periods. "Old Mont" had faith in tradition; "Old Forsyte" none. Fleur's acuteness had long perceived a difference which favored her father. Yet "Old Mont's" talk was so much more up to date, rapid, glancing, garrulous, redolent of precise information; and "Old Forsyte's" was constricted, matter-of-fact. Really impossible to tell which of the two was the better museum specimen; and both so well preserved!

They did not precisely shake hands; but Soames mentioned the weather. And almost at once they all four sought that Sunday food which by a sustained effort of will, Fleur had at last deprived of reference to the British character. They partook, in fact, of lobster cocktails, and a mere risotto of chickens' livers, an omelet *au rhum*, and dessert trying to look as Spanish as it could.

"I've been in the Tate," Fleur said; "I do think it's touching."

"Touching?" queried Soames with a sniff.

"Fleur means, sir, that to see much old English art together is like looking at a baby show."

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"I don't follow," said Soames stiffly. "There's some very good work there."

"But not grown-up, sir."

"Ah! You young people mistake all this crazy cleverness for maturity:"

"That's not what Michael means, Father. It's quite true that English painting has no wisdom-teeth. You can see the difference in a moment, between it and any Continental painting."

"And thank God for it!" broke in Sir Lawrence. "The beauty of this country's art is its innocence. We're the oldest country in the world politically, and the youngest æsthetically. What do you say, Forsyte?"

"Turner is old and wise enough for me," said Soames curtly. "Are you coming to the P. P. R. S. Board on Tuesday?"

"Tuesday? We were going to shoot the spinneys, weren't we, Michael?"

Soames grunted. "I should let them wait," he said. "We settle the report."

It was through "Old Mont's" influence that he had received a seat on the Board of that flourishing concern, the Providential Premium Reassurance Society, and, truth to tell, he was not sitting very easily in it. Though the law of averages was, perhaps, the most reliable thing in the world, there were circumstances which had begun to cause him disquietude. He looked round his nose. Light weight, this narrow-headed, twisting-eyebrowed baronet of a chap—like his son before him! And he added suddenly: "I'm not easy. If I'd realized how that chap Elderson ruled the roost, I doubt if I should have come on to that Board."

One side of "Old Mont's" face seemed to try to leave the other.

"Elderson!" he said. "His grandfather was my grandfather's parliamentary agent at the time of the Reform Bill; he put him through the most corrupt election ever fought—bought every vote—used to kiss all the farmers' wives. Great days, Forsyte, great days!"

"And over," said Soames. "I don't believe in trusting a man's judgment as far as we trust Elderson's; I don't like this foreign insurance."

"My dear Forsyte—first-rate head, Elderson; I've known him all my life, we were at Winchester together."

Soames uttered a deep sound. In that answer of "Old Mont's" lay much of the reason for his disquietude. On the Board they had all, as it were, been at Winchester together! It was the very devil! They were all so honorable that they dared not scrutinize each other, or even their own collective policy. Worse than their dread of mistake or fraud, was their dread of seeming to distrust each other. And this was natural, for to distrust each other was an immediate evil. And, as Soames knew, immediate evils are those which one avoids. Indeed, only that tendency, inherited from his father, James, to lie awake between the hours of two and four, when the chrysalis of faint misgiving becomes so readily the butterfly of panic, had developed his uneasiness. The P. P. R. S. was so imposing a concern, and he had been connected with it so short a time, that it seemed presumptuous to smell a rat; especially as he would have to leave the Board and the thousand a year he earned on it, if he raised smell of rat without rat or reason. But what if there were a rat? That was the trouble! And here sat "Old Mont" talking of his spinneys and his grandfather. The fellow's head was too small! And visited by the cheerless thought: "There's nobody here, not even my own daughter, capable of taking a thing seriously," he kept silence. A sound at his elbow roused him. That marmoset of a dog, on a chair between him and his daughter, was sitting up! Did it expect him to give it something? Its eyes would drop out one of these days. And he said: "Well, what do you want?" The way the little beast stared with those boot buttons! "Here," he said, offering it a salted almond. "You don't eat these."

Confucius did.

"He has a passion for them, Dad. Haven't you, darling?"

Confucius turned his eyes up at Soames, through whom a queer sensation passed. "Believe the little brute likes me," he thought, "he's always looking at me." He touched the dog's nose with the tip of his finger. Confucius gave it a slight lick with his curly blackish tongue.

"Poor fellow!" muttered Soames involuntarily. And, turning to "Old Mont," he said suddenly:

"Don't mention what I said."

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"My dear Forsyte, what was that?"

Good God! And he was on a Board with a man like this! What had made him come on, when he didn't want the money, or any more worries—goodness knew. As soon as he had become a director, Winifred and others of his family had begun to acquire shares to neutralize their income tax—seven per cent preference—nine per cent ordinary—instead of the steady five they ought to be content with. There it was, he couldn't move without people following him. He had always been so safe, so perfect a guide in the money maze! To be worried at his time of life! His eyes sought comfort from the opal at his daughter's neck—pretty thing, pretty neck! Well! She seemed happy enough—had forgotten her infatuation of two years ago! That was something to be thankful for. What she wanted now was a child to steady her in all this modern scrimmage of twopenny-ha'penny writers and painters and musicians. A loose lot, but she had a good little head on her. If she had a child, he would put another twenty thousand into her settlement. That was one thing about her mother—steady in money matters, good French method. And Fleur—so far as he knew—cut her coat according to her cloth. What was that? The word "Goya" had caught his ear. New life of him coming out? H'm! That confirmed his slowly growing conviction that Goya had reached top point again.

"Think I shall part with that," he said, pointing to the picture. "There's an Argentine over here."

"Sell your Goya, sir?" It was Michael speaking. "Think of the envy with which you're now regarded!"

"One can't have everything," said Soames.

"That reproduction we've got for 'The New Life' has turned out first-rate. 'Property of Soames Forsyte, Esquire.' Let's get the book out first, sir, anyway."

"Shadow or substance, eh, Forsyte?"

Narrow-headed baronet chap—was he mocking?

"*I've* no family place," he said.

"No, but we have, sir," murmured Michael; "you could leave it to Fleur, you know."

"Well," said Soames, "we shall see if that's worth while." And he looked at his daughter.

Fleur seldom blushed, but she picked up Confucius and rose from the Spanish table. Michael followed suit. "Coffee in the other room," he said. "Old Forsyte" and "Old Mont" stood up, wiping their mustaches.

VII

"OLD MONT" AND "OLD FORSYTE"

THE offices of the P. P. R. S. were close to the College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street. Soames, who knew that "three dexter buckles on a sable ground gules" and a "pheasant proper" had been obtained there at some expense by his Uncle Swithin in the sixties of the last century, had always pooh-poohed the building, until, about a year ago, he had been struck by the name Golding in a book which he had absently taken up at the Connoisseurs' Club. The affair purported to prove that William Shakespeare was really Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. The mother of the earl was a Golding—so was the mother of Soames! The coincidence struck him; and he went on reading. The tome left him with judgment suspended over the main issue, but a distant curiosity as to whether he was not of the same blood as Shakespeare. Even if the earl were not the bard, he felt that the connection could only be creditable, though, so far as he could make out, Oxford was a shady fellow. Recently appointed on the Board of the P. P. R. S., so that he had to pass the college every other Tuesday, he had thought: "Shan't go spending a lot of money on it, but might look in one day." Having looked in, it was astonishing how taken he had been by the whole thing. Tracing his mother had been quite like a criminal investigation, nearly as ramified and fully as expensive. Having begun, the tenacity of a Forsyte could hardly bear to stop short of the mother of Shakespeare de Vere, even though she would be collateral; unfortunately he could not get past a certain William Gouldyng, Ingerer, whatever that might be, and he was almost afraid to inquire, of the time of Oliver Cromwell. There were still four generations to be unravelled, and he was losing

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money and the hope of getting anything for it. This it was which caused him to gaze askance at the retired building while passing it on his way to the Board on the Tuesday after the lunch at Fleur's. Two more wakeful early mornings had screwed him to the pitch of bringing his doubts to a head and knowing where he stood in the matter of the P. P. R. S.; and this sudden reminder that he was spending money here, there, and everywhere, when there was a possibility, however remote, of financial liability somewhere else, sharpened the edge of a nerve already stropped by misgivings. Neglecting the lift and walking slowly up the two flights of stairs, he "went over" his fellow directors for the fifteenth time. Old Lord Fontenoy was there for his name, of course; seldom attended, and was what they called "a dud"—h'm—nowadays; the chairman, Sir Luke Sharman, seemed always to be occupied in not being taken for a Jew. His nose was straight, but his eyelids gave cause for doubt. His surname was impeccable, but his Christian dubious; his voice was reassuringly roughened, but his clothes had a suspicious tendency toward gloss. Altogether a man who, though shrewd, could not be trusted—Soames felt—to be giving his whole mind to other business. As for "Old Mont"—what was the good of a ninth baronet on a board? Guy Meyricke, king's counsel, last of the three who had been "together," was a good man in court, no doubt, but with no time for business and no real sense of it! Remained that converted Quaker, old Cuthbert Mothergill, whose family name had been a byword for successful integrity throughout the last century, so that people still put Mothergills on to boards almost mechanically. Rather deaf, nice clean old chap, and quite bland, but nothing more. Perfectly honest lot, no doubt, but perfunctory. In Elderson's pocket, except perhaps Sharman, and he on the wobble. None of them really giving their minds to the thing! And Elderson himself—clever chap, bit of an artist, perhaps; managing director from the start, with everything at his finger-tips! Yes! That was the mischief! The prestige of superior knowledge, and years of success—they all kowtowed to him, and no wonder! Trouble with a man like that was that if he once admitted to having made a mistake, he destroyed the legend of his infallibility. Soames had a long-enough infallibility of his own to realize how powerful was its impetus toward admitting nothing. Ten months ago, when he had come on to the Board, everything had seemed in full sail; exchanges had reached bottom, so they all thought—the "reassurance of foreign contracts" policy, which Elderson had initiated about a year before, had seemed, with rising exchanges, perhaps the brightest feather in the cap of possibility. And now, a twelvemonth later, Soames suspected horribly that they did not know where they were—and the general meeting only six weeks off. Probably not even Elderson knew; or, if he did, he was keeping knowledge which ought to belong to the whole directorate, severely to himself.

He entered the Board room without a smile. All there, even Lord Fontenoy! And "Old Mont" had given up his spinneys! Soames took his seat at the end on the fire side. Staring at Elderson, he saw, with sudden clearness, the strength of the fellow's position; and, with equal clearness, the weakness of the P. P. R. S. With this rising and falling currency, they could never know exactly their liability—they were just gambling. Listening to the minutes and the other routine business, with his chin clasped in his hand, he let his eyes move from face to face—old Mothergill, Elderson, Mont opposite; Sharman at the head; Fontenoy, Meyricke, back to himself—decisive Board of the year. He could not, must not, be placed in any dubious position! This would be his first general meeting on this concern. No! he would not face the shareholders without knowing exactly where he stood. He looked again at Elderson—sweetish face, bald head rather like Julius Cæsar's, nothing to suggest irregularity or excessive optimism—in fact, he somewhat resembled old Uncle Nicholas Forsyte, whose affairs had been such an example to the last generation but one. The managing director's exposition was completed. Soames directed his gaze at the pink face of dosey old Mothergill, and said:

"I'm not satisfied that these accounts

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disclose our true position. I want the Board adjourned to this day week, Mr. Chairman, and during the week I want every member of the Board furnished with exact details of the foreign-contract commitments which do *not* mature during the present financial year. I notice that those are lumped under a general estimate of liability. I am not satisfied with that. They ought to be separately treated." Shifting his gaze past Elderson to the face of "Old Mont," he went on: "Unless there's a material change for the better on the Continent, which I don't anticipate (quite the contrary), I fully expect those commitments will put us in Queer Street next year."

The scraping of feet, shifting of legs, clearing of throats, which accompany a slight sense of outrage, greeted the words "Queer Street." A sort of satisfaction swelled in Soames; he had rattled their complacency, made them feel a touch of the misgiving from which he himself was suffering.

"We have always treated our commitments under one general estimate, Mr. Forsyte."

Plausible chap!

"And to my mind wrongly. This foreign-contract business is a new policy. For all I can tell, instead of paying a dividend, we ought to be setting this year's profits against a certain loss next year."

Again that scrape and rustle!

"My dear sir, absurd!"

The bulldog in Soames snuffled.

"So you say!" he said. "Am I to have those details?"

"The Board can have what details it likes, of course. But permit me to remark on the general question that it *can* only be a matter of estimate. A conservative basis has always been adopted."

"That is a matter of opinion," said Soames; "and in my view it should be the Board's opinion after very careful discussion of the actual figures."

"Old Mont" was speaking.

"My dear Forsyte, to go into every contract would take us a week, and then get us no farther, we can but average it out."

"What we have not got in the accounts," said Soames, "is the relative proportion of foreign risk to home risk; in the present state of things a vital matter."

The chairman spoke.

"There will be no difficulty about that, I imagine, Elderson? But in any case, Mr. Forsyte, we should hardly be justified in penalizing the present year for the sake of eventualities which we hope will not arise."

"I don't know," said Soames. "We are here to decide policy according to our common sense, and we must have the fullest opportunity of exercising it. That is my point. We have not enough information."

That "plausible chap" again!

"Mr. Forsyte seems to be indicating a lack of confidence in the management. My record in the service of this society is somewhat longer than Mr. Forsyte's." Taking the bull by the horns—was he?

"That may be! Am I to have that information?"

The voice of old Mothergill rose cosey in the silence.

"The Board could be adjourned, perhaps, Mr. Chairman; I could come up myself at a pinch. Possibly we could all attend. The times are very peculiar—we mustn't take any unnecessary risks. The policy of foreign contracts is undoubtedly somewhat new to us. We have no reason so far to complain of the results. And I am sure we have the utmost confidence in the judgment of our managing director. Still, as Mr. Forsyte has asked for this information, I think perhaps we ought to have it. What do you say, my lord?"

"I can't come up next week. I agree with the chairman that on these accounts we couldn't burke this year's dividend. No good getting the wind up before we must. When do the accounts go out, Elderson?"

"Normally at the end of this week."

"These are not normal times," said Soames. "To be quite plain: unless I have that information I must tender my resignation." He saw very well what was passing in their minds. A newcomer making himself a nuisance—they would take his resignation readily—only it would look awkward just before a general meeting unless they could announce "wife's ill health" or something satis-

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factory, which he would take very good care they didn't.

The chairman said coldly:

"Well, we will adjourn the Board to this day week; you will be able to get us those figures, Elderson?"

"Certainly."

Into Soames' mind flashed the thought: "Ought to ask for an independent scrutiny." But he looked round. Going too far—perhaps—if he intended to remain on the Board—and he had no wish to resign—after all, it was a big thing, and a thousand a year! No! Mustn't overdo it!

Walking away, he savored his triumph doubtfully, by no means sure that he had done any good. His attitude had only closed the "all-together" attitude round Elderson. The weakness of his position was that he had nothing to go on, save an uneasiness, which when examined was found to be simply a feeling that he hadn't enough control himself. And yet—there couldn't be two managers—you must trust your manager!

A voice behind him tittupped: "Well, Forsyte, you gave us quite a shock with your alternative. First time I remember anything of the sort on that Board."

"Sleepy hollow," said Soames.

"Yes, I generally have a nap. It gets very hot in there. Wish I'd stuck to my spinneys. They come very high, even as early as this."

Incurably frivolous, this tittupping baronet!

"By the way, Forsyte, I wanted to say: With all this modern birth control and the rest of it, one gets uneasy. We're not the royal family; but don't you feel with me it's time there was a movement in heirs?"

Soames did, but he was not going to confess to anything so indelicate about his own daughter.

"Plenty of time," he muttered.

"I don't like that dog, Forsyte."

Soames stared.

"Dog!" he said. "What's that to do with it?"

"I like a baby to come before a dog. Dogs and poets distract young women. My grandmother had five babies before she was twenty-seven. She was a Montjoy—wonderful breeders, you remember them—the seven Montjoy sisters—all pretty. Old Montjoy had forty-seven grandchildren. You don't get it nowadays, Forsyte."

"Country's overpopulated," said Soames grimly.

"By the wrong sort, my dear Forsyte—less of them, more of ourselves. It's almost a matter for legislation."

"Talk to your son," said Soames.

"Ah! but they think us fogies, you know. If we could only point to a reason for existence. But it's difficult, Forsyte, it's difficult."

"They've got everything they want," said Soames.

"Not enough, my dear Forsyte, not enough; the condition of the world is on the nerves of the young. England's dished, they say, Europe's dished, heaven's dished, and so is hell! No future in anything, but the air. You can't breed in the air, Forsyte; at least, I doubt it—the difficulties are considerable."

Soames sniffed.

"If only the journalists would hold their confounded pens," he said; for, more and more of late, with the decrescendo of scare in the daily press, he was regaining the old sound Forsyte feeling of security. "We've only to keep clear of Europe," he added.

"Keep clear and keep the ring! My dear Forsyte, I believe we've hit it. Good friendly terms with Scandinavia, Holland, Spain, Italy, Turkey, all the outlying countries that we can get at by sea. And let the others dree their weirds. It's an idea!" How the chap rattled on!

"I'm no politician," said Soames.

"Keep the ring! The new formula. It's what we've been coming to unconsciously! And as to trade—to say we can't do without trading with this country or with that—bunkum, my dear Forsyte. We can."

"I don't know anything about that," said Soames. "I only know we must drop this foreign-contract assurance."

"Why not confine it to the ring countries? Instead of 'balance of power,' 'keep the ring'! Forsyte, it's an inspiration!"

Thus charged with inspiration, Soames said hastily:

"I leave you here, I'm going to my daughter's."

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"I'm going to my son's. Look at these poor devils!"

Down by the Embankment at Blackfriars a band of unemployed were trailing dismally with money-boxes.

"Revolution in the bud! There's one thing that's always forgotten, Forsyte; it's a great pity."

"What's that?" said Soames, with gloom. The fellow would tittup all the way to Fleur's!

"Wash the working class, put them in clean, pleasant-colored jeans, teach 'em to speak like you and me, and there'd be an end of class feeling. It's all a matter of the senses. Wouldn't you rather share a bedroom with a clean, neat-clothed plumber's assistant who spoke and smelled like you, than with a profiteer who dropped his aitches and reeked of opoponax? Of course you would."

"Never tried," said Soames, "so don't know."

"Pragmatist! But believe me, Forsyte—if the working class would concentrate on baths and accent instead of on their political and economic tosh, equality would be here in no time."

"I don't want equality," said Soames, taking his ticket to Westminster.

The "tittupping" voice pursued him, entering the tube lift.

"Æsthetic equality, Forsyte, if we had it, would remove the wish for any other. Did you ever catch an impecunious professor wishing he were the king?"

"I don't know," said Soames, opening his paper, "I can't tell."

VIII

BICKET

BENEATH its veneer of cheerful irresponsibility, the character of Michael Mont had deepened during two years of anchorage and continuity. He had been obliged to think of others; and his time was occupied. Conscious, from the fall of the flag, that he was on sufferance with Fleur, admitting as whole the half-truth: "*Il y a toujours un qui baisse, et l'autre qui tend la joue*," he had developed real powers of domestic consideration; and yet he did not seem to redress the balance in his public or publishing existence, finding the human side of his business too strong for the monetary. "Danby & Winter," however, were bearing up against him, and showed, so far, no signs of the bankruptcy prophesied for them by Soames on being told of the principles which his son-in-law intended to introduce, for no more in publishing than in any other walk of life was Michael finding it possible to work too much on principle. The field of action was so strewn with facts, human, vegetable, and mineral.

On this same Tuesday afternoon, having long tussled with the price of those vegetable facts, paper and linen, he was listening with his pointed ears to the plaint of a packer discovered with five copies of "Copper Coin" in his overcoat pocket, and the too obvious intention of converting them to his own use.

Mr. Danby had "given him the bird"—he didn't deny that he was going to sell them, but what would Mr. Mont have done? He owed rent—and his wife wanted nourishing after pneumonia—wanted it bad. "Damn it!" thought Michael, "I'd snoop an edition to nourish Fleur after pneumonia!" "And I can't live on my wyges with prices what they are. I can't, Mr. Mont, so help me!"

Michael swivelled. "But look here, Bicket, if we let you snoop copies, all the packers will snoop copies; and if they do, where are Danby & Winter? In the cart. And if they're in the cart, where are all of you? In the street. It's better that one of you should be in the street than that all of you should, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, I quite see your point—it's reason; but I can't live on reason, the least thing knocks you out, when you're on the bread line. Ask Mr. Danby to give me another chance."

"Mr. Danby always says that a packer's work is particularly confidential because it's almost impossible to keep a check on it."

"Yes, sir, I should feel that in future; but with all this unemployment and no reference, I'll never get another job. What about my wife?"

To Michael it was as if he had said "What about Fleur?" He began to pace the room; and the young man Bicket looked at him with large dolorous eyes. Presently he came to a standstill, with

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his hands deep plunged into his pockets and his shoulders hunched.

"I'll ask him," he said; "but I don't believe he will; he'll say it isn't fair on the others. You had five copies; it's pretty stiff, you know—means you've had 'em before, doesn't it? What?"

"Well, Mr. Mont, anything that'll give me a chance, I don't mind confessin'. I have 'ad a few previous, and it's just about kept my wife alive. You've no idea what that pneumonia's like for poor people."

Michael pushed his fingers through his hair.

"How old's your wife?"

"Only a girl—twenty."

Twenty! Just Fleur's age! Hell!

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Bicket; I'll put it up to Mr. Desert; if he speaks for you, perhaps it may move Mr. Danby."

"Well, Mr. Mont, thank you—you're a gentleman, we all s'y that."

"Oh! hang that! But look here, Bicket, you were reckoning on those five copies. Take this to make up, and get your wife what's necessary. Only for God's sake don't tell Mr. Danby."

"Mr. Mont, I wouldn't deceive you for the world—I won't say a word, sir. And my wife—well!"

A sniff, a shuffle—Michael was alone, with his hands plunged deeper, his shoulders hunched higher. And suddenly he laughed. Pity! Pity was pop! It was all dam' funny. Here he was rewarding Bicket for snooping "Copper Coin"! A sudden longing possessed him to follow Bicket and see what he did with the two pounds—see whether "the pneumonia" was real or a figment of the brain behind those dolorous eyes. Impossible, though! Instead he must ring up Wilfrid and ask him to put in a word with old Danby. His own word was no earthly. He had put it in too often! Bicket! Little one knew of anybody, life was deep and dark, and dam' funny! What was honesty? Pressure of life versus power of resistance—result of that fight, when the latter won! But why resist? Love thy neighbor as thyself—but not more! And wasn't it a darned sight harder for Bicket with two pounds a week to love him, than for him with twenty-four pounds a week to love Bicket? . . .

"Hallo! That you, Wilfrid? Michael. One of our packers has been snooping copies of 'Copper Coin.' He's 'got the bird'—poor devil! I wondered if you'd mind putting in a word for him—old Dan won't listen to me . . . yes, got a wife—Fleur's age; pneumonia, so he says. Won't do it again with yours anyway, insurance by common gratitude—what! . . . Thanks, old man, awfully good of you—will you bob in, then? We can go round home together. . . . Oh! Well! You'll bob in anyway. Aurev!"

Good chap, old Wilfrid! Real good chap—underneath! Underneath—what?

Replacing the receiver, Michael saw a sudden great cloud of sights and scents and sounds, so foreign to the principles of his firm, that he was in the habit of rejecting instantaneously every manuscript which dealt with them. The war might be "off"; but it was still "on" in Wilfrid, and himself. Taking up a tube, he spoke.

"Mr. Danby in his room? Right! If he shows any signs of flitting, let me know at once." . . .

Between Michael and his senior partner a gulf was fixed, not less deep than that between two epochs, though partially filled in by Winter's middle age and accommodating temperament. Michael had almost nothing against Mr. Danby except that he was always right—Philip Norman Danby of Sky House, Campden Hill, a man of sixty and some family, with a tall forehead, a preponderance of body to leg, and an expression both steady and reflective. His eyes were perhaps rather close together, and his nose rather thin, but he looked a handsome piece in his well-proportioned room. He glanced up from the formation of a correct judgment on a matter of advertisement when Wilfrid Desert came in.

"Well, Mr. Desert, what can I do for you? Sit down!"

Desert did not sit down, but gazed at the engravings, at his fingers, at Mr. Danby, and said:

"Fact is, I want you to let that packer chap off, Mr. Danby."

"Packer chap. Oh! Ah! Bicket. Mont told you, I suppose?"

"Yes; he's got a young wife down with pneumonia."

"They all go to our friend Mont with

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some tale or other, Mr. Desert—he has a very soft heart. But I'm afraid I can't keep him. It's a most insidious thing. We've been trying to trace a leak for some time."

Desert got up, leaned against the mantelpiece, and stared into the fire.

"Well, Mr. Danby," he said, "your generation may like the soft in literature, but you're deuced hard in life. Ours won't look at softness in literature, but we're a darned sight less hard in life."

"I don't think it's hard," said Mr. Danby, "only just."

"Are you a judge of justice?"

"I hope so."

"Try four years' hell, and have another go."

"I really don't see the connection. The experience you've been through, Mr. Desert, was bound to be warping."

Wilfrid turned and stared at him.

"Forgive my saying so, but sitting here and being just is much more warping. Life is pretty good hell, to all except about twenty per cent of grown-up people."

Mr. Danby smiled.

"We simply couldn't conduct our business, my dear young man, without scrupulous honesty in everybody. To make no distinction between honesty and dishonesty would be quite unfair. You know that perfectly well."

"I don't know anything perfectly well, Mr. Danby; and I mistrust those who say they do."

"Well, let us put it that there are rules of the game which must be observed, if society is to function at all."

Desert smiled too: "Oh! hang rules! Do it as a favor to me. I wrote the rotten book."

No trace of struggle showed in Mr. Danby's face; but his deep-set, close-together eyes shone a little.

"I should be only too glad, but it's a matter—well, of conscience, if you like. I'm not prosecuting the man. He must leave—that's all."

Desert shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, good-by!" and he went out.

On the mat was Michael in two minds.

"Well?"

"No go. The old blighter's too just."

Michael stivered his hair.

"Wait in my room five minutes while I let the poor devil know, then I'll come along."

"No," said Desert, "I'm going the other way."

Not the fact that Wilfrid was going the other way—he almost always was—but something in the tone of his voice and the look on his face obsessed Michael's imagination, while he went down-stairs to seek Bicket. Wilfrid was a rum chap—he went "dark" so suddenly!

In the nether regions he asked:

"Bicket gone?"

"No, sir, there he is."

There he was, in his shabby overcoat, with his pale narrow face, and his disproportionately large eyes, and his sloping shoulders.

"Sorry, Bicket, Mr. Desert has been in, but it's no go."

"No, sir?"

"Keep your pecker up, you'll get something."

"I'm afraid not, sir. Well, I thank you very 'eartily; and I thank Mr. Desert. Good night, sir; and good-by!"

Michael watched him down the corridor, saw him waver into the dusky street.

"Jolly!" he said, and laughed. . . .

The natural suspicions of Michael and his senior partner that a tale was being pitched were not in fact justified. Neither the wife nor the pneumonia had been exaggerated; and wavering away in the direction of Blackfriars Bridge, Bicket thought not of his turpitude nor of how just Mr. Danby had been, but of what he should say to her. He should not of course tell her that he had been detected in stealing; he must say he had "got the bird for cheeking the foreman": but what would she think of him for doing that, when everything as it were depended on his not cheeking the foreman? This was one of those melancholy cases of such affection, that he had been coming to his work day after day feeling as if he had "left half his guts" behind him in the room where she lay, and when at last the doctor said to him:

"She'll get on now, but it's left her very run down—you must feed her up," his anxiety had hardened into a resolution to have no more. In the next three weeks he had "snooped" eighteen "Copper Coins," including the five found in his overcoat.

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He had only "pitched on" Mr. Desert's book because it was "easy sold," and he was sorry now that he hadn't pitched on some one else's. Mr. Desert had been very decent. He stopped at the corner of the Strand, and went over his money. With the two pounds given him by Michael and his wages he had seventy-five shillings in the world, and going into the stores, he bought a meat jelly and a tin of Benger's food that could be made with water. With pockets bulging he took a 'bus, which dropped him at the corner of his little street on the Surrey side. His wife and he occupied the two ground-floor rooms, at eight shillings a week, and he owed for three. "Better pay that!" he thought: "and have a roof until she's well." It would help him over the news to show her a receipt for the rent and some good food. How lucky they had been careful to have no baby! He sought the basement. His landlady was doing the week's washing. She paused, in sheer surprise at such full and voluntary payment, and inquired after his wife.

"Doing nicely, thank you."

"Well, I'm glad of that, it must be a relief to your mind."

"It is," said Bicket.

The landlady thought: "He's a thread-paper—reminds me of a shrimp before you bile it, with those eyes."

"Here's your receipt, and thank you. Sorry to 'ave seemed nervous about it, but times are 'ard."

"They are," said Bicket. "So long!"

With the receipt and the meat jelly in his left hand, he opened the door of his front room.

His wife was sitting before a very little fire. Her bobbed black hair, crinkly toward the ends, had grown during her illness; it shook when she turned her head and smiled. To Bicket—not for the first time—that smile seemed queer, "pathetic-like," mysterious—as if she saw things that one didn't see oneself. Her name was Victorine, and he said: "Well, Vic? This jelly's a bit of all right, and I've paid the rent." He sat on the arm of the chair and she put her hand on his knee—her thin arm emerged blue-white from the dark dressing-gown.

"Well, Tony?"

Her face—thin and pale with those large dark eyes and beautifully formed eyebrows—was one that "looked at you from somewhere; and when it looked at you—well! it got you right inside!"

It got him now and he said: "How've you been breathin'?"

"All right—much better. I'll soon be out now."

Bicket twisted himself round and joined his lips to hers.

The kiss lasted some time, because all the feelings which he had not been able to express during the past three weeks to her or to anybody, got into it. He sat up again, "sort of exhausted," staring at the fire, and said: "News isn't bright—lost my job, Vic."

"Oh! Tony! Why?"

Bicket swallowed.

"Fact is, things are slack and they're reducin'."

There had surged into his mind the certainty that sooner than tell her the truth he would put his head under the gas!

"Oh, dear! What shall we do, then?"

Bicket's voice hardened.

"Don't you worry—I'll get something"; and he whistled.

"But you liked that job."

"Did I? I liked some o' the fellers; but as for the job—why, what was it? Wrappin' books up in a bysement all d'y long. Let's have something to eat and get to bed early—I feel as if I could sleep for a week, now I'm shut of it."

Getting their supper ready with her help, he carefully did not look at her face for fear it might "get him again inside"! They had only been married a year, having made acquaintance on a tram, and Bicket often wondered what had made her take to him, eight years her senior and C_3 during the war! And yet she must be fond of him, or she'd never look at him as she did.

"Sit down and try this jelly."

He himself ate bread and margarine and drank cocoa, he seldom had any particular appetite.

"Shall I tell you what I'd like?" he said; "I'd like Central Austrylia. We had a book in there about it; they say there's quite a movement. I'd like some sun. I believe if we 'ad sun we'd both be twice the size we are. I'd like to see color in your cheeks, Vic."

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"How much does it cost to get out there?"

"A lot more than we can lay hands on, that's the trouble. But I've been thinkin'. England's about done. There's too many like me."

"No," said Victorine; "there aren't enough."

Bicket looked at her face, then quickly at his plate.

"What made you take a fancy to me?"

"Because you don't think first of yourself, that's why."

"Used to before I knew you. But I'd do anything for you, Vic."

"Have some of this jelly, then, it's awful good."

Bicket shook his head.

"If we could wyke up in Central Austrylia," he said. "But there's only one thing certain, we'll wyke up in that blighted little room. Never mind, I'll get a job and earn the money yet."

"Could we win it on a race?"

"Well, I've only got forty-seven bob all told, and if we lose it, where'll you be? You've got to feed up, you know. No, I must get a job."

"They'll give you a good recommend, won't they?"

Bicket rose and heaped his plate and cup.

"They would, but that job's off—overstocked."

Tell her the truth? Never! So help him!

In their bed, one of those just too wide for one and just not wide enough for two, he lay with her hair almost in his mouth; thinking what to say to his union, and how to go to work to get a job. And in his thoughts as the hours drew on he burned his boats. To draw his unemployment money he would have to tell his union what the trouble was. Damn the union! He wasn't going to be accountable to them! *He* knew why he'd sneaked the books; but it was nobody else's business, nobody else could understand his feelings, watching her so breathless, pale, and thin. Strike out for himself! And a million and a half out o' work! Well, he had a fortnight's keep, and something would turn up—and he might risk a bob or two and win some money, you never knew. She turned in her sleep. "Yes," he thought, "I'd do it again." . . .

Next day, after some hours on foot, he stood under the gray easterly sky in the gray busy street, before a plate-glass window, protecting an assortment of fruits, and sheaves of corn, lumps of metal, and brilliant blue butterflies, in the carefully golden light of a regulated Australia. To Bicket, who had never been out of England, not often out of London, it was like standing outside paradise. The atmosphere within the office itself was not so golden, and the money required considerable; but it brought paradise nearer to take away pamphlets which almost burned his hands, they were so warm.

Later, he and she, sitting in the one armchair—advantage of being thin—pored over these alchemized pages and inhaled their glamour.

"D'you think it's true, Tony?"

"If it's thirty per cent true it's good enough for me. We just must get there somehow."

From around the corner in the main road the rumbling of the trams and carts, and the rattling of their window-pane in the drafty dry easterly wind increased their feeling of escape into a gas-lit paradise.

IX

CONFUSION

Two hours behind Bicket, Michael wavered toward home. Old Danby was right as usual—if you couldn't trust your packers, you might shut up shop! Away from Bicket's eyes, he doubted. Perhaps the chap hadn't a wife at all! Then Wilfrid's manner usurped the place of Bicket's morals. Old Wilfrid had been abrupt and queer the last three times of meeting. Was he boiling up for verse?

He found Confucius at the foot of the stairs in a conservative attitude. "I am not going up," he seemed saying, "until some one carries me—at the same time it is later than usual!"

"Where's your mistress, you heraldic little beast?"

Confucius snuffled. "I could put up with it," he implied, "if you carried me—these stairs are laborious!"

Michael took him up. "Let's go and find her."

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Squeezed under an arm harder than his mistress's, Confucius stared black-glassily; and the plume of his emergent tail quivered.

In the bedroom Michael dropped him so absent-mindedly that he went to his corner, plume pendent, and couched in dudgeon.

Nearly dinner-time and Fleur not in! Michael went over his sketchy recollection of her plans. To-day she had been having Hubert Marsland and that Vertiginist—what was his name?—to lunch. There would have been fumes to clear off. Vertiginists—like milk—made carbonic acid gas in the lungs! Still! Half past seven! What was happening to-night? Weren't they going to that play of L. S. D.'s? No—that was to-morrow! Was there conceivably nothing? If so, of course she would shorten her unoccupied time as much as possible. He made that reflection humbly. Michael had no illusions, he knew himself to be commonplace, with only a certain redeeming liveliness, and, of course, his affection for her. He even recognized that affection for a weakness, tempting him to fussy anxieties, which on principle he restrained. To inquire, for instance, of Coaker or Philps—their man and their maid—when she had gone out, would be thoroughly against that principle. The condition of the world was such that Michael constantly wondered if his own affairs were worth paying attention to; and yet the condition of the world was also such that sometimes one's own affairs seemed all that *was* worth paying attention to. And yet his affairs were, practically speaking, Fleur; and if he paid too much attention to her, he was afraid of annoying her.

He went into his dressing-room and undid his waistcoat.

"But no!" he thought: "If she finds me 'dressed' already, it'll put too much point on it." So he did up his waistcoat and went down-stairs again. Coaker was in the hall.

"Mr. Forsyte and Sir Lawrence looked in about six, sir. Mrs. Mont was out. What time shall I serve dinner?"

"Oh! about a quarter past eight. I don't think we're going out."

He went into the drawing-room and passing down its Chinese emptiness, drew aside the curtain. The square looked cold and dark and drafty; and he thought: "Bicket—pneumonia—I hope she's got her fur coat." He took out a cigarette and put it back. If she saw him at the window she would think him fussy; and he went up again to see if she had put on her fur!

Confucius, couchant, greeted him, plume dansetti, arrested as at disappointment. Michael opened a wardrobe. She had! Good! He was taking a sniff round, when Confucius passed him trottant, and her voice said: "Well, my darling!" Wishing that he was, Michael emerged from behind the wardrobe door. His God! She looked pretty, colored by the wind! He stood rather wistfully silent.

"Hallo, Michael! I'm rather late. Been to the club and walked home."

Michael had the quite unaccountable feeling of suppression about that statement. He also suppressed, and said: "I was just looking to see that you'd got your fur, it's beastly cold. Your dad and Bart have been and went away fasting."

Fleur shed her coat and dropped into a chair. "I'm tired," she said. "Your ears are sticking up so nicely to-night, Michael."

Michael went on his knees and joined his hands behind her waist. Her eyes had a strange look, a scrutiny which held him in suspense, a little startled.

"If *you* got pneumonia," he said, "I should go clean out of curl."

"Why on earth should I?"

"You don't know the connection—never mind, it wouldn't interest you. We're not going out, are we?"

"Of course we are. It's Alison's monthly."

"Oh! Lord! If you're tired we could cut that."

"My dear! Impos! She's got all sorts of people coming."

Stifling the words: "To hell with them!" he sighed out: "Righto! War-paint?"

"Yes, white waistcoat. I like you in white waistcoats."

Cunning little wretch! He squeezed her waist and rose. Fleur laid a light stroke on his hand, and he went into his dressing-room comforted. . . .

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But Fleur sat still for at least five minutes—not precisely "a prey to conflicting emotions," but the victim of very considerable confusion. *Two* men within the last hour had done this thing—knelt at her knees and joined their fingers behind her waist. Undoubtedly she had been rash to go to Wilfrid's rooms. The moment she got there she had perceived how entirely unprepared she really was to commit herself to what was physical. True he had done no more than Michael. But—heavens!—she had seen the fire she was playing with, realized what torment he was in. She had strictly forbidden him to say a word to Michael, but intuitively she knew that in his struggle between loyalties she could rely on nothing. Confused, startled, touched, she could not help a pleasant warmth in being so much loved by two men at once, nor an itch of curiosity about the upshot. And she sighed. She had added to her collection of experiences—but how to add further without breaking up the collection, and even perhaps the collector, she could not see.

After her words to Wilfrid before the Eve: "You will be a fool to go—wait!" she had known he would expect something before long. Often he had asked her to come and pass judgment on his "junk." A month, even a week, ago she would have gone without thinking more than twice about it, and discussed his "junk" with Michael afterward! But now she thought it over many times, and but for the fumes of lunch, and the feeling, engendered by the society of the "Vertiginist," of Amabel Nazing, of Linda Frewe, that scruples of any kind were "stuffy," sensations of all sorts desirable, she would probably still have been thinking it over now. When they departed, she had taken a deep breath and her telephone receiver from the Chinese tea-chest.

If Wilfrid were going to be in at half past five, she would come and see his "junk."

His answer: "My God! Will you?" almost gave her pause. But dismissing hesitation with the thought: "I *will* be Parisian-Proust," she had started for her club. Three-quarters of an hour, with no more stimulant than three cups of Chinese tea, three back numbers of the *Glass of Fashion*, three back views of country members "dead in chairs," had sent her forth a careful quarter of an hour behind her time.

On the top floor Wilfrid was standing in his open doorway, pale as a soul in purgatory. He took her hand gently, and drew her in. Fleur thought with a little thrill: "Is this what it's like? *Du côté de chez Swann!*" Freeing her hand, she began at once to flutter round the "junk," clinging to it piece by piece.

Old English "junk" rather manorial, with here and there an Eastern or First Empire bit, collected by some bygone Desert, nomadic, or attached to the French court. She was afraid to sit down, for fear that he might begin to follow the authorities; nor did she want to resume the intense talk of the Tate Gallery. "Junk" was safe, and she only looked at him in those brief intervals when he was not looking at her. She knew she was not playing the game according to *La Garçonne* and Amabel Nazing; that, indeed, she was in danger of going away without having added to her sensations. And she couldn't help being sorry for Wilfrid; his eyes yearned after her, his lips were bitter to look at. When at last from sheer exhaustion of "junk" she sat down, he had flung himself at her feet. Half hypnotized, with her knees against his chest, as safe as she could hope for, she really felt the tragedy of it—his horror of himself, his passion for herself. It was painful, deep; it did not fit in with what she had been led to expect; it was not in the period, and how—how was she to get away without more pain to him and to herself? When she *had* got away, with one kiss received but not answered, she realized that she had passed through a quarter of an hour of real life, and was not at all sure that she liked it. . . . But now, safe in her own room, undressing for Alison's monthly, she felt curious as to what she would have been feeling if things had gone as far as was proper according to the authorities. Surely she had not experienced one-hundredth part of the thoughts or feelings that would have been assigned to her in any advanced piece of literature! It had been disillusioning, or else she was deficient, and Fleur could not

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bear to feel deficient. And, lightly powdering her shoulders, she bent her thoughts toward Alison's monthly.

Though Lady Alison enjoyed an occasional encounter with the younger generation, the Aubrey Greenes and Linda Frewes of this life were not conspicuous by their presence at her gatherings. Nesta Gorse, indeed, had once attended, but one legal and two literary politicos who had been in contact with her, had complained of it afterward. She had, it seemed, rent little spiked holes in their garments. Sibley Swan would have been welcome for his championship of the past, but he seemed, so far, to have turned up his nose and looked down it. So it was not the intelligentsia, but just intellectual society, which was gathered there when Fleur and Michael entered, and the conversation had all the sparkle and all the "*savoir faire*" peculiar to talk about art and letters by those who—as Michael put it—"fortunately have not to *faire*."

"These are the guys," he muttered in Fleur's ear, "who make the names of artists and sell the works of art. What's the occasion?"

This evening it appeared to be the London *début* of a lady who sang Balkan folk-songs. But in a refuge to the right were four tables set out for bridge. They were already filled. Among those who still stood listening, was here and there a Gurdon Minho, a society painter and his wife, a sculptor looking for a job. Fleur, wedged between Lady Feynte, the painter's wife, and Gurdon Minho himself, began planning an evasion. There—yes, there was Mr. Chalfont! At Lady Alison's, Fleur, an excellent judge of "*milieu*," never wasted her time on artists and writers—she could meet them anywhere. Here she intuitively picked out the biggest bug, politico-literary, and waited to pin him. Absorbed in the idea of pinning Mr. Chalfont, she overlooked a piece of drama passing without.

Michael had clung to the top of the stairway, in no mood for talk and skirmish; and, leaning against the balustrade, wasp-thin in his long white waistcoat, with hands deep thrust into his trousers' pockets, he watched the turns and twists of Fleur's white neck, and listened to the Balkan songs, with a sort of blankness in his brain. The word "Mont!" startled him. Wilfrid was standing just below. Mont! He had not been that to Wilfrid for two years!

"Come down here!"

On that half-landing was a bust of Lionel Charwell, K.C., by Boris Strumolowski, in the genre he had cynically adopted when June Forsyte gave up supporting his authentic but unrewarded genius. It was used by the young Charwells to chalk mustaches on, and had been almost indistinguishable from any of the other busts in that year's Academy.

Beside this object Desert leaned against the wall with his eyes closed. His face was a study to Michael.

"What's wrong, Wilfrid?"

Desert did not move. "You've got to know—I'm in love with Fleur."

"What!"

"I'm not going to play the snake. You're up against me. Sorry, but there it is! You can let fly!" His face was death-pale and its muscles twitched. In Michael, it was the mind, the heart that twitched. What a very horrible, strange, "too beastly" moment! His best friend—his best man! Instinctively he dived for his cigarette case—instinctively handed it to Desert. Instinctively they both took cigarettes, and lighted each other's. Then Michael said: "Fleur—knows?"

Desert nodded: "She doesn't know I'm telling you—wouldn't have let me. You've nothing against her—yet." And, still with closed eyes, he added: "I couldn't help it."

Michael's own subconscious thought! Natural! Natural! Fool not to see how natural! Then something shut to within him, and he said: "Decent of you to tell me; but—aren't you going to clear out?"

Desert's shoulders writhed against the wall.

"I thought so; but it seems not."

"Seems? I don't understand."

"If I knew for certain I'd no chance—but I don't," and he suddenly looked at Michael: "Look here, it's no good keeping gloves on. I'm desperate, and I'll take her from you if I can."

"Good God!" said Michael. "It's the limit!"

"Yes! Rub it in! But, I tell you,

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when I think of you going home with her, and of myself," he gave a dreadful little laugh, "I advise you *not* to rub it in."

"Well," said Michael, "as this isn't a Dostoievsky novel, I suppose there's no more to be said."

Desert moved from the wall and laid his hand on the bust of Lionel Charwell.

"You realize, at least, that I've gone out of my way—perhaps dished myself—by telling you. I've not bombed without declaring war."

"No," said Michael dully.

"You can chuck my books over to some other publisher."

Michael shrugged.

"Good-night, then," said Desert. "Sorry for being so primitive."

Michael looked straight into his "best man's" face. There was no mistaking its expression of bitter despair. He made a half movement with his hand, uttered half the word "Wilfrid," and, as Desert went down, he went up-stairs.

Back in his place against the balustrade, he tried to realize that life was a laughing matter, and couldn't. His position required a serpent's cunning, a lion's courage, a dove's gentleness; he was not conscious of possessing such proverbial qualities. If Fleur had loved him as he loved her, he would have had for Wilfrid a real compassion. It was so natural to fall in love with Fleur! But she didn't—oh! no, she didn't! Michael had one virtue—if virtue it be—a moderate opinion of himself, a disposition to think highly of his friends. He had thought highly of Desert; and—odd!—he still did not think lowly of him. Here was his friend trying to do him mortal injury, to alienate the affection—more honestly, the toleration—of his wife; and yet he did not think him a cad. Such leniency, he knew, was hopeless; but the doctrines of free will, and free contract, were not to him mere literary conceptions, they were part of his nature. To apply duress, however desirable, would not be on his cards. And something like despair ravaged the heart of him, watching Fleur's ingratiating little tricks with the great Gerald Chalfont. If she left him for Wilfrid! But surely—no—her father, her house, her dog, her friends, her—her collection of—of—she would not—could not give *them* up? But suppose she kept everything, Wilfrid included! No, no! She wouldn't! Only for a second did that possibility blur the natural loyalty of his mind.

Well, what to do? Tell her—talk the thing out? Or wait and watch? For what? Without deliberate spying, he could not watch. Desert would come to their house no more. No! Either complete frankness; or complete ignoring—and that meant living with the sword of Damocles above his head! No! Complete frankness! And not do anything that seemed like laying a trap! He passed his hand across a forehead that was wet. If only they were at home, away from that squalling and these cultivated jackanapes! Could he go in and hook her out? Impossible without some reason! Only his brain-storm for a reason! He must just bite on it. The singing ceased. Fleur was looking round. Now she would beckon! On the contrary, she came toward him. He could not help the cynical thought: "She's hooked old Chalfont!" He loved her, but he knew her little weaknesses. She came up and took hold of his sleeve.

"I've had enough, Michael, let's slip off; d'you mind?"

"Mind!" She did look pale. "Quick," he said, "before they spot us!"

In the cold air outside he thought: "Now? or in our room?"

"I think," said Fleur, "that Mr. Chalfont is overrated—he's nothing but a mental yawn. He's coming to lunch tomorrow week."

Not now—in their room!

"Whom do you think to meet him, besides Alison?"

"Nothing jazzy."

"Of course not; but it must be somebody intriguing, Michael. Bother! sometimes I think it isn't worth it."

Michael's heart stood still. Was that a portent—sign of "the primitive" rising within his adored practitioner of social arts? An hour ago he would have said:

"You're right, old dear; it jolly well isn't!" But now—a sign of change was much too ominous! He slipped his arm in hers and said:

"Don't worry, we'll dig up the just-right cuckoos, somehow."

"A Chinese minister would be perfect,"

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said Fleur reflectively, "with Minho and Bart—four men—two women—cosey. I'll talk to Bart."

Michael had opened their front door. She passed him; beyond he saw the stars, the plane-trees, a man's figure motionless, collared to the eyes, hatted down to them. "Wilfrid!" he thought: "Spain!" Why Spain? And all poor devils who were in distress—the heart—oh! damn the heart! He closed the door.

But soon he had another to open, and never with less enthusiasm. Fleur was sitting on the arm of a chair in dim lavender pajamas, staring at the fire. Michael stood, looking at her and at his own reflection beyond in one of the five mirrors—white and black, the Pierrot pajamas she had bought him. "Figures in a play," he thought, "figures in a play! Is it real?" He moved forward and sat on the chair's other arm.

"Hang it!" he muttered. "I wish I were Antinous!" And he slipped from the arm into the chair, to be behind her face, if she wanted to hide it from him.

"About Wilfrid," he said quietly. "He's been telling me."

Out! Off his chest! What now? He saw the blood come flushing into her neck and cheek.

"Oh! What business—what do you mean 'telling you'?"

"Just that he's in love with you—nothing more—there's nothing more to tell, is there?" And drawing his feet up on to the chair, he clasped his hands hard round his knees. Already—already he had asked a question! Bite on it! Bite on it! And he shut his eyes.

"Of course," said Fleur, very slowly, "there's nothing more. If Wilfrid chooses to be so silly."

Chooses! The word seemed unjust to one whose own "silliness" was so recent—so enduring! And—curious!—his heart wouldn't bound. Surely it ought to have bounded at her words!

"Is that the end of Wilfrid, then?"

"The end? I don't know."

Yes! Who knew when passion was about?

"Well," he said, holding himself hard together, "don't forget I love you awfully!"

He saw her eyelids flicker, her shoulders shrugging.

"Am I likely to?"

Bitter, cordial, simple—which? Suddenly her hands came round and took him by the ears. Holding them fast she looked down at him, and laughed. And again his heart *would* not bound. If she did not lead him by the nose, she—! But he clutched her to him in the chair. Lavender and white and black confused—she returned his kiss. But from the heart? Who knew? Not Michael.

(To be continued.)

The Rider of the Wind

BY ELEANOR BALDWIN

Out of the warm brown sod God fashioned you,
Wild as the wind and sunny as the lea;
Strong as the rugged mountain-tops, and free
As that glad river where the rushes grew.
Earth was your pillow, and the purpling blue,
Heavy with stars, your gorgeous canopy;
But never of the earth, nor sky, nor sea,
Was that strange yearning that your dark eyes knew.
The call to arms was music in your ears,
And yours the fearless conquest of the air.
You were of sailing clouds and circling spheres
Such part that, when the red bolt found you there
Riding the wind, they claimed your spirit's worth,
And only that of earth gave back to earth.

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During those long wintry weeks . . . Wilfred Bird marched doggedly along at the head of his platoon beside his right guide.—Page 496.

Unadorned

BY THOMAS BOYD

Author of "Through the Wheat"

Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge

AFTER they had returned from one of those practice manœuvres, which had kept them standing in the mud, viscous as court-plaster, for hours through the cold, black soundless night; chilled and with that flat, dusty taste in their mouths which comes with early morning, it was not unusual for them to seek some one on whom to vent the ill feeling which their long, seemingly senseless vigil had awakened in them. In the course of which they would work in both directions from the middle. Beginning with the major, they would ascend the scale until they reached the commanding officer of the entire expeditionary force or else they would tacitly absolve those only-heard-of deities and seek others closer to themselves.

The major, in some miraculous way, had captured their admiration, and it was

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only in the last extremity that anything invidious was ever said against him. But the captain was protected by no such laudable sentiment and, except for the men in the leading squads of the first platoon near whom the captain marched, the entire company grumblingly and mumblingly accused him of being everything from a shrewd, sharp German spy to a gibbering idiot. The words of criticism from the men would blend into a tuneless drone as they marched along the hard, gray side-road; and after a while the captain would grow tired of the noise and have the word passed back that there was to be no more talking on the march. This command, though, would prevent only the more timorous from talking, leaving the dissension to be carried on by the chronic grumblers. Oddly enough, the captain's command for silence would cause the men to seek a new object for their unkind remarks, finding it usually in the person of their platoon commander. If he had any regard for their health, if he wanted them to live long enough to get up to the front, which, after all, was what they came over to this damned country for, he would have got them out of this fool manœuvre. But he didn't care; he was just like the rest of these mail-order lieutenants: all he cared for was that Sam Browne belt which he was so proud of that he wore it even when he went to bed at night, and that brass bar on his shoulder. Every blessed one of his men could die for all it mattered to him!

But the men of the fourth platoon would continue to grumble against the captain. For one reason, the fourth platoon was farthest away from the captain, and for another, they had nobody else to grumble about except the sergeants —and the sergeants were near enough to recognize the separate voices of the men.

The lieutenant in charge of the fourth platoon was Wilfred Bird, a well-formed, graceful young man with a soft brown mustache, contemplative, hazel eyes and features more fine than manly, as that word is currently used. And the possession of such a likeness among a group of soldiers almost demanded that their owner have also a manner either of martinet or roué, so that by that sign the men would recognize him practically as one of themselves. But Wilfred Bird had no manner other than that with which he was born. And that was even more abundantly given him than one might think from his features. He was low-voiced and courteous; he treated each person as his equal, for that was the only way he knew how to treat them. He seriously and patiently listened to the complaints of the corporals and the privates of his platoon; he was the solitary member of the younger officers who was fully at ease among his superiors—the colonel, say, or even the brigade commander.

From all of which it might be expected that he was held in contempt by the soldiers under him; he did not bluster, or force them to mean and unnecessary tasks to show his authority, and if he ever got drunk—as our sour-faced company commander got drunk—or visited brothels with the usual Saturday-night expedition, nobody ever knew about it. The strange part of it was, the bulk of his command respected him, and even the men in the other platoons, when they were discussing the comparative merits of the officers of the company, would say that So and So was this, and another lieutenant was that, but Wilfred Bird was a gentleman.

The word sounded unfamiliarly from their lips. It seemed, to a listener, as if the men ought not to have used that word. But one realized it to be the outcome of their regard for a man who was so unusual, so really fine.

And so, during those long wintry weeks in northern France when the men were training, hardening themselves for the front line to which they were soon to go, Wilfred Bird marched doggedly along at the head of his platoon beside his right guide. The mud clung as disagreeably to his shoes as to the shoes of the enlisted men, the endless infuriating nights when the men stood motionless in some fake firing bay seemed as foolish and as unendurable to him as they did to the others, yet he remained silent, his closest approach to rebellion being a slightly worried expression in his hazel eyes. He had, however, no objection to make when his men began to curse, to say scandalous things against their officers for which the speakers could easily have been given courts martial. This talk, this grumbling

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was, as Wilfred Bird had the sense to tell himself, a healthy reaction from the rigors of their training; it showed, unless it became excessive and hateful, that the men were lusty and in good spirits, that there would be gusto in their attack when they went to the front. Further, he enjoyed it for a more personal reason: keen, satiric phrases sprang out of uncouth mouths, delighting him with their unexpectedness, their original value. And, then, talking occupied the men's minds, making them momentarily forgetful of the arduousness of the march.

It was only when the men began to wrangle among themselves that Wilfred Bird grew irritated. When one man would repeatedly step on the heels of the man in front of him, an uproar ensuing, the lieutenant would leave his place at the head of the division of the column and search for the trouble. When he found it he would say in a sort of a scolding fashion:

"Now you men be still; it's very dark —if the man behind you treads on your heels, O'Brien, ask your corporal to permit you to march in front of some one else."

"But, Je's, lieutenant," the usually belligerent O'Brien would complain. The lieutenant would hear him out, and offer a thoughtful suggestion.

When the battalion was back in its thin papier-maché billets, supposedly resting, the men were required to be more careful in their appearance. They must shave daily, their heavy hobnailed shoes had to be kept free of mud, the buttons of their olive tunics must show through the proper buttonholes, their hair had to bear evidence of a recent combing, and their ordinary equipment, their bayonets, knives, forks, spoons, and aluminum mess-kits, must ever be kept clean and bright.

To insure themselves against the wrath of one of the inspecting officers (they had a way of visiting camps unexpectedly), some of the platoon commanders began to deliver long lectures to their men upon the observance of cleanliness. They threatened, and not ambiguously, and to lessen the danger of having frowsy soldiers they ordered the company barber to shave the heads of the enlisted men.

Wilfred Bird gave slight notice to all of this. He never stood before his tired platoon and addressed them upon the importance of cleanliness, nor said that cleanliness was next to godliness so for God's sake keep clean; he did not continue to impress upon the men the necessity of appearing spick and span before an inspector. Nor did he neglect them; simply, he made no mountain of the need for neatness. It was, he felt, something which people were, without any outside influence. Nevertheless, the fourth platoon was neat; whether it was because their commander was an eloquent example of carefulness in dress, or whether the men would rather shine their shoes and oil their rifles than hurt his feelings, does not matter.

One day, a little past noon, a few moments after the men had returned from a morning on the target range and had been dismissed in the company street, a frightened sentry on post No. 1 in front of the guard-house was heard to call out:

"Turn out the gyard. General officer."

And the corporal in charge of the watch kicked his heel against the side of the guard-house, and in a second, the door burst open and the whole watch rushed out, making formation in front of the guard-house before which a large puffy man with silver stars on his shoulder-straps accepted the salute.

Then the streets, on each side of which the flimsy sprawling bunk houses were set, became suddenly energized. Orderlies could be seen running from their billets to the officers' quarters, and rushing back. Sergeants stood at the entrances and bellowed for the men to "shake it up," for the visiting major-general was on a sightseeing tour and he meant to inspect the battalion.

Rifle-butts pounded on the gravel and men hastened to the command of "Fall In," buttoning their clothing on the way and making hasty estimates of their appearance. They counted off, right dressed, and as soon as the drawling, cautioning "steady" and the short sharp "front" was given a hush fell, the men stood with their chests out and their abdomens drawn inconspicuously under their diaphragms, nervously fingering the stocks of their rifles, their eyes looking straight to the front.

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After a while the major-general reached the company to which the fourth platoon belonged. He passed along the first platoon, the tall men, the second platoon and the third platoon of medium-sized men, then the fourth platoon, the short men, opened ranks.

The divisional commander, with his formal retinue and the company commander, passed by. He looked stern, military and disapproving.

For once Wilfred Bird, standing by his right guide at the end of his platoon, felt quaky, nervous, the sensation growing as the divisional commander stopped before him and looked down the side of his fierce nose.

"Lieutenant," said the major-general, "you have the most soldierly-looking platoon in the regiment."

Wilfred Bird, standing motionless, continued to look straight ahead, feeling his face color salmon to his ears.

For once his poise deserted him, even his military training threatening to go with it, for his lips moved as if to blurt out some acknowledgment of the general's commendation.

That evening at dinner, in the officers' mess, Captain Madison rose ponderously from the head of the table; he was the ranking captain and the major was not there, and with the palms of his heavy hands flat on the cloth, speaker-wise, he made a short speech in which he proposed a toast to Lieutenant Bird for saving the reputation of the company. Even the officers from the other companies joined, and Bird found himself on his feet, half stammering his gratitude.

"They're really awfully nice boys. I'm very fond of them; and of course it is they that deserve whatever credit there is to be given," he ended.

But whether the men deserved the credit or not, there remained for days about Wilfred Bird the sensation of those words, as if they were still in the air that he breathed, as a kind of elixir. And it led him to talk about his platoon; to consider the men as a very important unit composed of his special charges and not merely as so many heads, as he had considered them heretofore. It also caused him to adopt a new attitude toward the men. He would remind them that it was an unusual occurrence for a divisional commander to pick out their platoon from an entire regiment. But that which the men had done by chance must now be continued through effort. They had a reputation to maintain. So he began the inculcation of pride in them, and his attitude toward them was that of a jealous father toward his children. They were such nice boys; he had not noticed it before, really.

In the main the men accepted the change of disposition well enough. They too felt it to be a point of pride that they continued to be the neatest unit in the regiment, perhaps in the division. The eyes of the corporals grew sharper as they inspected the members of their respective squads before formation; and the privates took more care with their equipment, often spending moments of their leisure hours in cleaning the bore of their rifles, or scrubbing their underclothes and socks on the long wooden plank which rested on two small kegs at the side of the bunk house.

But to loud-mouthed John Wainwright, who had always felt himself to be inferior to his lieutenant and who for that reason always thought Wilfred Bird was being patronizing, this sudden competitive desire on the part of the platoon commander was used as material for disparagement. He came from the lower Middle West and the last thing he would put up with, he often said, was for one guy to think he was better than another. "Just because Bird is a shave tail is no reason why he should go around like some damned English duke," Wainwright grumbled. "Who did he think he was, anyway? Telling people a damned sight better than him what to do! And so far as what the major-general had said, went, it was the platoon that deserved the glory and not the commander. What had Bird ever done for the platoon, anyhow? Besides act as if he wasn't made out of mud the same as all the rest of them was."

John Wainwright had read the Bible; he knew that all men were made out of clay, and he also knew the proof positive that man and monkey had nothing in common.

But Wilfred Bird continued through the days of training, oblivious of this dis-

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"I can take care of myself with them Dutchmen, but I hate to go up with this Bird."—Page 500.

turbing element. He was very fond of his platoon and it never occurred to him that they might not be as fond of him—which, as a matter of fact, they were with the exception of John Wainwright.

Wainwright talked very much and very loudly, and it seemed that from reveille until taps he was forever telling whomever he could find to listen to him about his exploits "out where he came from." His boisterous, callous manner and his boastful tales were engaging to some of the men, and others listened because they could not help it.

During the long winter, when the men were intensively training, they would spend their evenings in the bunk house at cards or talking, and when Wainwright, now and again, would begin to speak against Wilfred Bird, his listeners would say: "Oh, shut up, John. You'd kick if somebody give you a new rope to hang yourself with," or "Let him rest, he's a whole lot better than you are." But those mild checks never discouraged him. Wainwright's skin was too thick ever to be penetrated by jeers, unless they held an undertone of violence to himself. And then, of course, in his blustering way he would challenge his adversary to a fight, a fight which, for some reason, never came about.

With the fall of the last snow of the season the regiment finished its training, and the word began to be rumored about that the men were next to go to the front,

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their natural and often-hoped-for destination.

Wilfred Bird took it calmly, and simply. It was the thing which he had come to France to do, and a great feeling of relief came to him now that he knew that his regiment was headed in that direction. Not that he was without fear, for he was not. The front was as much the great unknown to him as it was to any other man who had never been there. He knew that he would very likely either be wounded or killed, that if he were neither he would spend the rest of his days until the war was over going from one front to another, being cold, dirty, and hungry. He was healthy enough to want to live and clean enough to want an occasional bath, and so he did not look toward the front as a larking-place.

With this awakened interest in his men, he felt it to be in the line of his duty that he discover the height or depth of their morale. If the men, as they sometimes phrased it, were "rarin' to go," he would be pleased; if they were in the doldrums over the thought of going to the front he wanted to bolster up their courage. Outwardly, they were anxious for the opportunity to meet the Germans, to plunge themselves into the midst of the great experience; but he knew that one could not always tell by outward appearance. One was likely to be deceived. It was the proper act for a soldier to tell his officer that he was glad he was going to the front. But to get the truth one had to find out whether he inwardly trembled as he made the assertion.

Most of the officers felt the pulse of their men through their orderlies; but Wilfred Bird's orderly, unluckily enough, was very shy and quiet, too embarrassed before his officer ever to speak unless it were necessary. Bird himself was not the sort of person ever to ask his orderly for information, and as he felt that he must find out, he chose, or rather was forced to accept, the means which was most direct.

After dinner, when it had grown heavily dark, Wilfred Bird would leave the officers' quarters and commence to walk slowly and quietly around the outside of the bunk house in which the men of his command were telling stories, or, seated around the rough board table by the candle-light with their blouses off, were playing cards or listening to old King Cole sadly and a trifle reminiscently pick the strings of his big mellow guitar. From the bits of talk which he overheard in his secretive journey he hoped to discover what the men were thinking of, how they really accepted the fact that they were soon to go to the front. And then, perhaps, he would enter the back door of the bunk house and talk to one of the sergeants for a while; more often he would return to his own billet, a trifle ashamed that even so praiseworthy a purpose should force him to snoop, without letting the men know he had been near them.

One evening—it was about the fifth time he had made his pilgrimage of the night, and he never did it afterward—he was walking slowly around the bunk house, carelessly gazing through the slits in the wall where the mica windows had not been properly fitted, when he heard the loud voice of John Wainwright. He stopped and leaned forward with every nerve awake.

John Wainwright was saying:

"Course, I, myself, don't mind a-goin' up to the front. I can take care of myself with them Dutchmen, but I hate to go up with this Bird. He ain't no guy to take a bunch of soldiers up to the front. Why, do you know what he is? He's nothin' but a sissy, a lah-de-dah. . . . I'll bet you that when we git up there where the big ones is bustin', you'll have to hold him to keep him from runnin'. Yes, sir, hold him!"

Wilfred Bird, standing outside the bunk house, listened for no more. So that's what they thought of him, the dirty cads! Nothing of this kind had ever happened to him before; he had always felt the men liked him; and now it was made evident that, far from liking him, they thought he was a coward! He could hardly realize it; it seemed to stun him, and when he did accept the fact that he had really heard those words, it left in his mind no doubt that the entire platoon was in agreement with the speaker. So this was the sort of men he had under him! Walking away, back to his room, he had the impulse to ask the major if he could be transferred to some other company. He really couldn't put up with

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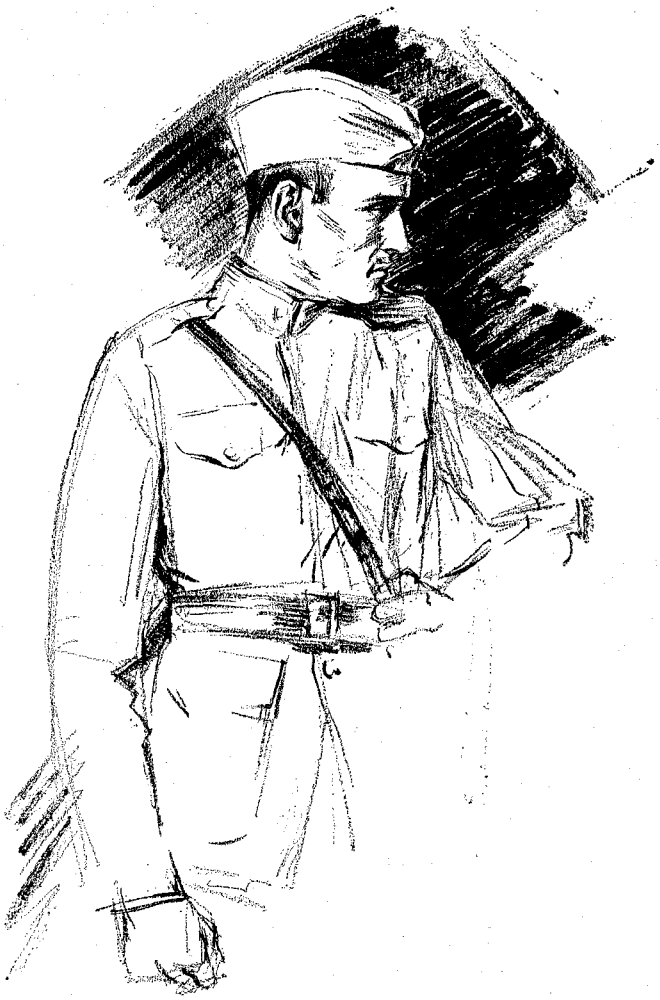
these men, couldn't stand to see them. But after a while he decided it would be cowardly to leave the platoon. No, by heavens, he would stay and show the disagreeable little wretches!

The Germans were engaged in their spring drive with continued good fortune, with the result that the regiment—the whole division, in fact—which had planned to go into the line near the Somme, sud-



So that's what they thought of him!—Page 500.

From that time on, Wilfred Bird's courteous manner toward his platoon was a thing which existed only in remembrance—and then, in the remembrance of but a very few. For his brusque, uncommunicative attitude, ever regardless of the comforts of the men, drove away all of their other conceptions of him, so that he lived in their minds as a tyrant.

denly found itself reeling and straggling in the direction of another sector. And in the hurry, the confusion, the excitement of the breath-taking rush to the front Wilfred Bird forgot what his men had said of him, forgot everything but the blind march forward.

But on the second day, when his platoon was dug in on the crest of a hill sev-

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eral hundreds of yards away from the forest in which the Germans were, and when it was approaching the time for the counter attack to begin, Wilfred Bird remembered. Somewhere, along the long line of tense, fearful men a whistle sounded for the attack. Wilfred Bird was the first to rise, and with an overhead, circular movement forward of his long arm, a motion employed in practice skirmish, he beckoned his men to follow.

The woods were so dense they seemed to be a solid black. From them kept up a bitter, hateful pour of bullets which grew more hateful and full of venom as the men approached. The method of attack which the platoon had been instructed to use was one of sudden spurts and stops. The non-commissioned officers were supposed to locate the machine-gun nests, it was these which most imperilled the advance of the platoon, and under a barrage of rifle grenades a squad was to advance until it had reached a place from which it could hurl hand-bombs at the German gunners.

In theory, the plan was all that could be wished for. The only trouble with it was that the woods were thick with machine-gun nests, and as they were set in enfilade positions, another and unseen gun could annihilate a squad while it was attempting to creep up on the nest which it had discovered.

Still in front of his men, Lieutenant Bird continued toward the woods, biting into the leather strap of his steel helmet to keep from flinching as the bullets passed, but with his shoulders as squared as if he had been on dress parade. One bullet passed so close to him that the string which fastened his wrapped puttee was severed, the green cloth of the puttee beginning to unwind, gathering in a mass about his shoe and exposing the lacing of the leg of his breeches. But he kept on going forward, now and again glancing to his right or left to see that none of his platoon reached the woods before he did.

All along the line the attack was successful. Though the regiment had just gone in to war and were not to be compared with seasoned troops, they made up for their lack of experience by their stamina, their sheer foolhardiness.

The ranks of the fourth platoon were very sparse even when they were yet fifty yards from the edge of the woods, but Wilfred Bird, still unhurt, was among those who remained on their feet.

About twenty yards from the edge of the woods he hastily stopped, took a step backward, and fell with his heels pointing toward the woods, the goal which he had planned to reach first.

His mind was very clear when he began to crawl back, and as he felt his leg, sensationless as a log, and saw the blood soaking through his breeches, he knew that continued effort might mean his death from loss of blood. With his eye he measured the distance between himself and a little friendly mound of earth behind which he planned to get so that he would be shielded from the bullets. But the distance seemed too great, and, folding his hands before him, he dropped his head and waited.

Toward nightfall he was lying on a stretcher in one of those jerky little Ford ambulances, having been hastily taken from an evacuation hospital, which was already overcrowded when he arrived, to a base hospital of the Red Cross in Paris. Faint from loss of blood and nauseated from the inoculation of antitetanin, he lay on the lower tier of the ambulance, tearing at his hands to keep from crying out in pain every time the spindly wheels of the car struck a bump in the shell-torn road. The wheels of the little car seemed as if they would never stop turning, and he had the irrational fear that he might become a victim of gangrene before he reached his destination,—that and the panicky thought that the tourniquet on his leg was not efficiently fastened made his ride a delirium.

He did not remember reaching the hospital late that night, nor being carefully bathed and put in one of the high white beds in the ward on the first floor. And in the morning he was only faintly conscious of the sunny warmth of the room, the whitewashed walls, the pleasant nurses who kept walking past the door.

Several days later a thin irritable doctor, who had been used to taking his time with the patients he had as a practising civilian surgeon and was now worried into illness by the hosts of wounded of whom it was his duty to take care, was stand-

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Wilfred Bird was the first to rise.—Page 502.

ing over Wilfred Bird's bed examining the dressing on the torn leg which the turned-back bedclothing exposed to him.

Bird regarded him questioningly for some time, and as he didn't speak he inquired in his soft voice, into which he tried to put a note of cheerfulness:

"Anything broken, doctor?"

"Broken?" answered the doctor sarcastically. "You'd know if anything was broken, all right. Just a plain flesh wound."

After which there was nothing for Bird but silence. He would have liked to ask how long he would probably remain in the hospital, but he realized that instead of bothering the doctor he should really be ashamed for having troubled the hos-

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pital with just a flesh wound. You really should have a bone broken, or an eye put out, or a bullet through the skull before you went back of the lines to the hospital, he decided in mild amusement.

But it was not so amusing when he recalled that his platoon was up at the front and he was back in a hospital, lying in safety, warm, and fed as well as his condition would permit. He commenced to search his mind, to analyze his feelings when he had started to crawl back from the front. He could not decide whether he had been afraid; he did know that, possibly, he could have gone on until he reached the woods unless he had been struck again. The bullet had knocked him down, but he had not really felt pain until he began to see the blood showing through his breeches. It was a fine question: If he had not looked down at the blood, might he not have been able to go on, leading his men, his men who had spoken of him as a coward? That he could not answer, with a final and sweeping No, hurt him and caused him to wonder whether there was not some truth in what his men had said about him. But he could not hold that opinion for long. He was not a coward, he fiercely told himself, and he would prove it to them!

The days of June passed by while he lay in his narrow bed. Once in a while some man from his regiment would come back to the hospital, and Wilfred Bird would hobble over to him and ask him questions about the platoon: what they were doing, if they were still where they were when he left them for the hospital. He grew restless as he listened to the tales of hardship and heroism at the front. They were doing such splendid things, the reports came back, and so many of the men had been decorated. "Did Bird remember So and So?" one of the wounded who had recently returned would ask. "Well, he got his," the informant would continue, "trying to take a machine-gun nest single-handed." And then he heard that the regiment had been removed from the front lines for a short rest.

One morning Wilfred Bird woke up with a fever. The nurse informed the doctor, and Bird was ordered to remain in his room without permission to see any visitors. He accepted this command as long as he could, but that was for not many days, because of his anxiety over the movements of his men. Would he get well, he wondered, before the regiment was ordered back to the front? Great heavens, he had to. He began to plead that they stay back of the lines until he could rejoin them. Just a few days more, he thought, and his wound would be all right. This worry that his men might be in the next attack without him drove him out into the main ward whenever the nurse was absent, trying to discover if any of the new arrivals were from his regiment.

But the information of the movement of his troops was to be given him from another source. During the dressing of his wound, one morning, the doctor paused and said, by way of making talk:

"I hear your outfit's going back up to the front in about three days. You're lucky to be in the hospital."

Wilfred Bird said nothing; he just looked at the doctor dumbly, a trifle hurt. And after the doctor left he began to look around for his clothing, to get it together so that he would be able to put his hands on everything which he had brought to the hospital with him. All that day he remained quietly in bed, seeking in his thoughts the best means of leaving Paris and joining his regiment. In the morning he asked the nurse to make the bandage on his leg especially secure.

Late that evening he limped out of the hospital, fully dressed, and supporting himself by a stout walking-stick which he had picked up. Paris had darkened herself against the air raids, and it was confusing to be walking in the strange streets, weakly lighted by a moon which was climbing over the ragged edge of the buildings. A cab was passing. With many flourishes of his stick he caught the scurrying driver's attention barely in time to keep from being run down. "To Saint Denis," he directed the chauffeur, telling himself that among all of the machines at that supply base of the American army he was certain to find one which would be going near Soissons, where his regiment was soon to go into action.

When he arrived at Saint Denis, perhaps an hour later, an M. P. told him that

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no American automobiles were to start for some time but that there were several French camions which were to take supplies to Mangin's army—the army to which his regiment had been assigned.

"They say it's gonna be the big smash of the year," said the lanky M. P., "but I ain't hankerin' to be in it, sir." Bird dismissed him irritably, walking lamely to the French section.

As he explained to the driver of one of the camions that he wished to ride with him to the front to be in the attack, the driver gave his shoulders the inimitable Gallic shrug, and said: "Of course, it is beyond my comprehension why a man who can hardly walk should wish to return to the front; but if you are so mad, jump in."

He climbed into the car beside the Frenchman. The motor commenced its angry chugging and the trip began. Through the night Bird sat rigidly in the front seat, both hands clasped over the crook of his stick. The camions passed along the smooth white country roads, rumbled through the towns, as Bird sat there thinking of the morning, wondering whether he would arrive in time to go over with his regiment. Already his mind saw the men advancing toward the enemy, their bayonets slanting skyward, and he smiled proudly as he saw himself abreast of them. They would never think him a coward again, he thought hotly. The sky was growing lighter as the camions left the outskirts of Châlons sur Marne, and from off ahead came the ominous rumble of exploding shells.

Now it was daylight, and from the seat on the camion Bird could see the huge, camouflaged ammunition dumps at intervals along the road, covered by a mottled green and yellow. At one place, a battalion of men were resting on the grass beside the road, their rifles and combat packs sprawling about them. Farther on, a battery of long, black-mounted six-inch guns, poking their noses toward the German lines, were unlimbered close to the roadside; and beside them the sweating artillerymen were leading off the horses and arranging the shells. A short distance ahead the seventy-fives had gone into position. That a first-aid station had just been established was evident from the fresh red-cross sign tacked conspicuously to a tree. Yes, Bird decided, they were getting near the front and he would be in time.

Farther on he saw a cross-roads, and as the camion neared it a shell hurtled over and struck squarely where the two roads met. Warily the driver slowed up the car. Bird grasped the man's arm, calling: "Non! Non! Vite!" The driver pressed harder on the accelerator and the camion spurted ahead. Another shell struck close to the place where the first shell had exploded. But Bird did not seem to mind the shells which were bursting in front of him. He was like a man in a dream, living solely in the picture of himself in the first wave of the attack, at the head of his men, limping along toward the German lines.

Now they were almost at the cross-roads. From somewhere along the farther fringe of the enemy lines a long-distance gun emitted a huge black shell which speared its way through the quiet air. It struck and exploded; an immense cloud of black smoke spread above the blue camion on whose shattered floor lay Wilfred Bird.

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Style

BY W. C. BROWNELL
Author of "Standards," "Criticism," etc.

I. ORDER AND MOVEMENT—MANNER AND PERSONALITY

PROBABLY from the earliest and certainly down to the latest days of its practice hitherto, critical analysis has been occupied with the subject of style, and, as usual with perennial subjects, style has been found particularly difficult to define. But without altogether agreeing with Erasmus that every definition is a misfortune we may, to a certain extent, circumvent this difficulty by essaying to describe rather than define it. Defining it is so difficult, perhaps, because it may be described as strictly indefinable, as a universal element, an ultimate that enters into combination and characterizes compounds without itself having any organization particular enough to particularize—one that may be tested for and identified, but not delimited nor detached; moreover, one that enters into the various activities of the mind not only in the field of art and letters, but in the discipline of thought and the conduct of life. When Henry James remarks of Lowell that his career was in the last analysis "a tribute to the dominion of style," that this is the idea that to his sense Lowell's name "most promptly evokes," and that "he carried style, the style of literature, into regions in which we rarely look for it," no one is in any doubt as to what he means. Mr. Stuart Sherman finds substantially the same quality in Henry James himself. At least, of what he calls James's "æsthetic idealism" it is quite possible, I think, to contend that, ideally speaking, style is the informing constituent. For that matter, style lies more or less latent in any constituent that informs anything.

"Listening in" at one of those family exchanges of literary and social gossip conducted by our "columnists" and now so popular, I recently started at the mention of a poetess known in her day as "The Sweet Singer of Michigan." I recall the rollicking chorus of a poem by this lady, chanting what now might be viewed as the forerunner of a then new gospel, in the adjuring words: "Leave off the agony, leave off style!" She may have had in mind the cakewalk and its stylistic congeners, in which we get the raw article and observe an informing spirit in its excess rather than at its best, but she was clearly an inspirationist and a partisan of the bald despatch now regnant, and what she resented was the taking of thought involved in "putting on" (as it used to be called) the style which she implored us to leave off. Her plea has triumphed in this fulness of time. We have, quite generally, left it off. Undoubtedly a realist, she but anticipated the current impatience of the artificial, even in the good sense of the word, style being undeniably in this sense as artificial a force in the day of realism as when, in periods less inhospitable to it (whether classic, academic, or romantic), it has exercised the nevertheless not valueless function of bringing order out of chaos.

That, at any rate, is in part what style does. No wiser point of departure for its consideration could be chosen than Buffon's statement: "Style is nothing other than the order and movement which we put into our thoughts." It does not reside in the thoughts themselves, and it is lacking in their expression in proportion as this is either disorderly or static. Although, as Fénelon observed, it is the rarest of qualities in the works of the mind, order is understood to be Heaven's first law. Movement, in any case, is essentially life itself. The two combined constitute the formative element of an æsthetic composition and in a real sense, thus, the art of art. It may most profita-

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bly, I think, be considered as that factor of a work of art which preserves in every part some sense of the form of the whole; so that one may say a work of art possesses style when the detail both counts as detail and also contributes to the general effect. In consequence, coherence and interdependence, continuity and harmony become salient traits of the *ensemble*, whatever it be, a sentence or a treatise, a sonnet or a symphony, a still-life or a landscape, a coin or a monument. The spirit of style which remembers and anticipates in the act of expression (thus automatically enriching expression with added values) is silenced oftenest in the presence of what is, in excess, independent and idiosyncratic, even eccentric by contrast. The two are as distinct as our old friends objective and subjective—whose labels, respectively, in point of fact they bear—but should accord as complements.

For how the artist subjectively handles —or neglects—the objective element of style is *his* style. Obviously we use the word in two senses, and it has thus a certain ambiguity which, in discussion of the general subject, it is useful to avoid. Ambiguity of language is perhaps the subtlest among the foes of clearness, and in this case it is an especial source of error, because the same word is used not only for two different, but for two antithetical, ideas—at least, for one of general and the other of particular application. A number of years ago, accordingly, in writing of French art in which the objective and impersonal element is so prominent, and having necessarily to distinguish between the two, I ventured, with a sense of tentativeness and temerity combined, and solely for the purpose of analysis, to substitute for "style" used in the subjective and personal sense the word "manner." One always suspects the value of an invention of one's own, however; the chances are so enormously in favor either of its having long before been tried and found wanting, or of the need of it being less real than fancied. So that it may easily be understood how agreeable it was quite recently to come across Sainte-Beuve's use of the word in substantially the same sense; one had so much rather be right than original!—having incidentally rather a better chance, in so wishing, of being original into the bargain. Of course one reserves the word "manner" largely for purposes of analysis, and to designate one of the two elements of which an individual's style is composed—that is, if it repays analysis—the other being the objective and exterior element of style which his manner modifies into what we call *his* style. Only, in speaking of his style it should be borne in mind that it is thus composite. The matter is important for this reason, that dwelling exclusively on the purely individual factor in any work of art obscures the universal element. In the long run the universal element is subordinated, and inevitably styleless style—that is, pure manner, merely native, untaught, uninspired, destitute of any not-ourselves ideal—usurps its place. This, in fact, is what to-day has largely taken place.

One reason for it, singularly enough, is the wide-spread popularity enjoyed by an incidental remark of Buffon himself. His "style is the man" has made the tour of the world and altogether eclipsed his forgotten definition. Epigrams sometimes turn out thankless children, and Buffon would have thought this one sharper than a serpent's tooth. It was pure *fioritura*. The famous Discourse as at first written did not contain it. It is an instance of the literary infirmity of adding a sententious truism, ambiguous as well as superfluous in this case, to an already adequately presented thesis. The result has been not a little ironical. The misconception of Buffon's idea is so easy, the correct interpretation so hard to state precisely enough to exclude the false; the context—which no one knows—is so necessary to gloss the axiom, which itself is familiar to every one. He is speaking of the learning, the data and discoveries (*faits et découvertes*) of a work—apparently having in mind a scientific work; "these things," he interjects, "are outside of a man," whereas the way in which they are arranged and presented is, of course, personal to the author. The style of the book, as distinct from the substance, is his. He doesn't mean that the writer's personal temperament leaves a deep impression on his style. "This is true," says one of his editors, M. Nollet, "but it is not Buffon's thought. He meant that the substance of a work, facts

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and discoveries, is common property, but that the style, that is the order and movement which one puts into his thoughts, belongs to the author alone, is his personal property." That is obviously not an observation about style in general, since it is strictly confined to *a* style in particular. It does not assert that there is no such thing as style in general. It does not assert that the style is the writer's personal expression—merely that it is within his personal control in a sense in which data and discoveries are not. The style he is speaking of, moreover, is the style of the *book*, not the author's style in general, not his characteristic manner if he has one, instinctive and particular. Quite independently of the writer's temperament he goes on, in true eighteenth-century fashion, to prescribe the different kinds of style appropriate to different kinds of topics. The sentence glossed by the context, in fact, is as far as possible from meaning that style is nothing more than the idiosyncrasy of the writer manifested in his writing.

Architecture furnishes an illuminating, if approximate, illustration of the two different uses of the word "style." There is a not too fanciful analogy between its different "styles" and the personal manner of the individual artist in all the arts. The several styles express each the temperament of its time, as the artist's manner does his own. Yet they would certainly never have risen into existence as styles, would never have achieved their own centrality and coherence, if they had not been inspired, each individual style in its own degree, with that spirit of style conceived as a universal æsthetic element which, besides crystallizing each into its own unity, makes it architecture as well as a style. Indeed the weakness of Renaissance, for example, as architecture is what saps its strength as a style; just as the absence of style leaves the individual artist's manner structureless and, as an instrument, uncertain. Nothing could be more diverse to the eye than Greek and Gothic. The simplicity of one seems almost cellular; the complexity of the other, elaborately organic as far as the eye can trace the detail of the structure. Yet remark on the one hand the mere nomenclature of the trabeated style, which is so elaborate as of itself to disclose the Greek simplicity as simplification, and, on the other, the fundamental interplay of majestic forces that constitutes the beauty as well as the grandeur of the loveliest as well as the most monumental Gothic. The difference between the two styles could not be greater, but it is not more marked than the identical element of style in both. As an individual artist conceives and executes his work in his own manner, each of them reflects the taste, the tone, the ideals, the character of its own age and clime, but, like the individual artist whose work as well as being personal is marked by the impersonal quality of style, both Greek and Gothic architecture do not merely embody the characteristic manner of thought and feeling of their respective periods and countries—one of philosophic calm, the other of energetic aspiration. In addition, both are interpenetrated with the spirit of order and movement, of abstract form vivifying concrete expression by pouring into it the universal elements of harmony and rhythm, and thus not alone rendering the Parthenon and Amiens—say—vibrant with the mutual relations of their structural parts, but carrying into the conformation of all these details some subtly formative sense of the whole which they compose, and by which in turn they themselves are consecrated with the chrism of style.

It would have much chagrined such a precisian as Buffon to have his incidental remark about a man's style being his own in contradistinction to the material that he shares with others, taken for a definition of style. He could hardly have comprehended such placid ignoring of the fact that he had already given and was expounding an altogether different theory and one quite insusceptible of being regarded as sanction for a go-as-you-please theory of literary composition—obviously ridiculous in any one of the rest of the seven arts. To have declared that a writer should put himself, rather than order and movement, into his thoughts would have been to cancel the Discourse. On the other hand a writer's manner, the personal strain in his style, is so important that, dealing with it at all, to have dealt with it only in an incidental inter-

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polation, would have been practically as absurd as to assert that a writer has only to express himself naturally to do so with style. He may have a natural aptitude for expressing himself with style. But this will be a natural aptitude for order and movement and not an aptitude for being natural. Buffon and his century before him dealt little with natural aptitudes, and presupposed intelligence, as evolution has since presupposed protoplasm. Even Rousseauism and the gospel of human perfectibility contemplated man's nature as plastic rather than as preestablished. The self-contradiction involved in associating nature, in which intention is absent, and art, in which it is vital, so closely as to deem their essence identical, is one of the paradoxes of more recent times.

The quality of naturalness indeed often shows as few traces of personality as of style. Since, for example, some of the wildest idiosyncrasies, so called, have been disclosed as due to "group consciousness" —not to say "mob psychology"—it has been more difficult to revere eccentricity as self-expression. The traits of a personality saturated with the mimetic may be better sought in the model than in the mimic. They lose their tang in transmission. The naturalness of the parrot and the mocking-bird is personality at one remove, and what Echo sighs to us from some distant isle is, alas, what we have already heard! Personality is minimized thus in naturalness of a certain order—the naturalness of a natural born natural, for example; it needs acquisitions of its own to round out instinct into character. Of course there are other varieties. Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, of the London *Nation* and the author of charming books, was recently quoted as asserting in dogmatic, in fact, in Dogberry, vein that "a literary style is not, as some fond critics imagine, a deliberately acquired vice. A man just has it. When he is really a writer he does not know he has any style. He has something to say; and he says it in the only way that comes easy to him"—cruelly regardless of the hard reading thus made according to Sheridan's sadly true observation. "Only those writers are concerned about their style," he sternly adds, "who should be employed at something more useful." Mr. Tomlinson is "really a writer," and perhaps he "just has" his gift of style. But apparently he just doesn't have it always. Very likely he has it oftener when he has something to tell than when he has, as here, something to say; the two *genres* differ in difficulty. And he is so delightful when he does have it that from our point of view he could hardly be employed at anything more useful than in being concerned about it. Why in any case should he discourage others? If style be a vice, how should it be the only one that can't be acquired?

As to a man's not knowing he has any style when he does have it, we should hardly know what Mr. Tomlinson means if in so many quarters just now there were not observable such a light-hearted zest in playing the game of existence blindfold—consciousness, formerly defined as "the light of all our seeing," having fallen into such disrepute, if not "every day, in every way," still often and variously. Only blindly, one would say, can many of the self-styled temperamental players develop the confidence needed to sustain a morale to which mere presumption must prove a broken reed. The mood of the moment, perhaps more exactly than the spirit of the times, is so adventurous and irresponsible as to have given the abhorred name of "repression" to the old "arch-enemy of mankind" and exalted the subliminal self to the position of guardian angel. Accordingly philosophy of the unconscious, now under such full sail, seems also bound for such ports as may be discovered under a roving commission. Mr. Santayana is perhaps the last philosopher whom one should expect to remind us of Scott's remark to Lockhart: "I fear you have some very young ideas in your head." Yet where either art or woman is concerned, how forego the advantages of young ideas? His declaration, "Art is like a charming woman, who once had her age of innocence in the nursery, when she was beautiful without knowing it, being wholly intent on what she was making or telling or imagining," sounds, accordingly, less like a master, than like a bachelor, of arts—at any rate, the arts of design, whether plastic or feminine. The precautionary words "nursery" and "when she was beautiful without knowing it"

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naturally imply an infancy fairly inarticulate, but one imagines that, in either case, articulate adolescence has more than a vague notion of what it is about, and that process as well as substance shared the intention of early art, as well as that of the youthful artist to whom Mr. Santayana refers. Consciousness of how and whether they were succeeding, and obvious inferences therefrom, must have attended effort where attainment is predicated on aim; and subsequent progress, at all events, could hardly have proceeded from aimless groping. The untrained and up-to-date boy who, occupied in drawing on his slate a figure which he said represented God, replied to an objection that no one knew how he looked, "Well, they will when I get this done," demanded too much credulity. The pleistocene mammoth outline is more authentic and doubtless more admirable and, particularly, more skilful than automatic improvisation. In any case, in all art, early or late, the element of style is of too universal substance and application to be identified with the individuality of whose intelligent expression it is clearly and consciously, even when instinctively, an instrument—when indeed it is not, as in some instances seemingly it is, an end in itself. And it had certainly much better be an end in itself, subordinating all personality and achieving at least an ordered and rhythmic result, than illustrate the kind of feeling and functioning to be associated with unconsciousness.

Personality in a work of art being, as has been aptly observed, not what you put in but what you can't leave out, style may, precisely, be taken as what on the other hand (as Buffon asserted) you put in. But, necessarily, what you can't leave out colors to a certain, or rather an uncertain, extent what you put in, and accordingly personality shows in, but is not, your style—any more than your clothes which you select are how you wear them. No more capital example of the distinction between manner and style need be sought than that furnished by the writings of Carlyle, rich in both elements. Everything is energy in Carlyle. Energy is as apparent in the restraint of the elegy on Edward Irving as in the extravagance of "Shooting Niagara." And energy implies emphasis and underlines whatever it expresses. Hence we can more distinctly in Carlyle's case than in most others recognize the several expressions of his genius; that is to say, his energy, genius being, as Arnold says, "mainly an affair of energy." Again we can more easily discriminate his manner from his style not only because both have so much relief, but because we can catch his manner almost in the act of invading his style. Partly this was chronological; in other words, exhibited a tendency that grew upon him. But partly also it was an infiltration of his conscious art by his personal whim, owing to his release of the latter by raising the flood-gates of his restraint, as he conceived occasion to call for it; the style of the "Sterling," for example, is simple, tranquil, and altogether on a more elevated plane than that of the earlier "Sartor." At the same time Fitzjames Stephen would not have chosen a passage from it, as he did from "Sartor," to set against a passage from Mill, illustrating, as he said, the genius of the greatest poet of his age contrasted with that of the greatest logician. And I think myself that perhaps we could better dispense with those works of Carlyle in which style predominates than those which his personality saturates. Still, one gets a little tired of this latter, and it was doubtless thinking of it that led Mr. W. B. Yeats to speak of some one's "harsh voice" giving, in reading it aloud, "almost a quality of style to Carlylian commonplace." There is nothing restful in tireless tumultuousness. The victim's personality wearies the reader. One would prefer a victor—self-control, as spectacle, always outshining the loss of it; except with the "ecstasists!"

Thackeray's exclamation, "I wish he would hang up his d—d old fiddle," is a comprehensible cry of protest against too much personal expression, against the tune rather than the instrument. Taine's preference of "Esmond" over and almost to the exclusion of the rest of his work witnesses the same weariness in Thackeray's own case. In the case of genius—scarcely less rare than miracle—one can hardly decide. Here one hesitates to exalt style at the expense of manner, and may settle the difficulty by breathing a wish that the

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manner of both Thackeray on occasion and Carlyle often had been less mannered. Personality is the irreducible element in the incomprehensible phenomenon of genius. Thackeray and Carlyle are, for us at any rate, of even greater interest than their style, than their art. At least Thackeray's style and art owe a large part of their charm to his own extraordinary personal appeal. But the vast field of literary and æsthetic interest rewards consideration of the rule rather than of the exception among its figures and their functioning, when we are dealing with principles, even though Kant's "universal norm" may here be unattainable. There is also this to be observed of the personality of genius: that its superior interest, its signal fascinations, being less comprehensible in all their fulness to other generations than they are to their own, must inevitably merge with their contemporaries of lesser eminence as both recede into the past, aside from the new competitions they must sustain when Bacon's "next ages" with a different succession of cloud-capped peaks and sunlit summits come into view. Then, indeed, manner may congratulate itself on having at whatever sacrifice clothed itself in style. Style will commend it to the posterity that its manner may conceivably chill and confuse. Its style will be the language of posterity also, however different its taste, its fashions. It was really Thackeray's manner, not his style, that Mr. Max Beerbohm meant when he said it was "getting a little eighteen-sixty." Of his style, the "perfection" of which Carlyle called unrivalled "in our day," Mr. Beerbohm says in exquisite style of his own: "He blew on his pipe and words came tripping around him, like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance; or came, did he will it, treading in their precedence, like kings, gloomily." Order and movement could not be more specifically signalized—or exemplified.

On the other hand, when Thackeray remarked, "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius," he undoubtedly meant, in large part, that Dickens's art was disfigured by mannerisms—that his manner, in other words, dominated and distorted his style, of which facetiousness is as characteristic as caricature is of his characters. Both these defects of his qualities of vitality and imagination have been obstacles to Dickens's attaining rank as an artist commensurate with his fairly wonderful genius; and it is only since art has suffered its present eclipse in the shadow of genius, real or imagined, that lovers of paradox like Mr. Chesterton, and detached temperaments like Mr. Santayana, have found it piquant to minimize or ignore—or vaunt—them. Also the current revival of interest in Dickens shown by our younger writers may be due, as well as to the attraction of novelty inherent in rehabilitations, to a fellow-feeling on the part of our own facetiousness—which has been called the curse of the country. One may doubt nevertheless if he is read as much as he is lauded. Temperamental similarity may warm in idea to what would bore it in fact—one of those phenomena which Carlyle, when too full for utterance, used to call "significant of much." Our time and our country, especially since our social development has reached its present flourishing phase, seem peculiarly sensitive to the satisfactions, than which we certainly find few more intimate, of what is too brutally known as "raising a laugh." The English, who savor these satisfactions less, we accuse, not altogether humorously, of lacking either humor or the sense of it. We have a slight feeling as if of injury at their refusal, or estrangement at what we fancy their inability, to play with us. Dickens, however, ought to be a bond between us. The facetiousness which, whether for good or ill, is one of our national traits and which, as one may say, has infiltrated our national style, certainly dictated the order and movement which he put into his thoughts, to an extent that makes his manner so markedly mannerism as practically to identify it with his style. The ideal in his case would be the converse procedure—style invading manner so as to minimize mannerism.

Absolutely to proscribe mannerism is, surely, pedantry. In the hands, or rather in the fibre, of an instinctive artist it is precisely the element needed to set the final touch on manner itself, to add the flavor to the confection, to endue the

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manner that expresses the artist's individuality with the personal reminder of intimacy which endears—unless, as of course it may, it estranges. An instance is that which makes one of the most delightful traits of one of the most delightful of our actresses, undervalued by routine proscription of mannerism that is piquant along with that which is flat. If nothing is so flat as excess, on the other hand nothing is so engaging as quality, in fragrance that is faint but distinct. It is only of what is too little that we say we cannot have too much. Dickens gave us a surfeit of facetiousness. He was so much an actor—not being one—as to suffer his manner, become mannerism, to histrionize his style, the conscious field of his art by which he set great store, but which he so personalized with the manner of which he was still fonder as to rob it of the objective quality that, precisely, makes art of expression. He conceived his manner as style. He has passage after passage in what one might call the voluntarily stylistic vein that probably irritated Thackeray much more than Bulwer's "height of fine language" did Yellowplush. But taken at the flood, even these passages, perhaps they especially, were apt to turn into the channel of facetiousness, where the temptation to be funny becomes irresistible. Thereupon verbiage *sostenuto*, as in Mark Twain the idea *da capo*. If Mark Twain, however, had thought he was being "stylistic" in the process he would probably not have "got the laugh" that he rarely failed finally to get and that, I should suppose, Dickens gets now mainly through his matter. Mark Twain's method was sapiently direct. Yet the best, in the sense of the starkest, example of it that I remember was furnished by one of our "minstrels," in days when our humor of a certain grade was masked by burnt cork, when our humorous entertainments were explicit and professional, and not yet amateur and postprandial. This artist came to the front of the stage and in a sulky, then a shamefaced, then a resigned, and finally a savage manner remarked many times in an appalling crescendo ending in a shouting climax that his girl lived in Yonkers. The public, at first uninterested, ended in convulsions of glee.

The same effect I recall obtained by Mark Twain at a dinner given to Mr. Brander Matthews—by his friends and thus a large though an intimate occasion. In richly varied framework, Clemens used essentially the same means of repeating antiphonally in various tones, ranging from the sepulchral to the ferocious but all weirdly drawling, what he pretended, with obviously no warrant of either truth or caricature to constitute either wit or humor, was the singularly sinister name of the evening's guest. I remember no occasion of more prolonged and luxurious mirth than each of these. Meanwhile, naturally, the æsthetic faculties were more or less in abeyance. They will not, however, stay there; and, the glamour of the occasion vanished, we feel that this sort of thing, well worthy of being called genius (if that does it any real good), can't be kept up. The dosage can't be increased—a necessity for conserving its effect. Nor can one's appreciation of it be communicated to benighted consumers of a different brand of stimulant. For this there is too much personality and too little style about it. To secure permanence in the æsthetic product the preservative quality of the latter element is needed. Without it, art is as fleeting as fashion; which is no more than saying that language has a greater chance of survival than jargon. None the less, it cannot be gainsaid that personality is the most interesting thing in the world, and the proper study of mankind. Personality, therefore, expressing itself in style, achieves at once the most interesting and the most lasting æsthetic result.

It is, however, essential to remember that personality is an exceedingly complicated affair. Undoubtedly what in any work of art captivates or alienates, interests or wearies the critical spirit, the connoisseur or even the amateur, is, as Sainte-Beuve testified of himself, the mind of the artist—meaning by mind, of course, both intellect and feeling. Yes, and considered as a cause, the will also. Is the artist's mind in any given case crude or cultivated, is it common or distinguished, listless or energetic? What is its *other* furniture aside from the machinery concerned with the immediate matter in hand? These abstract qualities, as informing the con-

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crete work, are what we note; taken together they are *its* style—that is to say, its manner plus style, if it have style. But if it be a work of any æsthetic value, little reflection is needed to assure us that the faculty behind it is something considerably more complicated than a "gift" that the artist "just had." Even if he originally had it in germ he didn't have it in its maturity or "just" have it in his own. From the standpoint of style the infant phenomenon that does not develop is apt to remain permanently promising—a condition well known as calculated to make the heart sick. Blind Tom remains less interesting than Paderewski. Paderewski himself is chained to the keyboard. The Morphys of chess keep in form and study new problems, I believe. And the Hoppes of billiards and Ty Cobbs of baseball were not altogether born so.

A predisposition for style is, no doubt, as much as a predisposition for anything else, a natural gift. Of what is natural and what is acquired there are, in general, no statistics. What we can safely say is that neither is apt to flourish in isolation; the Pitcairn Islanders produced little of either of any recorded value. But style itself is not to be confused with a predisposition for it—any more than dancing. It is not a natural gift, like manner. The part that consciousness plays in it is far greater. Compared with it, manner is, if not wholly instinctive, at least largely a subconscious acquisition. Presumably even negro sculpture first learned what it teaches its votaries in "modern art." Up to a certain point, at least, learning how means learning some one else's how. Such instances as Maupassant's seven years of application under the austere tutelage of Flaubert with nothing to show for it—save a miraculous style!—and Stevenson's long apprenticeship as the sedulous ape indicate the effect of study and practice. They may be set against such pronouncements as that of Mr. Tomlinson. To his "Only those writers are concerned about their style who should be employed at something more useful," one is tempted to reply in the same stern terms: Those writers who are not concerned about their style could be employed at nothing else as useful. "Both" may very well be the answer to the question whether the style of a writer distinguished for his style is natural or acquired, as Mill settled the classics-vs.-mathematics controversy of his day by asking if the tailor should make coats or trousers. Meantime Lessing's preference of the pursuit to the possession of truth formulates a genuine instinct and has a universal appeal. It is justified even in the most august of instances. Job's inquiry, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" does not impeach Isaiah's injunction: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

Any persistent analysis runs up every æsthetic enigma, in the end, to its basis in talent, and talent is the incalculable factor in the artistic equation. At the same time its functioning, which *can* be analyzed, provides synthesis with the most trustworthy basis for constructive formulations. Miss Rebecca West, who says that "a schoolgirl to-day knows more of the mechanics of writing than great artists knew half a century ago," refers of course to English schoolgirls. Our own would perhaps claim less, some of them undoubtedly being quite aware how much the mechanics of current writing owe to the "great artists" from whose practice their principles are so largely generalized. In any case the Cimmerian stretches unillumined by talent, however populous with mechanically equipped schoolgirls, the critic may profitably consider too speculative a field for his exploring. Style without talent, in a word, need not detain one long. And a talent for it of course stamps a style with its own image and superscription. But this is not saying that a talent for it is the same thing as talent in general. Talent, therefore, we need not attempt to define in considering, at least in its general features, an element that so markedly differentiates it. Individuality may, and often does, express itself as visibly in style as in any other form of expression, but this no more makes of style itself an individual matter than changing a dollar affects its value. The reality of goodness itself is not disproved by such differing types as Peter and John, exhibiting different orders of sainthood. Speaking of one style as good and of another as bad presupposes a single element good in one case and bad in another. To say that an element is only found in combination is

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not to deny its existence. The abstract is as actual as the concrete—life, as real as the agencies it animates. Individual talent, therefore, which eludes analysis, does not in stamping its image on style endue with its own elusiveness the element of style itself. One would hardly think of thus elaborating the point if defining style as the man were not a highly speculative bit of simplification which has missed a cog, or if every now and then some one with authority, as, for instance, I suppose, the editor of the London *Adelphi*, who has written a book about style concluding "there are styles but no style," did not similarly belittle it. It has been remarked of Lewes's "Biographical History of Philosophy" that it had obviously been written to show there was no such thing as its subject. Philosophy can very well take care of itself—sure of survival in philosophizing in any case; but, practically, I think style suffers from the disposition to ignore it as an element with qualities of its own and consider it merely as a resultant of the intricate forces resident in the inexplicable individuality of a personal talent.

To call anything the natural expression of a personal talent is certainly not to say very much about it and does not get us very far. It doesn't even distinguish it from other natural expressions of the same talent. The word "natural" is also ambiguous. According to Professor Josey, of Dartmouth College, who has written a suggestive analysis of instinct from the standpoint of society rather than that of psychology alone, the quality of naturalness shows far fewer traces of personality than it used to be credited with before, sociologically examined, its essentially parasitic origin appeared as pure responsiveness to purely external stimuli. To learn that "self-expression" and "living one's own life" are thus, scientifically analyzed, merely reactions of crude passivity to the earliest and most elementary of external influences, instead of the satisfaction of divine personal impulses breaking the bonds of artificial "suppression," parental and police, should arouse distrust in the authority and minimize the categorical imperative of these watchwords of verdancy. It is sad to reflect but apparently true that in much "self-expression" we get but faint traces of personality of any pungency, and that in "living one's own life" in defiance of the devil of discipline one risks being swept along with the highly *un*differentiated horde of individuals bound helter-skelter for the deep sea that laves ceaselessly the precipitous shores of the country of the Gadarenes.

There is, however, a consideration that if observed should tend to forfend so promiscuous a fate as this last. It is not technical and can hardly be formularized. But though of a general nature it has, in current phraseology, a certain inspirational value—implying a sort of literary and artistic regeneration through the agency of the regent of our faculties, that centre from which these radiate and to which they return. Besides instinct and mind, in short, there is in personality another factor that has a bearing on style which is too important to overlook. Spenser suggests it in two lines of the "Hymne in Honoure of Beautie":

> "For of the soul the bodie form doth take:
> For soule is form and doth the body make."

And for this factor, Goethe, perhaps the most explicit exemplar as well as advocate of development of quality through culture, evidently thought cultivation could do a good deal. "Altogether, the style of a writer," he observed to Eckermann, obviously agreeing more nearly with Spenser than with Mr. Tomlinson, "is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore—if any would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul." He himself was neither content with what he "just had," to begin with, nor discouraged by thinking he just had to put up with it. Far from believing he could be "employed at something more useful," and unaware of any quixotism in the attempt, he proceeds: "As I am a human being and as such have human faults and weaknesses, my writings cannot be free from them. Yet as I was constantly bent on my improvement and always striving to ennoble myself, I was in a state of constant progress." "Human faults and weaknesses," "bent on my improvement," "striving to ennoble myself," "a state of constant progress," how quaintly these phrases fall on the ear to-day! How

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unlike "living one's own life" and "expressing one's own personality"—the kind, too, that one "just has." But on the other hand how cheerful they sound beside Mr. Tomlinson, how modest, in spite of being in a state of constant progress, beside those who revere impulse as sacrosanct and acclaim instinct as a guiding-star.

And how did the veteran of seventy-five maintain and, so to say, consolidate his position? "To-day after dinner," says Eckermann, "Goethe went through a portfolio containing some works of Raphael in order to keep up a constant intercourse with that which is best and to accustom himself to muse upon the thoughts of a great man." Hence, perhaps, in some degree and undoubtedly from general culture as well as specific study, the difference between the violence of Goetz at the beginning of Goethe's career and the beautiful benignity of the Faust Dedication at its culmination. In spite of a remarkable memory, Eckermann probably didn't get everything quite right. It is more likely that Goethe mused upon his own thoughts stimulated by the style of Raphael, whose genius for expression in that universal language, if ever elsewhere equalled, was at all events the main thing about him, and one than which no example can be found of a greater natural gift more supremely developed. If Raphael had gone on reflecting Perugino and Goethe had multiplied Goetzes—as, but for the culture that develops seed into fruit of substance and flower of form, fertilizing and pruning manner into style, they conceivably might have done—the course of art and letters would, in considerable measure, it is probable, have lacked an element, both exemplary and constructive, which has in no slight degree contributed to elevation of thought, nobility of feeling, and sensitiveness to beauty throughout the Western world.

But to this order and movement with which the spirit of style endows the expression of beauty there has probably never—until our own day—been any general blindness except in the ages that were blind to art itself. Outside of these centuries of darkness in Western Europe, the artist, who from Egypt down has consciously conceived and executed embodiments of it without number and beyond praise, has certainly never closed his eyes to it until the present century. Nor has that province and rank of literature in virtue of which Carlyle calls it "the Thought of Thinking Souls" and which has either illustrated or illumined those æsthetic principles that bridge the interval between the artist and his public. In fact, Bacon did not wait for Buffon's definition thus to describe, any more than to exemplify, style, and substantially if indirectly so describes it himself. In "Of Beauty" he says: "that of favour [features] is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour." And: "A man shall see faces that if you examine them part by part you shall find never a good, and yet all together do well." And again: "The principal part of Beauty is in decent motion." There one has organic order and ordered movement given as the chief element of beauty. Bacon had only to bracket them under the title, style—a matter of terminology—in order to anticipate Buffon.

Direct testimony from the stately Gibbon is also thoroughly interesting as based on practical mastery as well as on perception. "The style of an author should be the image of his mind," he says, "but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise." He emphasizes thus the important part played by personality in a man's style and reprehends its denaturing, but in "the choice and command of language," obviously a phrase for the element of style in general, he insists on the necessity of repeated effort; and it is in virtue of this "effort" that his own first volume—in distinction from its successors, also written by Buffon's "l'homme même"—earned from Horace Walpole the apt epithet "enamelled." His remark may be expanded into counsel that an author's manner, which, according to Sainte-Beuve, proceeds from the nature of his talent, and which is what clings to and colors his expression in spite of himself, thus imaging his mind, in fact, should not be so allowed to lose its character in its fusion with the order and movement that are the fruit of exercise and taking

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thought, as to misinterpret his personality and miss therefore, in the case of a personality of interest, what Bacon calls "a kind of felicity" securing an effect of beauty. The concern of the particular, in a word, in assuming the general, individual thought in informing and modelling language or any other order of plastic statement, is to avoid distortion though submitting to discipline.

These are the true terms on which style that is neither solely style nor solely manner is to be realized. The modification of natural manner may in given cases be very slight, and style be assimilated by manner through mere affinity, but style is in *its* nature too markedly general and objective, too integrally treatment rather than theme, to be otherwise than consciously acquired. It does not present a formula to be followed, for it has none, but it exacts the co-operation of attentive apprenticeship. However predisposed by predilection and endowment the practitioner may be, he will hardly inform a particular design of any dignity or intricacy with corresponding universal qualities, unless through discipline he has developed his personality or has acquired more of his art than can be either divined or merely taken for granted. At any rate the quality of style, that is, of an *ensemble* of structure and rhythm, paralleling as it were in the treatment the purely intellectual extension of its theme —else a series of statements—he will miss, in the fulness of its potentialities, if his equipment is restricted to his native aptitudes. Aptitudes, to be sure, do not exclude advancement, and few talents nowadays would need to luxuriate in undirected and undisciplined functioning if they did not—as so many do—so determinedly prefer doing so. The machinery of education is so vast, so multifarious, so apparently inescapable—and so important also in the discovery, without speaking of the development, of a "natural gift"—that it may fairly be considered as the environment from which such "natural gift" itself is unconsciously absorbed. And certainly for the acquisition and maturing of those elements of art that are consciously acquired and slowly matured—including style first of all, in all but extremely exceptional cases—education is as indispensable as it is effective and benign.

(To be continued.)

Wisdom

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

With the first tears that came with our first love—
That sorrow which is close akin to bliss;
With the faint ache that follows the first kiss,
We knew at last the grief they whispered of
Who have sung always of love's bitter-sweet—
The worm that waits for every opening rose,
Dark clouds that gather ere the sunset glows;
The pain the gods give to a love complete.

No longer was Life's meaning hid from us;
In one revealing instant we were sure
That through the years we had been very poor,
Lacking the heartbreak and the ruinous
Yet saving grief which brings the soul new power—
Knowledge that springs out of one splendid hour.

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Mrs. Denton Gets Off

BY LEIGH MORTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

IT had never occurred to Mrs. Denton that her children did not owe her a debt for having brought them into the world. On the contrary, she was of the opinion common to most women that they owed her a debt that they should spend their lives in paying. Not only had she launched them in this vale of tears, but she had sacrificed the best of her youth to the care of them. For this they should pay her with sacrifice in kind. She had never once put her theory into words even in her own mind; it wasn't necessary to do that, for the theory was a part of her; a belief, inherited and accepted, like her belief in God. She didn't know she believed it; she just lived it.

There were three of them, whose bodies and souls and lives she believed she possessed. They were all grown up now; indeed Buddy, her baby, had graduated from Harvard a year ago. She had spoiled his class day for him with the beaming completeness that is customary for mothers to indulge in on that great day in a son's life. She had arrived upon the scene with the first, bringing with her a sister and two boarding-school nieces. It was expected that Buddy should be in attendance every minute of the hot day that he was not, of necessity, marching about with his class. Buddy fulfilled the expectation after the manner in which he had been trained. Four plates of ice-cream and strawberries, four glasses of punch, he fought for at every spread they attended. If, lost in the crush of black-gowned seniors about the refreshment-tables, he was heard to mutter, "Ain't it hell?"—or worse—to fellow sufferers, fighting fodder for equally to-be-taken-for-granted and superfluous mothers, he returned, smiling and polite, to the family circle, hypnotized, as it were, by the fact that that was what his mother expected of him.

On this day of all others, when a boy reaches the last mile-stone of boyhood and steps out into a man's world, Buddy, like nine-tenths of his class, toiled as the slave of his mother, who, in accordance with custom, had come to see him graduate. She didn't enjoy herself: it was too hot; it was too crowded; she had outgrown that kind of a time. She would have said that she had come because, of course, Buddy wanted her to come; but she would have said it solely from habit of mind, and with not one particle of intelligent thought wasted on the subject.

For Buddy didn't want her. He didn't want Aunt Edith or the cousins. He had a girl of his own that he wanted to impress with his man's estate, on that day of all others. A girl of his own age and temperament and capacity, and he saw her for just one half-hour at eleven o'clock that night, after the family had retired from the field. His glory was wilted by that time; he didn't look impressive or feel impressive.

At the last spread of all, they carried two camp-chairs into a clump of lilac-bushes, and sat down, away from the dancing throng.

"Lord, I'm tired!" Buddy said. "I've tried to get a moment with you everywhere. But the family has been at my heels all day—I couldn't shake them!"

"Oh, I knew you were chained," she sympathized, "I understood."

"Why do they come, I wonder . . . families?" Buddy muttered, in his fatigue. "If they gave it half a thought they'd know a man didn't really want them. . . . It's all sentimental bosh. . . . Oh, well . . . this will take the taste out. . . . My princess, you look a queen to-night! How do you manage to keep so fresh . . . and—and *dry!* Will you let a mere graduate of Harvard hold your hand?"

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He kissed his girl good-by that night—romantic kisses as the lights went out, to show that class day was over. He wasn't much given to kissing, but he was sailing for France in two days, to be gone indefinitely at the Beaux Arts.

"It will have to be good-by now, dear," he said. "I can't get in to-morrow, for mother will expect me to spend my last evening at home."

She did—oh, yes, she expected it. She expected all those little things of her children, so instinctively that she seldom gave it a separate thought. It was her belief at work in her; the belief that they owed her last evenings and things, in return for the evenings she had spent by their whooping-cough bedsides years ago. In the same way it never entered her mind that they wanted to do any other thing. Buddy, for instance. He had a silly girl, she knew, but that didn't count beside the fact that he was a loving son, and loving sons quite naturally want to spend last evenings with mothers.

And he spent it with her—cheerfully putting it through, with his heart elsewhere; hypnotized by his training and his decency, out of any thought of possible revolt.

They were all like that. "Well-brought-up children" they had always been called.

Elise had come first; then Henry; and, some time later, little Charles, known lamentably as Buddy. This was because of Charles Denton, the elder, who had, incidentally, survived many years of fatherhood, with a laugh for the problems they brought. He found nearly everything amusing. He laughed heartily at Elise when she was born. Looking at the wizened little creature:

"Great Scott, Amy," he said to his wife, "what have we produced!" and his mirth had to be hushed.

But his was genial, well-to-do laughter. His wife liked it, for in spite of it he was right there when she needed him, and he acted as a balance-wheel to her cares. Her cares, from the first, had been the trumped-up cares of the fortunately situated in life. Charles Denton had let her worry over a choice of summer places, of evening gowns, of new automobiles, much as you let a baby cry for the good of its health. It amused him to hear her say, with the nurse standing by, that she could not possibly go out with him, as Henry had a temperature. He knew that she was a good little mother, but she amused him. He watched her play with the children, study with the children, plan for the children, with no insight as to what it was all preluding. He demanded of the children himself, as instinctively as did his wife, respect, obedience, manners. One does, of course. If he had lived after they were grown up, he would have continued to demand, undoubtedly, since he knew no better, and seldom thought; only laughed. But influenza intervened, and there was one less unwittingly tyrannical parent in the world.

Mrs. Denton had aged at that time. Previous to it she had felt as young as her children; never realizing that they did not feel as young as she did—at least, not at the same moment—or something. At all events, there was a discrepancy; but she didn't know it. In sweater and skirt, a slicker over her arm, she was off for a sail with Henry and his friends on the roughest days of the summer. The boys were expert little navigators at fourteen, and knew quite well the danger they were all running in a racing knockabout with more canvas than she could well carry. When the horizon darkened with swift summer storms and a green shadow sped toward them over the roughening sea, *they* knew. And they knew that, if the boat did not weather it, then they had mother to save. Henry's nerve broke after one hairbreadth escape, when the vision of saving mother, in what might as well have been mid-ocean, had come too ghastly near to reality. *He* could have swum, *he* could have clung, *he* could have climbed to perilous safety on the upturned keel, if need be; so could his friend. But mother was no swimmer. She thought she was, but she wasn't. Mother's arms had no muscle fit for a life-and-death struggle with a slipping, rolling keel and sucking waters. Henry saw what might be in one shocking instant when the storm hit them. He felt twice as old as mother then, and for a very bad hour to come. She was splendid; she was brave as could be, but she shouldn't have come! He'd never take her again, he vowed, and he never did. Whenever she asked it of him

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In sweater and skirt . . . she was off for a sail with Henry and his friends.—Page 518.

he felt, for a second, both old and weak, and hastily invented another engagement.

Mrs. Denton was wont to say that Henry had been very proud of his mother that day, and continued to feel as young as he.

She had aged, however, during her period of mourning for her husband. That was now eleven years ago; she had been forty-six at the time. Elise had come out the year before; Henry was a junior at Harvard; and Buddy still a little schoolboy. During the enforced retirement from society she seemed to lose her enthusiasm for much that she used to enjoy, and she never danced again.

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She began to be reminiscent of her gay youth. Only the winter of Elise's début she had been an ardent dancer; not that she had pilfered her daughter's partners—she had plenty of conventional dignity—but, since Charles Denton did not fox-trot, she used Henry as an escort unscrupulously.

"We have such good fun," she would say laughingly. "Helen Lothrop and I make the boys take us to the hotels for tea and dancing on Saturday afternoons. They love it. They say we dance as well as any of the buds."

What the boys said to each other on their way back to college was another story that their mothers never heard.

"She's all right with her feet, but, Lord, she's heavy with her arms," Henry would muse, with a grin. "I wonder why older people always bear down on you so hard?"

"They don't follow as the girls do," the Lothrop boy would complain. "I'll be darned if I'll get caught this way again on a perfectly good Saturday afternoon."

Yet they did—many times. They could seldom seem decently to avoid it, and Mrs. Denton reminisced of those days with blind delusion.

She moved out of town in her widowhood. Buddy was at boarding-school in the country, and she bought a house in the quaint old town near by. Then Elise married and went to live in New York, and Henry, on graduating, entered the law school.

He found it pleasant enough, during those years, to run out to the country for his week-ends and vacations, but when it came to commuting daily to and from the city, he swiftly grew to hate it. The trains, cold, halting, and late in winter, hot and grimy in summer, bored him with a sickening irritation; the smell of them never left his nostrils. His mother, unfortunately, in the course of those five years, had made her nest in the country for good and all. When Buddy entered college, Henry suggested, without avail, an apartment in town for the winter months. He admitted that he detested the travelling back and forth, and yet he couldn't leave his mother to live alone. He thought he couldn't, at least, when she half-heartedly offered him the chance; and the compensations that she suggested he found sufficiently convincing to buck his spirit for a time. They were quite sufficiently convincing to eliminate any suspicion of selfishness from her own mind, though her triumph reacted against her six months later. It was distinctly at the bottom of Henry's marriage—and then she *was* left alone.

Love stifles a multitude of compunctions. Henry married, subconsciously, in order to stop commuting. The thought struggled up through his consciousness on the first hot July night of his married life, but he didn't recognize it. Eagerly he walked from the office through the sweltering streets to his own little home on top of the city's hill. His wife of a month ran into his arms as he entered the door, and they held one another in a damp embrace.

"It's a hell of a night, darling," Henry chanted jubilantly, "but I couldn't tell which thought made me happiest as I left the office—the thought that I was coming home to you, or the thought that I didn't have to take a train."

Theirs was six-cylinder love. They rented a home, but owned a car. They dashed about in it, up the north shore and down the south shore, over every week-end and holiday during that first summer, until gradually, insidiously, it was borne in upon them that their Sundays and holidays were not primarily their own. It seemed that they owed them to Mrs. Denton. After that it was only by hook or crook that they could avoid payment. They weren't the only ones, of course. Elise paid regularly at Thanksgiving or Christmas, and with a month each summer. She came at first bringing solely a husband, and then she added baby George, and then to George she added baby Jeanne. Elise loved her mother, but the pressure made for arduousness. It brought her to the point of saying, "We have to go home for Christmas," or "I've got to spend August with mother"; and the year that Jeanne arrived, when they skipped Thanksgiving, she found herself chorusing with her husband: "Thank Heaven, we can stay at home for once." Yet she wrote a penitent letter which Mrs. Denton swallowed whole, and answered to the effect that she was counting the days until Christmas.

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From a drawing by Reginald Birch.

"I couldn't tell which thought made me happiest as I left the office—the thought that I was coming home to you, or the thought that I didn't have to take a train."—Page 520.

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Henry and Marianna felt that pressure bearing down upon them from a mere distance of thirty miles. Very early in their married life they attempted to manœuvre it, until one or the other would succumb to the old decency.

"Oh, I suppose we must go—it means so much to *her*."

And they were so bright, so gay, all of each Sunday; Henry and Buddy played golf and were so enthusiastic over dinner; old friends dropped in and made the afternoons merry.

"Good-by, dears," Mrs. Denton would speed them finally. "Don't we have lovely days together? . . . I look forward to them all the week."

Oh, fatal wagging of foolish tongue! By a word one is bound; for the lack of a word one goes free. Given freedom to go one's way—and nine times out of ten one stays—or one returns whole-heartedly.

The summer that Buddy graduated and sailed for France, Mrs. Denton presented, indeed, a sad and bereft picture. There was great flocking to her support. Like many another cheerful, sane, and social person, she insinuated a definite sense of dependence. People rallied round; not only friends and neighbors, but all of her family and in-laws. Henry and Marianna barely escaped a winter in the country—the menace of it filling Henry's nostrils with a half-forgotten stench. Fortunately Elise came to the rescue, bearing her mother away to New York and leaving Henry and his wife so free that they, on a great rebound, began to plan guilelessly for still further freedom.

It was all arranged by spring. They broke the news to Mrs. Denton the very first Sunday after she had returned to her house in the country. Their passports were actually in their pockets, they told her, and they were sailing for six weeks in Europe at the end of June. Imagine Henry's tact and fortitude in gouging six weeks' vacation out of the firm, exulted Marianna. Oh, they were going to have such a time! They had lived on hope and anticipation all winter long, but the day was drawing nearer, nearer—little more than a month now! They would catch a glimpse of Buddy, too; he had written that his holidays began in July.

Mrs. Denton was all delighted excitement and sympathy. She threw herself into eager discussion of every detail, financial, sartorial, *modus vivendi*—everything! When they left her alone that evening a surging crowd of thoughts kept her company. She wandered afield with them for an hour and then turned, practically, to the study of her bank-books.

That was the great moment in Mrs. Denton's life. None other had compared in portent with that moment in which, in her still, lonely house, she fell to studying her bank-books. Yet, though on the cards it would have been marked "psychological," she never realized it.

She would have marked a day quite two weeks later—a Saturday afternoon on which Henry and Marianna came out to the club for golf; she would have marked the moment itself as that in which she—through with her game of bridge, and having seen Marianna run up-stairs for a probable shower—followed to suggest that they all stay and dine together, and on entering the dressing-room was met, halted, transfixed, by the sound of her daughter-in-law's voice as it issued from the seclusion of the shower-bath:

"I suppose you know the shocking, appalling thing that's happened to us, don't you?" it called extravagantly to an unseen auditor.

"No, I don't—what on earth do you mean?" came an answering shout from a farther bathroom.

"Mrs. Denton's going with us to Europe!" stated Marianna, at the top of her lungs, with dramatic terseness.

"Oh, Nanna!—No!—It's not possible!" responded horror-stricken accents.

"It *is* possible! . . . She's started about her passport. . . . Did you ever know anything so ghastly mean!"

"How *could* she? . . . Did she ask if she might? . . . What *did* she do?"

"She just said . . . confidently, you know, 'How would you like it if I went with you on the twenty-fourth? . . . I could be with you till you left, and then take a little trip with Buddy in his vacation, and come home later.' . . . Well . . . you *know* . . . what could we say?"

"Oh, Nanna . . . dear . . .!"

"Henry and I were simply knocked out . . . we were speechless. . . . *Our* trip,

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Conny . . . that we'd been so utterly crazy about . . . just the two of us . . . neither of us had ever been before, and we

She was met, halted, transfixed, by the sound of her daughter-in-law's voice.—Page 522.

wanted it just together. . . . And Buddy, too! . . . Poor Buddy! . . . His first vacation for a year . . . his first chance to chase about with the other boys and see something . . . walking trips and things they take, you know, . . . and to have *her* come butting in to spoil it for him. . . . Oh, it's the absolute limit all round!"

"Why, in heaven's name, can't older people realize that they're not wanted!"

"That's what *I'd* like to know, too. Older people ought to play with each other—we younger ones have our own lives, and they act as if their ideas had stopped functioning, and all that's left for them is to fasten to us and be carried

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along. You just can't get free of them. I hope I learn *my* lesson from my mother-in-law, and have my own resources when I reach her age. . . . Oh, she's all right, of course . . . there aren't many women more attractive. . . . She could have a whale of a time still, if she had any initiative . . . but she doesn't know her place."

Mrs. Denton at least knew that her place was not the spot where she now stood. The voices kept on—in her own head *how* they kept on—but she crept away, down the stairs, across the veranda, along the drive . . . stumbling a little, she escaped.

That was the moment *she* would have marked "psychological." Rather a long moment, while she stood paralyzed, unable *not* to eavesdrop. A long moment with very long results—lasting over a period of ten years, as far as we can tell, though they may have continued even in heaven.

Needless to say that Mrs. Denton did not go to Europe. Needless to say that, being a woman of the world, the reason given to Henry and Marianna was not the true reason, nor was it given at all until some time had passed. The shock that she had received sickened her. For weeks she was dazed and sick with rage. She was enraged with youth; with the whole of Henry's and Marianna's generation. Her first reacting impulse was to get back at them.

To start with, she allowed her own particular young people to arrive, next day, for their weekly tryst, and, looking white and ill enough to support her loving, penitent words, sent them away again, dinnerless. Then for a space she withdrew from them and remained sick. Her passport was returned to her; she gave it one glance and tore it up. At length she told Marianna, over the telephone, that her neuritis was rampant, and that she had almost decided not to go. She saw neither them nor herself clearly; she was actually hysterical. She wanted, in this state, to torture them. So she dangled them on her indecision until the last possible moment. While they were away she meant to formulate her great revenge. Nor was Elise to be exempt. Undoubtedly Elise and Buddy regarded her, for all their fond pretense, just as Marianna did. Henceforth her own fondness should be all pretense, likewise.

She acted it for the first time in the few interviews she permitted Henry and Marianna before they sailed. To them she appeared perfectly natural, but racked with pain, while actually the pain was the only thing about her that *was* natural. Practically every woman is an actress of the first water in real life. It's only on the stage that so many fail.

And Mrs. Denton was normal; and rage is terribly akin to tears; and hate is terribly akin to love.

While her son and his wife toured Europe with her other son that summer, Mrs. Denton passed through many normal stages of reaction to shock. She sat herself down to formulate a great revenge upon those she loved best. She meant to exclude them from her life, and to watch them regret their great loss of her. But once she had added Elise to the wholesale exclusion—once she had written to put off their annual summer visit—she sat there and knew that she was a lonely old woman. And then she wept. And then she hated awhile, and then she came to know that she loved.

Those she loved were right in this crisis. It was she who was wrong. She thought back over the years of her youth, when the old—no, the middle-aged—seemed so very old—so often in the way. Had she been like that?

Oh, horror! . . . She had!

Women should keep their perspective . . . it was the easiest thing in the world to lose. . . . Mothers should remember that years mean manhood in the eyes of the world . . . only mothers never see with the eyes of the world.

They *should!*

Neither do they see themselves with the eyes of the world . . . and they should. . . . They should . . . as Marianna said . . . know their place. . . .

They should know where they "got off." Thus Mrs. Denton.

Her next stage was combined resource and initiative. By the time her children returned she was intensely busy working up resource and initiative. It helped her out with them, she found, for she felt desperately shy of them now, and uncertain

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"But, mother—mother dear, it's *not* true," she protested.—Page 526.

of her new steps. But she had taken up golf, which she played only with her contemporaries, and she had bought a car with the money that her bank-books had once told her that she might safely expend upon Europe. The car whirled her out of her country town and into the city, where she joined a woman's club. It gave her great independence. No more crawling into town by train, and begging —yes—begging a lunch from Marianna.

"Why, I'm in another world—another skin—I'm a totally different person," cried Mrs. Denton to her soul one night.

She lay and thought it all over. It had its drawbacks, this forcing oneself into a new skin. One wanted Henry and Marianna at home on Sundays, rather than a

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whirl down the north shore on a make-believe visit to Helen Lothrop; one wanted Elise and the children, and all of them on Thanksgiving, rather than an inconveniently planned trip to Buffalo. But it was right—what she was doing—and perhaps in time it would feel right. She had found it all out so late—very nearly too late. She wished that she might help other mothers to find it out long, long before it was too late. She lay there thinking.

It was in early November that she telephoned to Marianna one day. Her voice quavered strangely while she proffered a mysterious invitation:

"I want you to come to lunch on Thursday, Marianna dear," she said. "Please say you can. I want it so much. It's really very . . . well . . . important. . . . Oh, that's awfully sweet of you, dear . . . I know, we haven't seen much of each other lately . . . no—it's not a party—not at all. . . . It's—I mean . . . we're just going on to something afterward. . . . Perhaps it won't interest you, but I . . . want you . . . this once. I won't ask you ever again."

She laughed and rang off, and her hand shook as she hung up the receiver.

Marianna found herself, that Thursday afternoon, guided by Mrs. Denton to the house of a neighbor. Merely that; at three-fifteen. The room that they entered was crowded with women of all ages, for the meeting had been called at three, and Mrs. Denton and her daughter-in-law were fifteen minutes late. That had been intentional on Mrs. Denton's part. She could not possibly have come on time, and waited, for she had a paper to read to this Mothers' Club, and she was consumed, absolutely consumed, with fright.

"It's a *message* that I have to give you," she told these women a few minutes later, as she stood and faced them. And everywhere she looked she saw only Marianna. "A message," she repeated, for somehow the word steadied her. "It's about the family . . . first of all. . . ."

It wasn't very well written—what she had to say—but it had one arresting quality. She never said "I think" or "It seems to me." She stated everything, as if an authority. She said that the family was a group for a very short period; that each child, as it matured, became an individual and split apart from the group. That this was a human fact, if not an established scientific fact, and should be recognized. That children were seldom born of high ideals; they were born of love or of wantonness, and for that reason, above all others, the parents forfeited their claim upon them once they had become individuals. That family claim became dissolved of itself at that time save for one shred, which remained with the child as its birthright, forever. For the parents there remained forever—duty. Just duty and love.

This was her message, she said; the message of the true family law, which she saw transgressed so constantly; which she herself had so grievously transgressed, through ignorance.

Then she went on to give examples. She cited all the usual and obvious relations between mother and child; all the errors of judgment that she, herself, had committed as far back as she could remember. She cited the recurrent friction between generation after generation. Apron-strings at the bottom of it all, she said; false claims. Mothers and fathers might offer guidance and assistance, as part of their duty, even until their children come of age. After that they should wait until they're asked. What is more, they should wait until they're . . . invited.

And then she explained what women should do with their lives when their children *have* come of age; that they must cultivate resource and initiative, and must be content to play with one another. She spoke of everything that she had learned to be true in the last four months.

It wasn't very well written—what she had to say—but she certainly told the Mothers' Club where they "got off."

Marianna was the first to reach her as she finished speaking and laid her paper down. There were tears in her eyes and a sob in her young voice:

"But, mother—mother dear, it's *not* true," she protested.

"Think again, Marianna," Mrs. Denton said, smiling.

It didn't escape her that this was the first time that Marianna had ever called her "mother."

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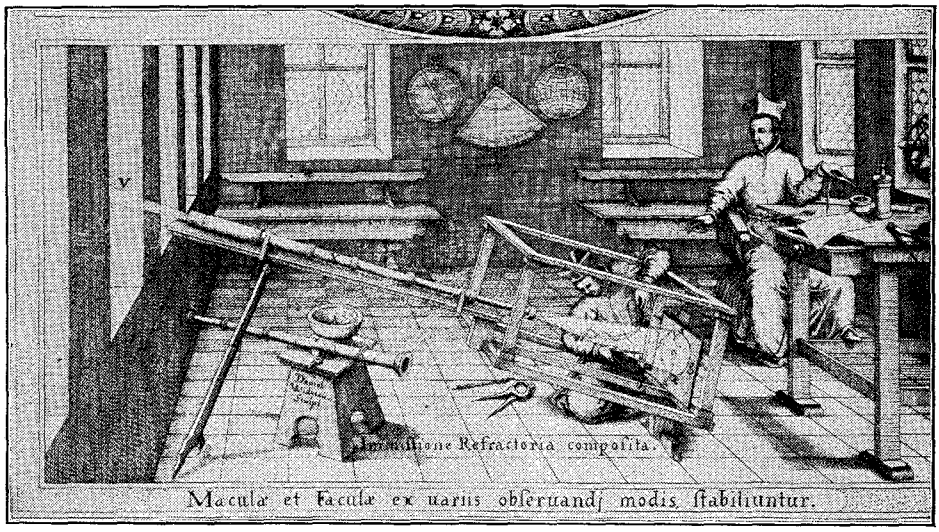

Fig. 1.—Small telescope used by Scheiner.

This illustration, copied from Scheiner's "Rosa Ursina," published in 1630, shows how sun-spots may be observed by projecting the solar image on a smooth white surface.

Sun-Spots as Magnets

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Author of "The Depths of the Universe," "Barnard's Dark Nebulæ," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS

SUN-SPOTS have been known since the third century of our era, though the western world held its belief in an immaculate sun until the invention of the telescope. The first edition of the great Chinese encyclopædia, published in one hundred volumes in 1322, contains observations of forty-five sun-spots made between A. D. 301 and 1205. In spite of our meagre indebtedness to China in the field of scientific research, there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of these observations, as the largest spots are easily visible to the naked eye when the brightness of the sun's disk is reduced by smoke or haze. It is strange, however, that their existence was not recognized in Europe.

It is also an odd coincidence, though certainly nothing more, that the phenomenon of magnetism, now known to be an invariable attribute of sun-spots, is said by many authorities to have been first recognized in China. In the second century B. C. a Chinese author wrote of "magnetic cars," which he claims were given more than nine hundred years before by the Emperor to the ambassadors from Tonkin and Cochin China, to guide them on their return journey across the desert. These contained a natural lodestone, floated on water, which pointed toward the south. According to this version, the magnetic compass, used also in China for the orientation of temples, was subsequently adopted by Chinese navigators, from whom its use spread to India and thence to the Mediterranean.

Whatever the facts—for the Chinese made no scientific study of the sun or of magnets—our knowledge of the nature of sun-spots may be said to begin with the observations of Galileo and his contem-

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poraries in 1610, while the optical discovery that rendered possible the detection of their magnetic phenomena was not made until 1896.

HOW TO OBSERVE SUN-SPOTS

A very small telescope, or even an ordinary field-glass or opera-glass, will afford the reader a view of sun-spots at a time of solar activity. The safest way to observe them is to point the instrument at the sun and focus the eye-piece until a sharp image of its disk, several inches in diameter, is projected on a surface of smooth white cardboard held at a distance of from two to four feet. Fig. 1 shows how this was done by Scheiner, a contemporary of Galileo. The spots can easily be distinguished from specks on the eye-piece by noticing that they move with the sun's image. At present we are just emerging from a period of solar calm, during which no spots have been seen for weeks at a time. But a new cycle of activity has already begun, and a few spots are beginning to appear. The reader hardly needs to be warned that if he wishes to look directly at the sun with his telescope, field-glass, or opera-glass he must protect his eyes with the blackest of smoked glass, as the intensely bright image would otherwise seriously injure them.

However, the modern astronomer makes most of his observations on photographs, and the reader may enjoy the same privilege. Fig. 4 is a picture of the sun taken on Mount Wilson July 30, 1906, when two sun-spots were visible. On the following day these spots had changed in appearance and shifted their position on the disk. This shift in position is due to the sun's rotation on its axis, easily seen by observing the spots from day to day. Sometimes they form on the visible disk, and in other cases they are first detected, surrounded by bright regions called faculæ, at the east edge (or limb) of the sun, where they are brought into view by its rotation.

In the present article the strange law of the solar rotation cannot be discussed, but it may be mentioned that the sun does not rotate like a solid body, all parts of which move together. A spot near the equator completes a rotation (if it exists so long) in about twenty-five days, while one at 45° latitude takes about two and one half days longer to return to the central meridian. Nearer the poles the rotation period is still longer.

Mention has already been made of the fact that spots are not always equally numerous on the sun's disk. In 1913, as in 1923, there were very few spots visible, and the interval between these times of minimum solar activity is on the average about 11.1 years. If we plot a curve showing the number or total area of spots on the sun, we find the large fluctuations indicated in Fig. 2. The year 1917 was one of great activity, when many spots could be seen daily. In 1923 weeks sometimes elapsed without the appearance of a single spot.

These cycles of spottedness have another peculiarity. After a minimum, the first spots of a new cycle appear in high latitudes, occasionally as great as 45°. As the cycle progresses, and the spots increase in number, their average latitude steadily decreases, so that the few that appear near the minimum are all within about 15° of the equator. Thus the advent of spots at latitudes between 30° and 40°, which occurs before the low-latitude spots of the old cycle completely disappear, is always taken as a mark of the beginning of a new cycle. The steady contraction of these sun-spot zones in the course of the cycle is also shown by Fig. 2.

THE STRUCTURE OF SUN-SPOTS

If our telescope is large enough we can magnify the solar image sufficiently to give us a view of the structure of sun-spots. Fig. 3 is from a drawing by Langley, showing the exquisite details visible with a large telescope under the best atmospheric conditions. The enormous scale of the spot is suggested by the figure of the earth at the left. We thus realize that when speaking of solar storms we are referring to phenomena incomparably greater and more violent than anything experienced in our own atmosphere.

Terrestrial storms, whether widely extended cyclones, with moderate wind velocities, or the much smaller but far more destructive hurricanes or tornadoes,

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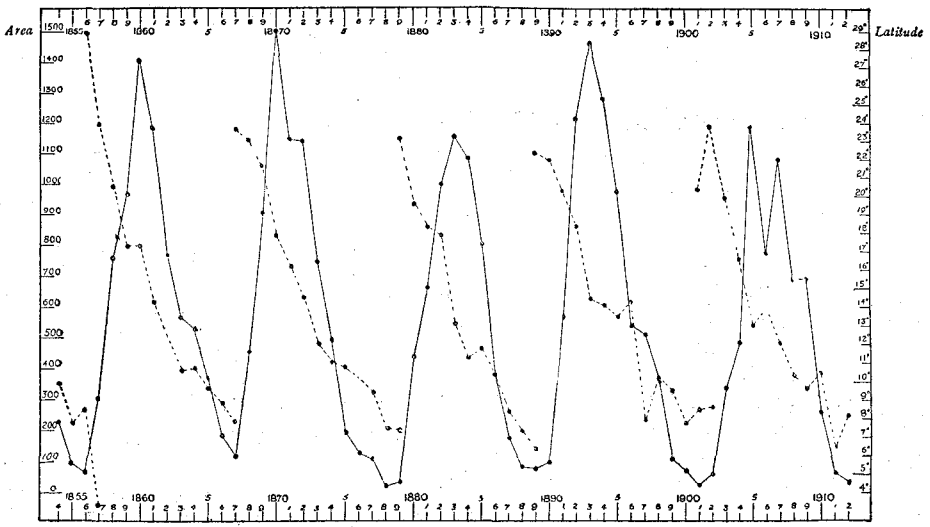

Fig. 2.—The periodic variation in the total area and mean latitude of sun-spots.

The continuous line represents the total area of spottedness, derived by Maunder from the Greenwich photographs. The broken line, giving the mean latitude of the spots for the different years, shows how each new cycle of solar activity begins in high latitudes during the minimum. (From "Splendour of the Heavens," Part III, page 112.)

are in general whirling storms, in which the air blows along spiral lines toward a centre. Seen by an observer looking down on them from above, the wind currents would invariably indicate a left-handed whirl in the northern hemisphere and a right-handed whirl in the southern hemisphere. The sun differs fundamentally from the earth in many respects, including its gaseous nature and its enormously high temperature, which shows no such difference between equator and poles as we see on the earth. But the terrestrial law of storms whets our curiosity as to the nature of solar storms and encourages us to seek for some definite law on the sun.

Sir John Herschel was perhaps the first astronomer to suggest that sun-spots may be vast whirling storms, analogous to terrestrial cyclones or tornadoes. In this belief he was later supported by the French astronomer Faye, but the observational evidence seemed to be against them. The great majority of sun-spots showed no indication of vortex structure, and when the presence of curved penumbral filaments occasionally suggested it, opposite curvatures in the same spot seemed to preclude the idea that a single great vortex was at the bottom of the disturbance. The result was that the most experienced observers could see no rational grounds for the vortex theory.

THE SPECTROHELIOGRAPH

In 1892, at the Kenwood Observatory, in Chicago, a new instrument was developed and thrown into the attack. This was the spectroheliograph, which will be described in its various forms in another article. Suffice it here to say that the purpose of the spectroheliograph is to give monochromatic pictures of the sun, in the light of a single gaseous constituent of the solar atmosphere. Thus a photograph taken with one of the two prominent calcium lines, H and K, at the violet extremity of the solar spectrum, reveals the immense luminous clouds of calcium vapor shown in Fig. 5. These are quite invisible to the eye, as we may see by comparing this image with that in Fig. 4, which is a photograph taken at nearly the same time in the ordinary way, without a spectroheliograph. The application of this new method, which makes possible the study of the solar atmosphere above and around sun-spots, might be expected to disclose the existence of definite currents or winds which would help to solve our problem.

But although the spectroheliograph

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was systematically applied, and improved in various ways so as to permit horizontal cross-sections of the calcium clouds at various levels to be photographed, some years elapsed before much new information was gained as to the nature of sun-spots. Then hydrogen light, the use of which involves greater technical difficulties, was employed to disclose the hydrogen clouds at various levels. New and remarkable phenomena were discovered, but no clew to the enigma was found until the strong hydrogen line at the red end of the solar spectrum, known as Hα, was tried on Mount Wilson in 1908, when plates sufficiently sensitive to red light became available. This at once revealed another state of affairs, which prevails several thousand miles above the level seen in visual observations of sun-spots.

Fig. 6 tells no uncertain tale. It points unmistakably to the presence of two great vortices, whirling in opposite directions on opposite sides of the solar equator, and centring over two large sun-spots. These spots, as seen by the eye, were in no wise peculiar, and gave no more evidence of vortex structure than others before them. But the characteristic forms of the hydrogen images, repeated, in varying detail, day after day, was an index that could not be ignored.

Thus without pausing to puzzle over difficult questions of secondary importance, such as the exact relationship of the high level hydrogen structure to the spot below it, the vortex theory of spots was revived and another attack begun along a line suggested by new discoveries in physics.

ELECTRONS

The first conception of definite atomic charges of electricity was reached by Faraday in his electrochemical researches. It resulted from the fact that when a current is passed through a liquid a certain quantity of electricity moves from one pole to the other in association with a definite quantity of matter. The elementary charges visualized by Maxwell as "molecules of electricity" and called by Johnstone Stoney "electrons" when in the form of ultimate minimum units, are now recognized as common to all matter.

This began to appear in 1872, when Sir William Crookes announced the discovery of "a fourth state of matter." When the present writer lectured at the Royal Institution in 1909 on "Solar Vortices and Magnetic Fields," Sir William was kind enough to exhibit once more the very tube in which he had first shown this "fourth state of matter" in the same lecture-room. Following in the wake of Faraday and others, he had pumped out the gas from the tube until only one millionth of the original quantity was left. Through this he passed an electric discharge, appearing like a bundle of luminous rays, which he proved to consist of minute particles projected from the cathode or negative pole. These can be deviated from their straight path by a magnet and also by an electric field. They are thus shown to carry an electric charge, which Sir J. J. Thomson subsequently demonstrated to be that of the "corpuscle," or electron, which has a mass about one two-thousandth part of the mass of the hydrogen atom. The beautiful "oil-drop" experiment, by which Millikan measured the charge of these elementary units with unequalled precision, was one of the chief factors in determining the recent award to him of the Nobel prize in physics.

The experiments of Thomson and others soon proved that these negative electrons, associated in various numbers with positively charged particles of greater mass, not only constitute the atoms of all the elements but also are set free by high temperatures. They are present, for example, in all flames, and are emitted by highly heated solids and vapors. Thus they must exist in such bodies as the sun, where the temperature at the surface is more than 6000° Centigrade.

It is well known that by passing an electric current through a coil of wire a magnetic field is produced. We perform this experiment every time we touch a button to ring an electric bell. An electric current is now recognized to be merely a stream of electrons, and in a celebrated experiment Rowland produced a magnetic field by rapidly rotating an electrically charged plate. Thus the whirling of the electrically charged particles un-

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doubtedly present in a sun-spot vortex should produce a magnetic field. If for any reason there were a sufficient preponderance of positive or negative charges (equal charges of opposite sign would merely counteract one another without producing a magnetic effect), the magnetic field in the sun-spot vortex might be of considerable intensity. But how could it be detected at the distance of the earth?

Fig. 3.—Langley's drawing of the sun-spot of March 5, 1873. (From "The New Astronomy.") The scale is indicated by the figure of the earth in the upper left-hand corner.

This was the process of "guessing by hypothesis," to use an expression of Faraday's, employed to guide the tests made on Mount Wilson to determine the nature of sun-spots. It fortunately happened that while the spectroheliograph was being perfected at the Kenwood, Yerkes, and Mount Wilson observatories, another long series of experiments had made possible the photography of the spectra of sun-spots on a large scale. In these photographs certain double lines appeared, which had been seen by visual observers of sun-spot spectra and designated as "reversals," supposed to result from the superposition of vapors of different temperatures. These "reversed" lines were accompanied, however, by a great number of widened lines, and this combination suggested, because of a discovery made by the Dutch physicist Zeeman, that the observed effects might in fact be due to the influence of the magnetic field called for by the vortex hypothesis. Before describing Zeeman's work, we may glance back at the earlier researches of Faraday, who was the first to detect the effect of a magnetic field on light.

MAGNETISM AND LIGHT

The archives of the Royal Institution, which was founded in 1799 by the American Count Rumford, are rich beyond comparison in fundamental contributions to progress. Here in long and illustrious succession such leaders as Young, Davy, and Faraday have pushed forward the boundaries of knowledge and laid the foundations of modern science and industry. No documents in the history of civilization are more interesting than the original records of great scientific discoveries, found in extraordinary profusion in Faraday's note-books. Page af-

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ter page discloses the essential germ of some prolific principle, such as the production of an electric current by moving a magnet near a coil of wire—the principle of the dynamo and the chief basis of modern electrical engineering. Such a discovery is so fundamental and so widespreading that it gives rise to innumerable ramifications, reaching into many fields of science and many aspects of life. In this article we can do no more than trace one of the ramifications of Faraday's great discovery of the effect of magnetism on light.

It came at the end of an exhaustive series of experiments, based upon a principle to which Faraday adhered with such tenacity that no discouragement could shake his faith in it.

"I have long held an opinion, almost amounting to certainty, in common I believe with many other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin, or, in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent that they are convertible, as it were, one into another, and possess equivalents of power in their action."

Following this principle, which also guided him in many other researches, Faraday set up a powerful electromagnet, and endeavored to find evidence of the influence of its field on a beam of light passing near the poles. The light of an Argand lamp was polarized, or caused to vibrate in a single plane, by reflecting it from a surface of glass. After traversing

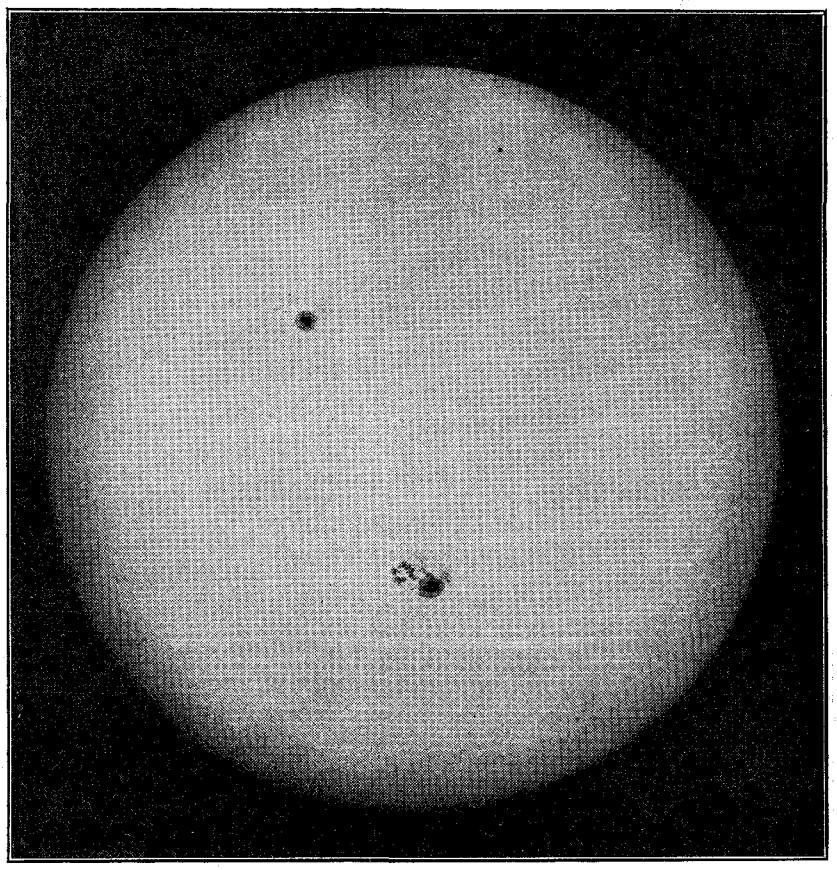

Fig. 4.—Direct photograph of the sun, July 30, 1906.

This was taken just before the calcium clouds in Fig. 5 were photographed, and shows the sun-spots lying below them.

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the magnetic field it was examined through a Nicol prism, which permitted the plane of its vibrations to be determined.

Experiment after experiment ended in failure, showing no effect of the magnet, and polished on the two shortest edges—was experimented with. It gave no effects when the *same magnetic poles* or the *contrary* poles were on opposite sides (as respects the course of the polarized ray): —nor when the same poles were on the

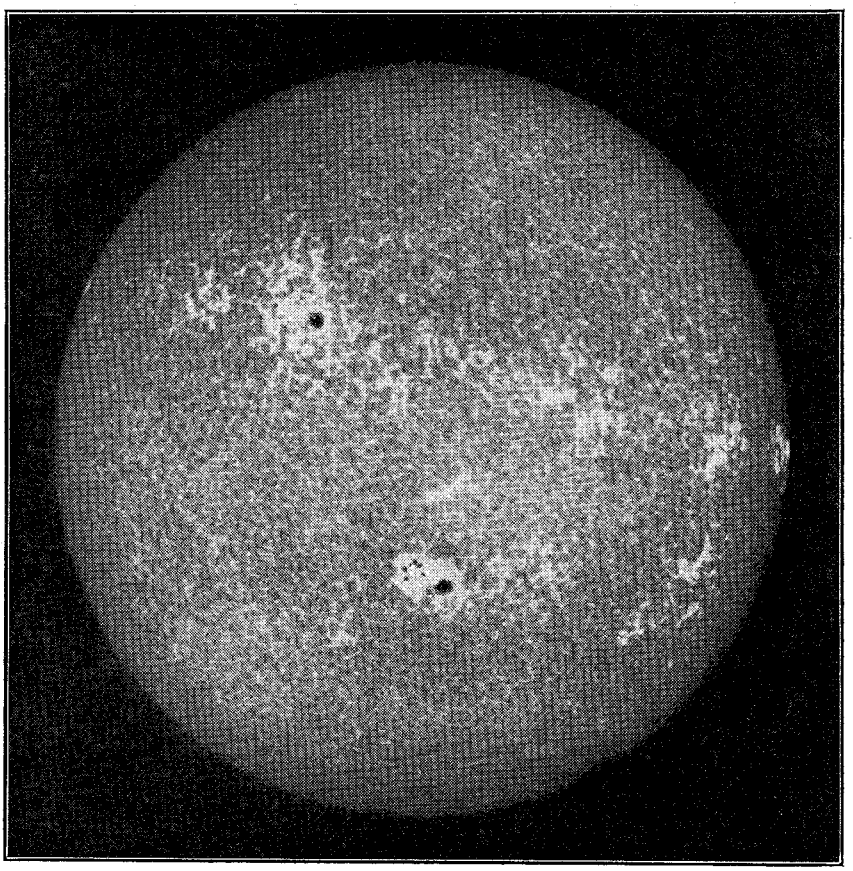

Fig. 5.—Luminous clouds of calcium vapor in the solar atmosphere.
Photographed with the 5-foot spectroheliograph of the Mount Wilson Observatory, July 30, 1906.

whatever the direction of the light with respect to its poles, or whatever the medium—air, many kinds of glass, Iceland spar, etc.—through which it was transmitted. Finally, when success seemed hopeless, the effect of some very heavy lead glass, made by Faraday many years previously in the course of certain optical experiments, was tried. The results may be given in his own words, copied from his original note-book:

"A piece of heavy glass (7485) which was 12 inches by 1.8 inches and 0.5 of an inch thick, being a silico borate of lead

same side either with the constant or intermitting current.—BUT when contrary magnetic poles were on the same side there *was an effect produced on the polarized ray* and thus magnetic force and light were proved to have relation to each other. This fact will most likely prove exceedingly fertile, and of great value in the investigation of conditions of natural force."

The effect thus produced was a rotation of the plane of polarization of the light, through an angle (measured by rotating the Nicol until the enfeebled light

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was restored to its former brilliancy) which increased with the length of the block of glass and the strength of the magnetic field. By reversing the direction of the current through the coils of the magnet, the direction of rotation of the polarized beam was also reversed. Subsequently it was found that this power of rotation was exhibited by many substances besides the heavy glass, including various liquids and also flint and crown glasses unsuccessfully tried in the first experiments.

RADIATION IN A MAGNETIC FIELD

This initial success, which had many important consequences, was obtained on September 13, 1845. On March 12, 1862, the last experiment recorded in Faraday's note-book shows how clearly he was still looking toward further possibilities. He had shown that a magnetic field can rotate a beam of polarized light passing through it from a luminous source outside of its influence. But could such a field affect the nature of the light emitted by luminous particles vibrating within it?—a very different problem.

Guided by the same unerring vision that astonishes us in every phase of Faraday's experimental researches, he placed sodium and lithium salts in a flame between the poles of a magnet and examined the lines of their spectra with the aid of polarizing apparatus. No effect was observed, however the experiment was varied. But the instinct of the great physicist was not at fault. For in 1896 Zeeman, of Leyden, aided by much more powerful apparatus, found that an intense magnetic field greatly affects the spectral lines of luminous vapors radiating within it. The influence of the field, missed by Faraday merely because his instruments were too feeble to show it, is such as to resolve lines normally single into from three to twenty-one components.

Zeeman's magnificent discovery, which now greatly aids the physicist in his interpretation of the nature of atoms and the constitution of matter, was stimulated by reading Faraday's notes on his last unsuccessful experiment, as quoted by Maxwell in his "Collected Works." Zeeman was fortunately able to use a Rowland concave grating spectroscope, far more powerful than Faraday's instrument. Between the poles of his Ruhmkorff magnet, also much superior to Faraday's, he placed the middle part of the flame of a Bunsen burner. The experiment is best described in his own words:

"A piece of asbestos soaked with common salt was put in the flame in such a manner that the D lines were seen as narrow and sharply defined lines on the dark ground. The distance between the poles was about 7 millimetres. If the current was put on, the two D lines were distinctly widened. When the current was cut off they returned to their original condition. The appearance and disappearance of the widening was simultaneous with the making and breaking of the current."

According to the theory of Lorentz, the electrons whose vibrations give rise to the D lines should experience forces which not only cause the lines to widen but actually split them up into several distinct components. Moreover, these components should be polarized in distinctive ways, permitting them to be extinguished or transmitted by a Nicol prism mounted before the split of the spectroscope, in some cases in conjunction with a mica plate or Fresnel rhomb. Guided by this theory, Zeeman was able to break up spectral lines into several components and to obliterate these at will with his polarizing apparatus.

THE TEST APPLIED TO SUN-SPOTS

Thanks to this discovery, and to the recent completion on Mount Wilson of the sixty-foot tower telescope, the means for testing the vortex hypothesis of electromagnetic fields in sun-spots lay ready at hand. This instrument forms an image of the sun about 6.7 inches in diameter in a laboratory at the base of the tower, beneath which a grating spectroscope, 30 feet in length, is mounted in a well. By bringing the image of a sun-spot upon the narrow slit of the spectroscope, and holding it there by the driving clock of the cœlostat at the summit of the tower, the thousands of lines in its spectrum can be studied either visually or photographi-

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cally. As already remarked, most of these lines were already known to be widened and a few had been found to be double or triple. But such peculiarities can be caused in various ways that have nothing to do with a magnetic field. A searching test must therefore be applied, which would settle the question beyond the possibility of a doubt.

the number of its components and in the character of the polarization phenomena, each iron line in the spot must match its counterpart in the laboratory. Moreover, all of the other elements present in the spot—sodium, calcium, chromium, titanium, manganese, nickel, cobalt, etc. —must be no less consistent than iron; each line of each element must behave

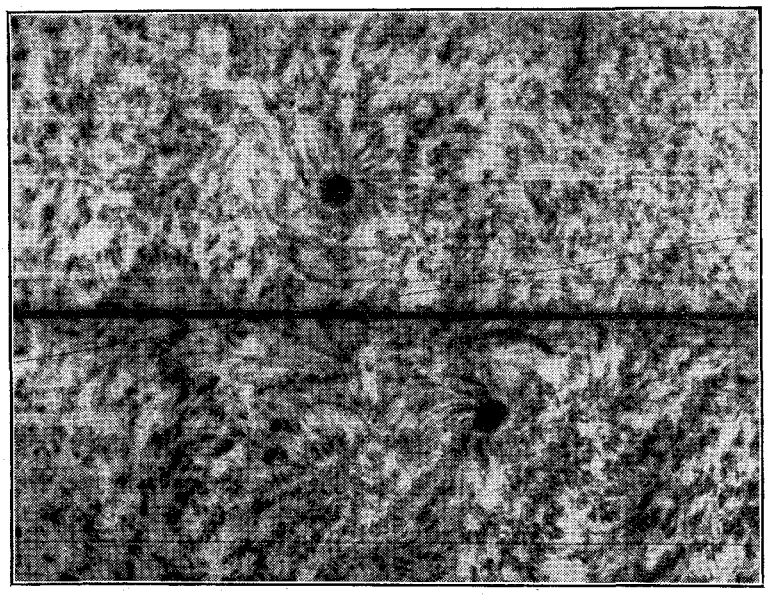

Fig. 6.—Right and left handed hydrogen vortices, on opposite sides of the solar equator.

The hydrogen atmosphere above sun-spots, photographed with the spectroheliograph at Mount Wilson on October 7, 1908. These spots were found to be of opposite magnetic polarity.

Fortunately, the unique characteristics of the Zeeman effect can be identified with complete certainty if the magnetic field that produces them is strong enough. Iron lines in the laboratory, when the luminous vapor emitting them is acted on by a magnet, are split into three or more components, polarized in distinctive ways which vary with the angle between the direction of observation and the direction of the magnetic field. Without going into the complex details of the polarization phenomena, we may say in general that under such conditions as we should expect when a spot is near the middle of the sun, the central component of triple lines in its spectrum, if produced by a magnetic field, should be plane-polarized and the two outer components elliptically polarized in opposite directions. Both in precisely as it does under similar conditions in the laboratory.

No time was lost in making the test, as the special apparatus required for the study of the Zeeman effect, including Nicol prisms, a Fresnel rhomb, and a large magnet for laboratory investigations, were available to supplement the tower telescope and its spectrograph. Two iron lines in the red part of the sun-spot spectrum, both of which were greatly widened, while one appeared to be a triplet, were first examined. The first day's observations were inconclusive. But on the second day, in the third-order spectrum, definite results were obtained. A Nicol prism and Fresnel rhomb were mounted above the slit. When the Nicol was set at a certain angle, the red component of the triplet was cut off, the

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violet one remaining. By turning the Nicol 90°, the violet component was cut off and the red component reappeared. Other lines gave similar effects, and all of the widened lines were affected precisely as in Zeeman's original experiment. When observed with the large magnet in the laboratory, each line behaved as it did in the sun. It soon became certain, after many searching trials, that magnetic fields existed in all sun-spots examined.

WHIRLS AND COUNTER-WHIRLS

Limitations of space preclude a description in the present paper of our studies on the nature of the sun-spot vortex. We must fix our attention here on a single application of the magnetic method, which has given a partial answer to our question regarding a possible analogy between the laws of terrestrial and solar storms.

Fig. 6, showing two solar vortices whirling in opposite directions on opposite sides of the sun's equator, is temptingly like the terrestrial case. The opportune appearance of these spots seemed to offer the means for a crucial test of the electromagnetic vortex hypothesis, which was immediately applied. They also prepared the way for a long investigation which has finally given us a law of sun-spot polarities.

Fig. 8A represents a zinc triplet, observed in the laboratory along the lines of force, through a hole in one of the pole pieces of the magnet. In this case the central component of a triplet completely disappears, and either of the side components can be extinguished at will with a Nicol prism and quarter-wave plate. In a sun-spot the central component is almost always present, because we cannot often look exactly along the lines of force, and usually get an effect like Fig. 8B, which shows the zinc triplet as seen at an angle of 60° with the lines of force. But either of the side components can be extinguished, just as in the laboratory.

Returning to the test with the magnet, and assuming that only one component of the triplet is visible, let us observe the effect of reversing the direction of the current flowing through the coils. The instant the current is reversed the component previously visible disappears and the other component comes into view.

The same thing occurred in the two sun-spots. With the polarizing apparatus unchanged their spectra were photographed in immediate succession. The right component of the iron line appeared alone in one spot, the left component in the other. Assuming the spot vortices to be whirling in opposite directions, like the hydrogen vortices above them, our electromagnetic hypothesis supposes that charged particles are whirling clockwise in one spot, counter-clockwise in the other. The coils of the magnet, into which we look just as we look into the vortex coils of the spot, carry the streaming electrons of the current. When we reverse the current we cause them to flow in the opposite direction. Thus the presence of one or the other component of the iron line, to the red or violet as the case may be, provides a quick and decisive index to the polarity of the spot.

It is true that we cannot yet tell with certainty the sign of the electric charge in the spot vortex, whether positive or negative. Until this is learned we cannot say whether the spot vortex whirls clockwise or counter-clockwise.* But we can say that two spots showing opposite components of the iron triplet are of opposite polarity, and we can also identify the polarity of each, fixing it as a north-seeking pole or a south-seeking pole. A study of the magnetic observations of a large number of spots may thus lead to a law of sun-spot polarities.

BIPOLAR SUN-SPOTS

As already remarked, such photographs as that reproduced in Fig. 6 at first tempted us to believe that the law of sun-spot vortices is the same as that of our cyclones and tornadoes, which whirl clockwise in one hemisphere, counter-clockwise in the other. We soon found, however, that spots of opposite polarity, presumably representing vortices whirling in opposite directions, occur in the same hemisphere of the sun. This com-

* The hydrogen vortices shown in Fig. 6 represent a higher level in the solar atmosphere and do not necessarily whirl in the same direction as the low-lying spot vortex. The nature of the hydrogen vortices and their relationship to the spots below them will be discussed in a later article on the remarkable phenomena of the solar atmosphere.

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Fig. 7.—Michael Faraday in 1857, showing the heavy glass with which he discovered the action of magnetism on light.

plicated the problem, but a decisive discovery then prepared the way for an effective attack.

In the earliest drawings of Galileo and Scheiner, and in those of all subsequent observers, we find many spot groups depicted as pairs, or as long streams of spots lying nearly parallel to the solar equator. The spot drawn by Langley (Fig. 3) is one of this type. Magnetic observations of such groups showed us that in almost every case the spots of a pair, or the clusters of spots lying at opposite ends of a stream, are of opposite polarity. Occasionally, it is true, the spots of these groups are so mixed that no sign of order can be detected. But some 60 per cent of all spots may be classified without hesitation as definite bipolar groups.

Of the remaining single spots, or closely clustered groups of spots of the same polarity, about 30 per cent are either pre-

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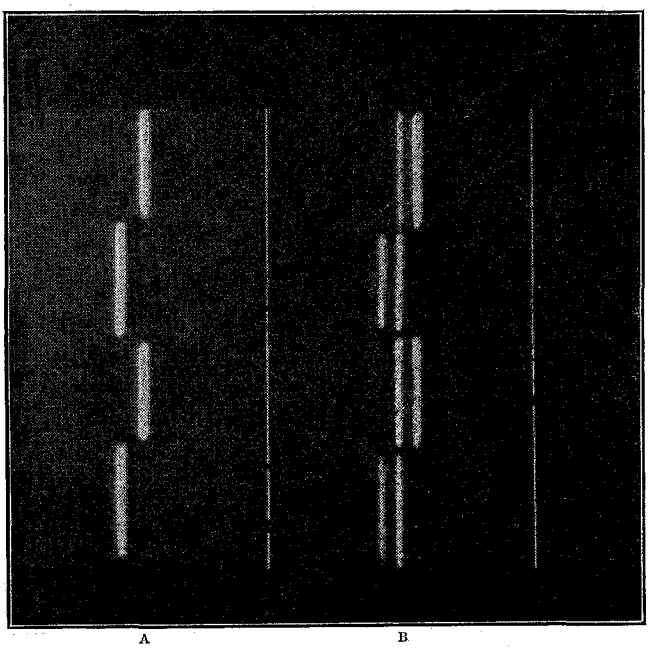
ceded or followed by a train of faculæ or flocculi, in which a second spot, of opposite polarity, sometimes appears intermittently. This peculiarity led to a search for invisible spots, which have been detected in the following way:



A B

Fig. 8.—A zinc triplet, photographed in the laboratory, (A) along the lines of force and (B) at 60° with the lines of force. In both cases the side components to red and violet are transmitted by alternate strips of the compound quarter-wave mica plate, used with Nicol prism before the slit of the spectroscope.

We conceive of a sun-spot on the vortex hypothesis as a region in which the luminous gases, cooled by the expansion caused by centrifugal action, appear as a darkened cloud upon the brilliant photosphere. Proof of this cooling is given by spectroscopic observations, which show changes in the relative intensities of lines due to reduced temperature and also the presence of such compounds as titanium oxide and magnesium hydride, the constituents of which occur uncombined in the hotter parts of the sun's atmosphere. It is easy to imagine the existence of vortices in which the cooling due to expansion is insufficient to produce a perceptible darkening of the photosphere. Such vortices may nevertheless give rise to magnetic fields detectible by the Zeeman effect.

On account of the weakness of the field in small vortices, their existence can be disclosed only by an extremely small widening of certain lines in the spot spectrum. A minute moving object is more easily seen than a fixed one, so the slight widening is caused to appear alternately on each side of the line, by means of a special polarizing device oscillating back and forth across the slit of the spectroscope. In this way weak magnetic fields have been found in masses of faculæ or flocculi, usually preceding or following single spots. Sometimes these incipient spots, after observation in their invisible state for two or three days, have become visible, only to disappear later, when their presence as vortices has again been detected by their magnetic effect. Thus we now have a means of studying sun-spots in their embryonic and post-mortem stages.

The discovery of invisible spots strengthens our system of classification, which treats single spots as the preceding or following members of incomplete bipolar groups. The disposition of the calcium flocculi behind or in front of the spot, as revealed by the spectroheliograph, determines the classification.

THE DAILY POLARITY RECORD

Prior to the sun-spot minimum of 1913 our attention was chiefly concentrated on a few of the largest spots, in which the various complex manifestations of the Zeeman effect were studied. With the sixty-foot tower telescope and thirty-foot spectrograph then in use, the smaller spots were beyond the range of observation, and no extensive investigation of polarities was undertaken. The success of this

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telescope, the first of its kind, led us to design and build a much more powerful instrument of the same type, with which the polarities of all spots on the sun are recorded daily.

The familiar equatorial telescope, with its moving tube, is limited in length and unable to carry the very long spectroscopes needed for solar research. A series of investigations, beginning at the Kenwood Observatory in 1891 and continued with the forty-inch refractor of the Yerkes Observatory, led to the construction of the Snow horizontal telescope, with which the vortices in the solar atmosphere were discovered, and subsequently to the development of telescopes of the tower type.

The 150-foot tower telescope, completed in 1912, consists of a cœlostat and second mirror at the summit of a tower, which receive the sunlight and reflect it vertically downward to a twelve-inch objective of 150 feet focal length, mounted just below them. This forms an image of the sun about 16½ inches in diameter in a laboratory at the foot of the tower. Any part of this large image, such as a small sun-spot, can be held indefinitely on the slit of a powerful spectrograph, 75 feet in length. Through the slit its light descends into a well about 80 feet deep, excavated in the rock beneath the tower. Near the bottom of the well, after being rendered parallel by a six-inch lens, the rays fall upon a plane surface of polished speculum metal, ruled by a diamond point with lines at the rate of about 14,000 to the inch. This grating decomposes the white light into its constituent parts and sends it back through the lens, which forms an image of the resulting spectrum beside the slit in the room at the base of the tower. So great is the dispersion that the light which descends through a slit only three-thousandths of an inch wide is returned as a spectrum about 40 feet long, from red to violet. This is the spectrum of the second order, in which the polarity observations are made. Fig. 9 shows the iron triplet λ6173, as photographed in a sun-spot with this spectrograph. Observations of this line in all sun-spots give a daily record of their polarity and field strength.

THE LAW OF SUN-SPOT POLARITIES

Sun-spots were on the wane from the beginning of this work in 1908 until the minimum of activity in 1913. During this period only twenty-six spot groups

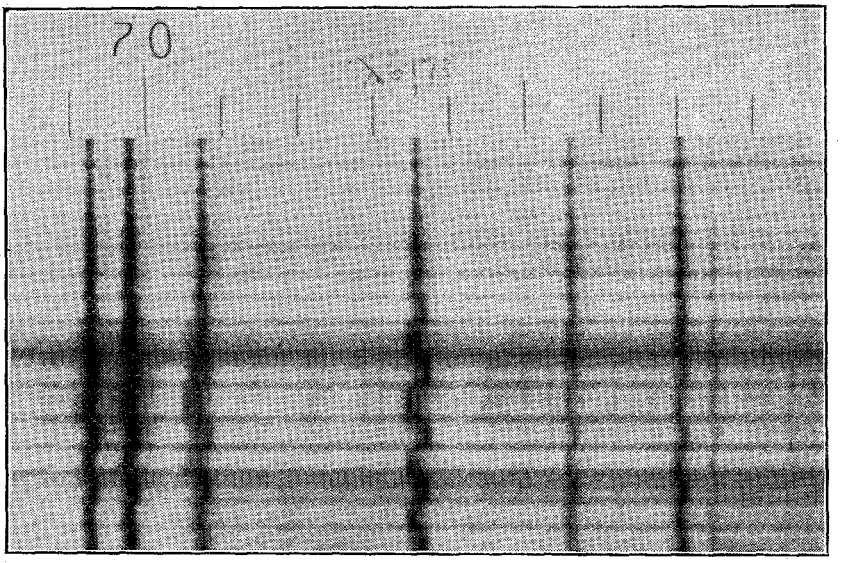

Fig. 9.—The Zeeman triplet λ6173 in the sun-spot spectrum.

Photographed in the second-order spectrum of the 75-foot spectrograph of the 150-foot tower telescope. The polarity of the spot is determined by the transmission of the red or violet component of the triplet by the "marked strip" of the compound quarter-wave plate.

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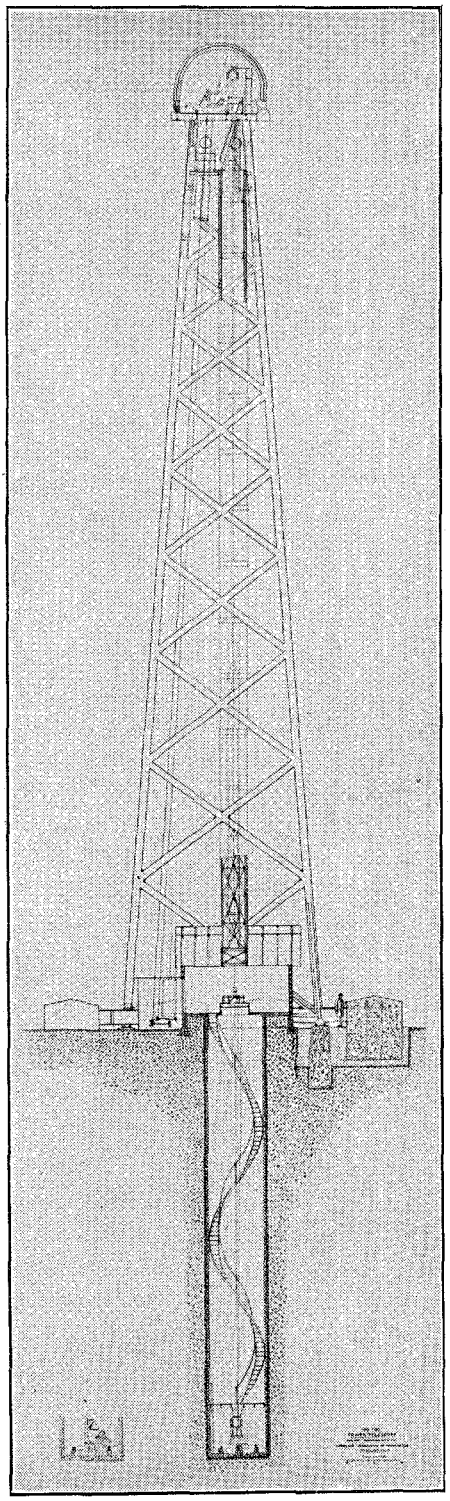

were observed magnetically, but these sufficed to reveal the polarities then characteristic of the northern and southern hemispheres. With but two exceptions, all of these groups showed that preceding spots in the northern hemisphere were of south polarity (with south-seeking poles), while their following spots were of north polarity. In the southern hemisphere the order was reversed—preceding spots were of north, following spots of south, polarity.

This rule persisted in 1912, when the few spots at the end of the old cycle, in harmony with the ordinary law, were still appearing at infrequent intervals near the equator. The first small spots of the next eleven-year cycle then began to break out in high latitudes, and to our surprise their polarities were found to be reversed. Since that time, with the superior advantages afforded by the 150-foot tower telescope, the magnetic fields of 2,110 spot groups of this cycle have been observed, chiefly by Ellerman, Nicholson, Joy, and Pettit. After excluding the small number of spots that cannot be classified we find that all of these groups, with only 4 per cent of exceptions, follow this new rule: preceding spots in the northern hemisphere have north polarity, while preceding spots in the southern hemisphere have south polarity. Some extraordinary change had occurred in the sun, which on the most plausible interpretation could mean nothing less than a reversal in the direction of whirl in sun-spot vortices.

Under these circumstances we naturally looked forward with keen interest to the next sun-spot minimum, which has now arrived. As the cycle progressed the average latitude of the spots steadily decreased, finally bringing us back to conditions resembling those of 1912, with small and infrequent spots appearing near the equator. Spots announcing a new cycle sometimes develop as much as two years before the minimum, and in this case the first one was found on June 24, 1922, at 31° north latitude. It was a small single spot, but seemed to be a pre-

Fig. 10.—The 150-foot tower telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

A spectrograph of 75 feet focal length, mounted in a well beneath the base of the tower, is used daily to determine the magnetic polarity and field strength of all sun-spots seen on the 16.5-inch solar image.

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ceding one, and its observed polarity was south, corresponding to that of preceding spots in the northern hemisphere during the cycle ending in 1913. Another reversal of polarity was thus foreshadowed.

Since that time a number of spots of the new cycle, including some fine bipolar groups, have developed in high latitudes, while the low-latitude spots have practically ceased to appear. The new spots completely confirm the expected magnetic reversal, and give us the polarity law expressed graphically in Fig. 11. As

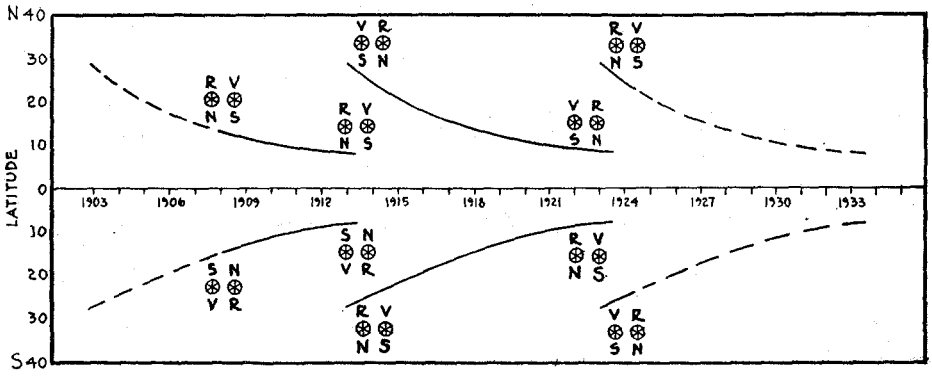

Fig. 11.—The law of sun-spot polarity.

The curves show the approximate variation in mean latitude and the corresponding magnetic polarities of 2,110 sun-spots observed at Mount Wilson from 1908 to 1923.

the curves indicate, the polarities of the great majority of spots, opposite in the northern and southern hemispheres, remain the same throughout the eleven-year period and suddenly reverse with the renewal of activity in high latitudes. Thus the spots of alternate cycles are alike magnetically, and a period of about twenty-two years elapses between the successive appearances of similar spots. In one sense this may be regarded as the true sun-spot period, as it is the interval between successive returns of the sun to the same state. But the old period of about eleven years correctly represents the fluctuation in number and area of all spots, counted without regard to their magnetic character.

The conditions existing at successive minima, when two spot zones of opposite polarity coexist in each hemisphere for about two years, are shown in Fig. 12. There seems to be no terrestrial analogue for the combination of right and left handed vortices in pairs, as in bipolar spots; for the temporary occurrence in each hemisphere of two storm zones characterized by opposite directions of whirl, such as we see in Fig. 12; or for the gradual descent in latitude and the periodic reversal in the direction of whirl illustrated in Fig 11.

TERRESTRIAL AND SOLAR STORMS

But why, it may be asked, may we not regard the vortices of bipolar spots as whirling in the same direction, and account for their opposite polarity by supposing the dominant electric charges in each to be of opposite sign? We do not yet fully understand the mechanism of the process that separates the positively and negatively charged particles in the sun and causes one or the other to dominate in a spot vortex. In thunder-storms, as Simpson has shown, the separation of electricity is probably due to the violent disruption of rain-drops or the collision of hail with snowflakes. As the conduction of the atmosphere is low, the wide separation of electricity necessary to give a lightning flash is possible. The conditions are very different on the sun, because of the high temperature and the conductivity of the gaseous atmosphere, and we certainly have no evidence that the charges in the two spots of a bipolar group are of opposite sign. If such could be the case, it would be difficult to show how this sign could depend upon the hemisphere, the

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latitude, or the spot cycle, not to speak of other objections. Difficult as the hydrodynamical problem involved in the alternative view may appear, it seems far easier to suppose that the dominant charge is the same in all solar vortices and that the polarity is determined by the direction of whirl.

But why should this vary in the re-

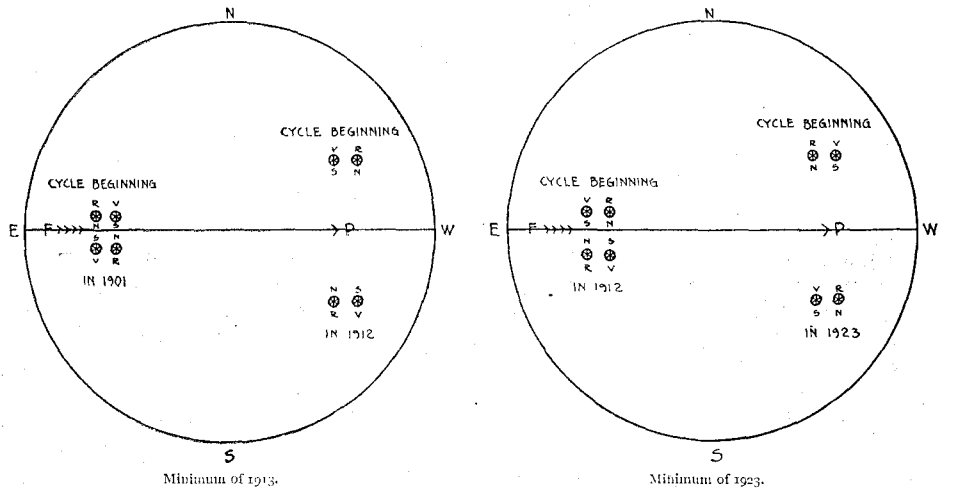

Fig. 12.—Sun-spot zones during the minimum of solar activity.

Two zones in each hemisphere, in which the spots are of opposite polarity, exist for about two years at the time of each sun-spot minimum.

markable way indicated by our observations? Even the association in pairs of vortices whirling in opposite directions is not easy to explain, though both theory and experiment agree in showing that a columnar vortex, extending deep into the sun, may turn up to the surface to form a half-ring vortex. This might account for some very simple bipolar spots, but many complex groups seem beyond the range of this attractive hypothesis. The periodic reversal of the direction of whirl, which evidently depends upon the ebb and flow of solar activity that marks the sun-spot cycle, remains as the crucial problem. The very nature of the sun itself seems to be involved, and with it, perhaps, the nature of other dwarf stars.

The traditional explanation of the direction of whirl in terrestrial cyclones, which dates from an early period, is a very simple one. Suppose a region of low pressure to occur at some point in the northern hemisphere. The wind rushing toward the depression from the south carries with it the higher moment of inertia of the atmosphere in the equatorial region, and its velocity must increase and deflect the air to the east of the meridian from which it started. The air descending from the north acquires a lower velocity and is deflected to the west. Hence the left-handed whirl. In the southern hemisphere, as a moment's reflection will show, a right-handed whirl would be produced under similar conditions.

This explanation has been questioned in recent years, and it certainly does not suffice to account for the complex vortex phenomena of sun-spots. We now find (though the investigation is still far from complete) that the direction of whirl of the inflowing vortices shown by the spectroheliograph in the hydrogen atmosphere above sun-spots apparently does not depend upon the polarity of the corresponding spots or reverse in direction at sun-spot minima. Indeed, these vortices seem to be secondary phenomena, induced above spot vortices, which appear to lie at a much lower level, below the photosphere. Moreover, no sign of any radical change in the circulation of the solar atmosphere, such as the reversal in the direction of whirl in spot vortices would surely in-

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volve if they were high-level phenomena, has been detected. The peculiar law of the solar rotation persists without known change through the spot minimum, and all the evidence seems to favor the view that sun-spots are deep-seated manifestations of the internal circulation of the sun. In these mysterious depths we should therefore seek for the origin of sun-spots, the nature of their characteristic cycle, and the cause of the periodic reversal of their magnetic polarity.

"Not Poppy——"

BY McCREADY HUSTON

Author of "His," "Fairer Greens," "Jonah's Whale," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY EUGENE C. CASSADY

TEN years passed before Carver Squires could bring himself to go home, and then his swift rush eastward was not in obedience to a new judgment of his case, but to a sudden numbness and bewilderment when, driving through a part of Indiana new to him, he caught a quality in the air from the fields and a certain blending of tones in the coloring on a hillside that brought the foothills back to him with an urge that even good sense, painfully acquired and long drilled, could not resist.

Now that he was home he was restless and distrustful of his action. Unquestionably he would have to flee again; would have to undergo all over the searing labor of obliteration that had made him look more than thirty-seven. His return was his first yielding to desire in ten years. He had thought he was in full control. Descending from the local train that had carried him the fifty miles south into the hills from the city where he had changed from the West, he had, with a grim smile, admitted to himself that the scent and colors of the hills were not the only reasons for his coming. Squires prized unmixed, true emotions; things a man could trust; senses which would not betray him. He was nettled, then, even irritated, to discover that twelve hours on trains with his thoughts—which would wing homeward ahead of him—had forced him to the admission that Annice Moray—she was Vaness now—was, after all, at least part of the drawing force he had ascribed to the hills of home.

Looking from his window at the Big Savage Country Club next day he decided that the best thing he could do would be to borrow somebody's car, go for a slow, luxurious drive among the hills, and take the night train away. The club—it was a surprise for him to find it—was a note of the new day in the old town. Standing undetermined on the station step and surveying with aversion the old hotel across the street, he had been found by Howard Graham, a remote cousin, and urged to put up as a guest at the club. It fitted in; and Graham was not likely to be a troublesome host. So, instead of the precarious services of the hotel, comforts—more comforts than he desired—were at his disposal in a country club-house which invited nothing but rest.

The first moment after his rising had been memorably perfect as he stood at his window, gazing across the State Highway at the sweep of the golf course toward the Notch, miles away. The second moment had suggested to him sharply that he had better go, immediately.

The first person he saw on the lawn below was Jerome Vaness.

The curious thing about it was that Vaness did not look any older. Squires turned abruptly and regarded his own face, and particularly his graying hair, in the mirror. Then he looked out again at

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Vaness. No; he looked the same as he had that day ten years ago when Squires last saw him, standing with Annice on the Morays' porch.

Except for a change of garb it might have been yesterday. Watching him, Squires had a curious sense of recalling something very old. It came to the surface of his mind at last. He had said to Annice that Jerome Vaness would never change. That was it—confirmation. He had not changed, and he never would.

Well, that was settled. He might as well go back. He had gained, would gain, nothing but perhaps new and more bitter memories.

The unexpected and almost unbelievably suitable ministrations of a colored boy on the porch where he found a table for breakfast suggested to Squires that it would be easy to stay. After all, he could trust himself to see Annice. He ought to call on her, he reflected, if manners and customs survived in any degree the destructive freedom he saw had come to the old countryside. He sat a long time over his coffee, pleased and amused to find in the colored boy the son of a steamboat negro he had known years ago. In fact, the boy remembered him; and when Squires alluded to the river days and the eating he had done on the old packet *Germania*, at the hand of Solomon Dyson, the young black expanded with local pride and special information.

A car, he said, might be had by telephoning to town, and he would be glad to have one out for Mr. Squires.

It was on the gravelled drive almost before Squires was resolved, and with the mental comment that this was the first time in years he had taken the easiest way, he dismissed the driver and pointed the car away from Big Savage, along the pike toward town.

The distance was too short. He had no space for thinking. He was turning into Front Street and bringing the car to a noiseless, characteristic stop before the old Vaness home in minutes too few for his deliberate desires.

A slender, brown-eyed child of seven was watering a border of garden flowers. Her morning duty reminded the man in the car that there were occasions for calls, and he wished he had driven around the town a little. He felt too early. Yet he knew now that he had come all this distance from the West only to see Annice; so he approached the child.

"If Mrs. Vaness is at home will you ask her if she will see an old friend for a moment—Carver Squires?"

With a shy gesture toward the wicker chairs on the deep porch, the child disappeared into the house. Carver did not sit, however, but from the retirement of the Virginia creeper at the end of the porch, he stood and watched the old street dreaming in the morning sunlight. He was conscious in a moment that Annice had appeared and was standing at the other end of the porch, looking at him. It was the moment that, in spite of rigid self-discipline, he knew he had been preparing for for years. He wished to preserve it, shut it off from its millions of preceding moments, and those to come. So he turned slowly and looked long and levelly at the woman he had come to see.

It was all over in a twinkling. He knew instantly the answer to the question he had been carrying with him for ten years. She was happy. She had been right. Her marriage was complete, a success. Jerome Vaness had done what Carver had felt instinctively he would not, could not, do.

"This is splendid, Carver!"

It was a perfectly cordial and conventional greeting, accompanied by the correct pressure of a hand.

"I saw Jerome at the club," Squires explained. "He didn't see me. I stayed the night there, and—well, I hadn't decided not to leave town again immediately, so I didn't hail him."

She looked slightly puzzled, motioned him to a chair, and called the child to her.

"This is our Sarah. Mr. Squires is an old friend of mother's, dear."

Sarah's curtsey was touched with a vague charm which made Squires think of earlier times.

"Then there is Jerome," Annice added. "He is having his bath. Jerome is two."

Sarah went back to her garden. Her mother regarded Squires keenly; yet the man felt that she did not, actually, see him. It was an odd feeling he had frequently with women; but he had never ex-

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perienced it with Annice. It irritated him.

"You are, of course, older, Carver; but you are the same person. We would love to have you stay with us. . . ."

He raised a hand.

"I came on an impulse; hardly more than a whim. I shall go away like that. I'm better at the club. I should be rather absurd as a guest."

She was silent, her eyes on the street and her fingers busy with a leaf she had picked. He had no clue as to whether his visit demanded an explicit allusion, an explanation. He studied her, wanting to be able to remember the moment—Annice sitting there, slight, sensitive, a regal creature. Fastidious—that was the word to use about her. All the Moray women were like that. Annice had more than a kind of searching loveliness; she had, Carver reminded himself, loveliness of spirit.

It was all there. No need for him to ask any leading questions about her life with Vaness. Obviously it had been a success.

Squires felt suddenly old and tired. He reached for his linen cap. He was conscious of a wave of unexpected heat and a slight disgust with himself. To put in ten years building up resistance to a thought and then collapse before it at an odor and the coloring of a hillside made it difficult for him to appraise himself as highly as a man should. He stood, resolutely. If she would give only a hint that she understood why he had come—but she wouldn't; probably she couldn't. Women had a kind of obtuseness when they had what they wanted.

"Not going so soon? We've not talked. You'll come to dinner? You'll see Jerome at the club; he's there a great deal this summer. The doctor told him to be as much as possible in the fresh air."

"I don't know. I may as well admit I don't know why I came. I have no family, no interests here any more."

He turned to her sternly, almost, she thought, angrily. He went on:

"It won't do any harm to tell you, though I didn't intend to blurt it out like this. I came to see you. I wanted to know how . . ."

He paused and turned away. She helped him, in a calm, precise voice:

"Jerome and I? Ah, Carver, that was it, wasn't it? Well, it is and has been perfect."

There was silence for a minute. Then she continued:

"You were mistaken about Jerome, Carver."

"I am glad I was, Annice."

To his surprise she laid a slender hand on his.

"Don't think that I don't understand, Carver. I didn't at first; my life is so full and contented. But I see it now. It has been how long?"

"Ten years."

She broke the mood with a short laugh.

"Well, stay and let us hear something about you."

He regarded her gravely.

"Jerome is everything to you, isn't he?"

She closed her eyes.

"Everything. If any of the things you expected had come true I might have gone on, but I would have been broken. There would have been no rest, no peace, for me. But none of them has come true."

She ended on a bright note.

"I see," the other commented. "I am —have been—too imaginative. Your happiness meant a great deal to me; and some way, I could not shake off the feeling that I might be wanted, even needed."

Annice did not answer. She was watching the child busy at the flowers. Squires doubted whether she had really heard him.

"I cannot say when I am leaving," he said. "For the day, at least, I'm at the club."

She gave him a hand and in a moment he was starting the car. As the engine responded he glanced back at the porch. It was empty.

Back in his room at Big Savage, Squires sat on the edge of the bed trying to organize his thinking against the insidious invitations of the foot-hills. Finally, with a glance at the time-table and his watch, he began to put his things into his bag. It was not much of a visit home, after ten years, but the feeling that had brought him here was gone. He was not only calm; he was utterly and profoundly de-

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tached from the place and all of its associations. He could recognize the allurements of the spot and weigh their effect upon him; but he could put them decisively aside, without regret.

Golf on the new course across the highway interested him not at all; nor a plunge into the new pool he had heard about, waters dammed back for the greens. There might be a chair or two, or perhaps a cherry chest of drawers, in some of the old houses of the town; these he could and should take West. But the response to that possibility was lacking, too. He closed his bag. The trip was over; and it was a failure.

No; that was not exact. It was a success in that he felt no longer that restless desire for place and people, and that desire for Annice, that had stood in the path of his contentment for years. But the change left him cold. He was, at last, without emotion for Big Savage. Admitting his tinge of surliness, he hoped he could get out without meeting Solomon Dyson's boy; he would leave a present for him.

Bag in hand, Squires descended to the lounge, and from the sleek youth in the office demanded his bill. From where he stood at the desk he commanded the entrance to the quiet, cool room characteristically called the grill. It was luncheon time. The clerk, busy searching the record for his guest's score, gave Squires an opportunity of noting the scene.

Vaness was sitting in the dining-room, leaning forward in earnest conversation with somebody Squires could not see. A pillar interfered with the line of vision. On Vaness' face was a peculiar and particular expression, one that Squires knew and could translate. His mind shot back to Annice, standing on the porch——

"If any of the things you expected had come true . . . there would have been no peace."

Squires moved a few inches, clearing his vision of the pillar. He wanted to see the woman who was making Vaness look like that. He photographed her face on his mind, and then gestured to the surprised clerk.

"Never mind that. I've changed my mind. I'm staying."

Very slowly and with head bent in thought, Squires carried his bag up-stairs again.

As he unpacked he was thinking about that girl. She must be a Shirey; probably one of Cornish Shirey's daughters grown up. That especial combination of brow and bluish-black coloring he had never seen elsewhere. He placed her at about twenty-two or three. Either Cornish Shirey's fortunes had mended, or she was one of those club figures of undetermined family status or obligations, contributing youth and vivacity, paying her way with smiles and dances.

These clubs, Squires decided, probably were making things hard for some of the girls. Before Society moved from town and abandoned its homes it had not been so difficult.

At any rate, he could not go until he found out what Jerome Vaness was up to; and that he was up to something was quite evident. To Carver Squires the inclination of Jerome Vaness away from the normal was a fixed quantity. He was amused to recall that he had permitted Annice to persuade him.

He would have to be around the club a while, perhaps for days. Or he might corner Vaness, say some things to him, and be gone. What he saw was that Annice was wholly deluded and that a crash was imminent. Soon there would be the first night in which she would not sleep.

He went over and stood by the window. What were those lines he had heard Manton read that night, throwing himself for a moment into the character of Iago, in a club of stage people Squires had visited in New York?

The vision conjured by the magic of Manton's voice returned, Iago gloating over the approaching Othello:

". . . Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

"Not poppy." No; nor anything else would restore to Annice her house of dreams. As Squires stood by the window Vaness and the girl appeared below, strolled across the lawn and got into a small car. They did not drive toward town.

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On the porch below at the end of the afternoon Squires came across Cardon Jamieson, sitting at a table drinking ginger ale and reading the paper. It was from Cardon that, preliminaries over, he began to draw certain confirmatory statements.

Cardon and he had been boys together. Between them was a kind of understanding which cleared their intercourse of the common baffles. The other, too, was staying at the club. He explained this when he sent Solomon Dyson's boy to his room on an errand, and was able, presently, to fortify the ginger ale.

"He's been slipping for two or three years," he went on, in response to a statement by Squires. "This girl is, as you supposed, a Shirey. The trouble is, she thinks she has a mission to make Jerome happy. If it were not Jerome it would be somebody else. It is being done a great deal lately; almost a new profession. I have an idea it has something to do with the freedom and informality these clubs provide and a general loosening of old screws since the war."

He sipped his drink and let his gaze wander over the hazy landscape.

"Often the wives stay at home . . . too much," he went on. "The men, well —exercise and relaxation are both utterly acceptable explanations these days. Golf is like a husband's business; absolutely sacred. Nothing can interfere with it. It may become a way, an opportunity, for other pursuits."

Squires nodded.

"Annice is deluded, of course."

"I should say that Annice will be the last person to know it or believe it."

"Let me tell you about her," Cardon went on. "She is of a rare and passing kind. Women like Annice give a love and trust that is—well, in some crowds it isn't even good form. It would be laughed at."

"This girl, as I see her," remarked Squires, "is brittle. Her character, if she has any, is shallow."

"Anybody but Jerome Vaness touches bottom at a glance. She's pretty. She is always at her best. Mentally she has nothing on the ball. A good-looking moron; that is Cecelia Shirey."

"She wouldn't fight over Jerome?"

Jamieson finished his drink.

"Don't make me laugh," he said.

"Has anybody tried to do anything with Jerome?"

"Nobody that I know. That's another rule of to-day. Let the other fellow go; no matter where; no matter how. What he does is nobody's business. It is personal liberty."

Squires sat and watched the sun pause for that last, long sinking moment. He raised a hand negatively when Jamieson pushed the bottle across and got up, murmuring something about a walk. He had before him Annice, her children on their way to bed, or waiting dinner in the house on Front Street.

Waiting for Vaness; the idea was, in a way, laughable. He felt rising within him, however, the presentiment of a strange rage, an emotion he had not realized for years. Across the road by the first tee he stood and watched the fairways beginning to fade. Unconsciously he took the path toward the hill which overlooked the artificial lake. At the top, on a bench under a little elm, he considered Annice. It was, in a very real way, not his business; and yet he had within his command the question of her peace.

"Not poppy . . ." The lines came back to him.

There was another possibility. Let Jerome ride to his fall; Annice might recover. She might even consider him. Squires smiled to himself. Preposterous; he put it away. Women who cared like Annice for Jerome cared only once. That made it all the more devilish.

When he strolled back to the clubhouse there was music in the wide principal room. It was the thrumming of banjos and the unique sounds made by negroes when they play violins and pianos by ear. The last time he had heard that indefinable quality they had played a waltz—the staircase music from "The Count of Luxembourg"—at least twelve years ago.

He was so startled by the man who brushed past him in the darkness that he saw, almost too late, it was Vaness.

"Jerome," he called, sharply.

The other turned and waited until Squires came up.

"You remember me, of course; Carver Squires."

"Oh, yes; glad to see you again,

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Squires." Vaness, Squires saw, still paraded that stilted, patronizing manner he was apt to use when he had had a little alcohol.

"Sorry I can't stop. Must be running on. I'm a little late for dinner now. Annice—Mrs. Vaness, you know—'phoned. We have guests. I forgot all about it. Good joke on me."

Carver regarded the other gravely.

"You can't go now, can you? It's late; and you are a little the worse for wear."

"Only a little. The air'll fix me up. I've been worse than this. They won't pay any attention, anyway; the old town has changed since you lived here, Carver."

He was gone. Squires watched him drive out. Vaness was right. The old town had changed.

He decided to be off next day. He would find Jerome and corner him, breaking through his barrier of assurance and talking levelly in language no one could misunderstand. Vaness was not worth it; either time or effort. His only possible gain would be the knowledge that it would never be necessary to come back.

The hired car, in which Squires chose to rove tranquilly over the foot-hills before he left, took him with less urging than he had feared to the three or four spots he wished to visit alone. He was surprised and gratified to find his watch reading eight when he came to the foot of the long grade of a back road, little used, leading to the club. He might, he saw, make the night train without hurrying.

On his right was a sheer drop into deceptive tree-tops, already dark. Ahead loomed the first mountain on the old trail, which was now a marvel of macadam, described perfectly by a white safety railing. It was a place for slow, comfortable, meditative driving, and hideously inappropriate, Squires thought, for a fellow like the one who had just entered the Double S turn ahead, and was approaching, full tilt.

The lights of the descending car slanted fitfully, without purpose; the driver was running many times too fast. Of course, Providence would guide him past all perils. The approaching machine disappeared on one of the long turns, and Squires sat back relieved. If he met no more like that he could carry away with him a satisfying memory of the mountain, at least.

He was, therefore, instantly in a rage when the other car, shooting down and around the last turn, on the wrong side of the road, was practically upon him. It was the most devilish piece of driving he had ever seen.

Automatically Squires swerved his machine, missing the collision by an unaccountable margin. The wild driver kept on his way, and Carver, sitting tense where he had stopped, strained his ears hoping that he would not hear the guard railing snap. But he did.

He marked one scream of terror, then the descent into the tree-tops, and finally the sickening crunch and shattering of glass, preceding eloquent silence.

Carver knew he was ridiculously slow in parking at the break in the rail and picking his way down the side of the ravine. He was seized with a desire to be deliberate and methodical. Whoever the victims were, they were past help. It would be a nasty job of lifting.

He struck a match and, stooping among the brambles, turned the first one over. The match burned itself out in his fingers as he peered down at the smeared face. He did not light another at once but drew away, brushing his hands together, an involuntary gesture. He knew without looking who the other victim was. The woman he had just turned over was Cecelia Shirey.

He leaned against a sumach, seeing Annice standing on the porch there on Front Street. To-morrow the whole town would have this story. Vaness, like his kind, had overplayed his hand.

Squires went over and dragged Vaness out of the coupé, stretching him among the raspberry bushes. He spoiled his suit with an incredible quantity of blood in doing so, and he let Vaness settle back against the turf with a definite feeling of disgust.

The trouble was that Vaness, like the girl, was alive. To Squires the thing would have been much simpler had it been otherwise. But they were not only alive; they were not even greatly hurt, and both were, almost immediately, perversely angry. The Shirey girl sat up and began to cry.

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From a drawing by Eugene C. Cassady.

"If you'd done as I said . . now what are we going to do?"—Page 550.

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"I told you to go on home to that dinner. If you'd done as I said . . . now what are we going to do? Damn it! My dress is ruined."

Over by Vaness Squires struck another match.

"It's you, is it?" asked the injured man. "I see we're not killed. Can't you get us out of this and help me get cleaned up?"

"It won't help to get cleaned up. That cut across your forehead and the one down Miss Shirey's cheek will tell the tale. No; you're not killed, if that's any comfort to you. There is plenty of blood; but neither one of you is hurt—enough."

Vaness struggled to one knee. "There is a flashlight in the pocket of my car," he said.

"I'll take it and see if I can get Miss Shirey up the hill to my car. Then I'll come down and help you. You'd better be thinking how you are going to explain this episode to Annice. Perhaps Miss Shirey will go along and help explain it."

"No!" she almost screamed. "Take me away; get me out of this. You know what everybody's going to say now. After a wreck like this, they'll say we . . ."

"Well," Squires stopped her, "you were, weren't you?"

"I'm going up and stop a car and get out of this."

Squires stooped and seized one of her wrists, drawing her to her feet. Still holding the wrist, he said, quietly:

"You'll do nothing but what I say. You've made enough trouble as it is. The principal thing is to get out of this gulley without making a disturbance."

She subsided into weeping, groping for a smashed vanity-box, wiping away blood and dust with the hem of her dress.

"You understand, Jerome," Carver said, turning to the man, "that this wreck gives everything away to Annice. There is no evasion now. The game is up."

"That's the hell of it. It's coming to me, all right."

Squires seized the opening.

"But not coming to Annice, is it? You see that; even you. She has a right to peace and happiness, even if that happiness rests in you. Now you've smashed it. You are the incompetent trustee of her contentment; as a lawyer you get the point."

"We might as well go and get it over," said Vaness, dully.

Cecelia was weeping on the other side of the wreck.

"Can't you shut her up, Squires?" The other spoke sharply. "She makes me furious."

Squires laughed.

"That's splendid. I hope she makes you so damned furious you'll never look at anybody like her again."

Vaness stood. "I'm going home; I'm going to tell Annice the whole story. It's the only way."

Squires pondered there in the dark, thinking about Annice. What Jerome was about to do would be all right with some women, but not with Annice. Jerome didn't comprehend, of course; and there was no use trying to explain to him.

"No," he said at last. "That is not the way. You do not understand your wife; you never will, for that matter. But the essential thing is to keep the knowledge of this smash away from her; and for you to go straight."

He looked up the bank, his eyes resting on the lamps of his hired car. Then he looked at Jerome, a long moment.

"I have it. You and the girl stand back, out of danger. I have a thought," he said slowly.

At the top of the high, steep bank Squires started the engine of his car, then got out and reaching to the wheel guided it to the very edge of the chasm. Standing aside, he watched it hang for an instant on the edge, and then turn completely over and plunge into the darkness.

Immediately he slid and skidded down the bank again, purposely snagging his clothes on the stones and thorns. Below, with a few gestures, he marked himself thoroughly with blood and dirt.

To Vaness, surprised and doubtful, he said:

"You see the idea. I was driving down the mountain with the Shirey girl. You were coming up alone, hurrying home to your dinner engagement. I pushed you over against the rail, drove you off the road. You tried to avoid me; but here we all are. I'll go along and explain. But"—Squires lowered his voice

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—"I have my reasons. I'll do this, not for you but for Annice. You're no good; I've always known that. You are certain you understand?"

Jerome nodded, dumbly.

To the driver of the car he stopped, after a painful climb back to the road, Squires told the story, simply and carefully, turning from time to time to Vaness, crumpled in the back seat, and to the girl beside him, so they would remember it.

Cornish Shirey, now an old man Squires saw, sat on the front step of his old frame house, smoking a pipe in the darkness.

"She's not hurt; only bruised and scared," Squires explained to him. "I was driving her in from the club and we had a collision; rolled down a bank. This will take care of the damage."

He put a bill into the old man's hand, and followed the girl into the dark hall.

"Remember, no matter what is said, you were driving with me," he said. She gave him a frightened look, murmured something, and was gone.

At the Vaness home he pressed Jerome back into the car and hurried ahead of him up the walk to the porch, where, a moment later, Annice appeared, a tell-tale hand on her breast, revealing her anxiety and fright.

"Carver! You are covered with blood!"

She caught the edge of the doorway, pressing the back of her other hand against her mouth, her eyes full of trouble.

"You've come to tell me about Jerome. He's hurt. Tell me quickly, Carver, that he is only hurt!"

"Yes; only hurt. And not greatly hurt, Annice," he said gently, steadying her with a hand. "He's coming now."

The sight of Jerome walking unassisted changed Annice instantly. She laughed in her relief; but she clenched her hands, listening to Squires with an effort.

"It was my fault," he said. "I was driving on the mountain with a girl—Cecelia Shirey—and . . ."

"You?" She turned toward him unbelievingly. "You with her, Carver?"

Jerome was at the foot of the steps, looking up at his wife.

"Yes; it was she, Annice." Squires insisted now on Annice's full attention. "Jerome was coming the other way, hurrying home to a dinner engagement, I guess. I pushed him off the road, and we all, both cars, went into the gulley. Jerome did his best to avoid us."

Squires looked steadily at Annice.

"Jerome, in fact, chose to go over, hoping to spare us."

At that Annice gave him an amazing look of reproach and rushed down to her husband, putting ineffectual arms around him, spoiling her white gown with blood and dust.

As they reached the top of the steps Jerome put out a hand and touched Squires, standing against a pillar. "Carver was not to blame, Annice," he said.

"No; I suppose not," she replied coldly.

The two passed into the house. The screen-door banged. Squires waited a moment, and then made his way slowly to the street.

In his room at Big Savage he wrote a check and handed it to Solomon Dyson's son, who was packing for him.

"That car I had to-night," he said, "you will find in the ravine beside the Double S turn on the back road. I was driving with a young lady. We had a smash, and both cars went through the railing. To-morrow give this to the garage man for the car."

For some minutes Squires stood at the window that overlooked the golf course. Strangely, he was contented. He had acquired, at last, command. Turning, he called the colored boy to him and smiled as he counted out a present.

"Get somebody to run me into town for the midnight train," he said. "And remember, if anybody asks you about the wreck to-night, the lady was with me."

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Quenching America's Mental Thirst

BY GREGORY MASON

PROBABLY the most picturesque development among the many agencies which cater to the hunger in this country for mental pabulum is the growth of the popular lecture. The institution known as the lyceum has been with us for ninety-seven years, but it has recently had a remarkable expansion. Moreover, the popular lecture has lately been marked by the same change that is conspicuous in journalism and literature; that is, an increased seriousness of tone, occasioned by the nascent American thirst for substantial information. Look at the vogue in this country of serious books like "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," "The Outline of History," "The Story of Mankind," and "The Outline of Science." Even among novels the present fashion is for the kind the plain American calls "serious"; *i. e.*, novels believed to deal with existing conditions and believed to impart more or less definite information.

Consider the titles of some characteristic lectures delivered at the 1922 convention of the International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association. (These lectures are typical of what America is getting because the chief lure which impels speakers to compete for a place on the convention's programme is the hope of "selling" their lectures to some of the many representatives of booking agencies in attendance. Only experienced and well-known speakers are given a hearing.) The first three lectures on the last programme were: "With Allenby in Palestine and Lawrence in Arabia," by Dr. Frederick Poole, "The Next War," by Will Irwin, and "The Truth About Mexico," by Dr. Frederick Monsen.

It is no longer necessary to punctuate a serious lecture with cheap jokes—which to the intelligent listener was as if the speaker said: "You see, I don't really mean what I'm saying after all."

What are the facts about this new American passion for listening to lectures? What is this lyceum movement to which one hears and reads so many allusions? Where does it flourish, how is it organized, what sort of men and women take part in it, as speakers and as auditors?

To a good many travellers who follow only the beaten paths in the United States the term lyceum is perhaps nearly meaningless. Speaking in general, the lyceum does not flourish along the beaten paths or in the polished centres of population. Of course, the large city has its lectures. But there are lectures and lectures. The occasional declamations of our *literati* are not the real thing. The amiable garrulities of European celebrities who condescend to exhibit themselves on the platforms of our larger cities are not the real thing. Indeed, this matter is much misunderstood among inhabitants of our larger cities. Only recently two of our widely known literary men have in print referred to a lecturer as a being who talks from "notes." Unthinkable of unthinkables! Your real professional lecturer never uses notes. For him to produce one small sheet of notes from his inside coat pocket would mean the loss of the attention of two-thirds of his audience and the loss of the attendance of the other third.

In short, the native or foreign author, statesman, or jurist who pads his income with occasional journeys to our oratorical platforms is not the real professional lecturer. He (or she) often gets the best of our audiences and usually gets the best of our fees, but he (or she) is, after all, only a dabbler in the elocutionary art. A large percentage of such persons are distinguished foreign visitors, and this type of migratory orator is usually booked and managed by an organization such as the Keedick Bureau or the Pond Bureau. Such bureaus are confined mainly to a few large cities on our Atlantic coast. They book their lecturers by mail. As

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a rule, they pay none of the travelling expenses of the speakers under their direction and they take for themselves twenty or twenty-five per cent of all fees.

The simon-pure lecturer, on the other hand, is a man or woman to whom lecturing is the chief, or at least, one of the chief ways of earning a living. He is nearly always a native American. He is lecturing steadily during from five to eleven months of the year. He is constantly moving, living in hotels and sleeping-cars (when he is lucky enough to be "making a jump" where the latter luxuries may be found). He moves so fast that often he has to ask himself: "Let's see, what town am I in now?" He is booked by bureaus of a type which is more apt to be situated in our West or Middle-West than in our East. He is not booked by mail but by travelling salesmen who offer the towns which are putting on lyceum courses a list of lectures as other salesmen offer these towns a variety of hardware or soap.

This sort of lecturer receives from his bureau his railroad expenses and half of his fees, if he is in lyceum work, or his railroad expenses and a flat salary if he is in Chautauqua. In short, the genuine, dyed-in-the-wool lecturer is the lecturer of the organized lyceum and its offspring, the Chautauqua, which, with some modifications, is merely a lyceum in a tent.

Lyceum has come to be the generic term for a course of entertainment and instruction consisting of lectures, concerts, a play or two, or an exhibition of jugglery or parlor magic. But the lecture is the backbone of the lyceum. Lyceums often may be found in large cities, but they are and will remain essentially of the small town, for the small town, and by the small town.

If you do not know the lyceum you do not know America, for if you do not know the lyceum you do not know Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania, and Broken Bow, Nebraska. Neither do you know the town where they pull the weary traveller out of bed at six o'clock Monday morning despite the fact that his train does not leave till nine because: "It don't make no difference to us when your train leaves, this is wash-day an' we need them sheets for the laundry!"

Oh, the hotels! The Pleasant Views, from which the only view is the brick wall of a factory; the Central Houses, dumped down in the prairie three miles from the railroad. The rusty wood stoves in the "offices," the bells which don't ring, the hot-water faucets which never run hot water, the cuspidors too much missed. And the beds and the food, especially the food! I know a housewife who loves to proclaim that Americans cook as well as any people. If her own table were the test few would dispute her; but, alas, the broad test of a nation's culinary skill must be made in that nation's public gastronomical resorts, the restaurants and hotels. By such a test how far does our country fall below the continent of Europe! Still, one recalls a rare exception, a little hotel in Franklinville, New York, or a boarding-house in Itasca, Texas, where the board groaned under a wealth of dishes prepared with a taste and an originality worthy of Paris, and all for four bits, or maybe six!

With thankfulness let it be chronicled that the small-town hotel is improving. Naturally, one finds better accommodations in the hamlets of the Far West, staked out within the last twenty or thirty years, than in villages of New England, settled two hundred years ago. I recall with pleasure a hotel in a Montana town of 2,000 which would be a credit to any city of 50,000.

Surely by this time it has been made pretty plain that the lecture is most popular in the rural community. Hire a lyceum hall with a capacity of 1,100 in an industrial town of 15,000 and a good many evenings it will be less than half filled. Hire one in a rural village of 500 and you will usually fill it. By what magic? By the magic of Henry Ford. Before the programme begins that little hamlet will be powdered with the dust of scores of Fords, each bringing its farming family thirsty for the culture of lyceum. Henry Ford has done that—and it is the greatest thing he has done—he has brought culture and entertainment to the rural American. Not the highest order of culture and entertainment you may say, but you must admit it is better than loneliness and brooding. At any rate, the absorption of lectures has come

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to be one of the chief recreations of the American farmer and his wife. The amount of oratorical punishment assimilated in the corn belt is something that would stagger a metropolitan.

Incidentally, the sight of such a hunger for instruction and self-improvement must put any lecturer on his mettle. In the face of it only the most depraved lecturer could talk carelessly or insincerely.

It may be imagined that there is a great difference in audiences according to the part of the country in which one meets them. But I have not found it true. So far as geography is concerned we Americans are a very homogeneous people. A man from California has much more in common with a man from Connecticut than a man from Cumberland has in common with a man from Kent. But if American lecture audiences differ little according to location they differ much according to vocation.

About the worst audience one can find is an audience made up of the inhabitants of the average medium-size industrial city. The mark of the machine is on such people. Their spontaneity is withered, their originality killed. Their faces are burdened with the heavy dulness engendered by the monotony of the occupations to which they are tied. Subtleties of argument are wasted on them and they are impervious to all humor except the slapstick kind.

An agricultural audience is superior to an industrial one in intelligence, in sympathy, in tolerance, in every quality which a lecturer values in an audience. And most of the 6,000 or 8,000 towns which every year are visited by lecturers are agricultural towns.

There is, however, one audience better than an assemblage of farmers and their wives, and that is the audience provided by the average social or literary club. When it is a women's club this is, indeed, the best audience in America. It is distinctly superior, for instance, to the average men's club in its capacity of sustained interest in a serious subject. Perhaps I am prejudiced by the fact that I am a man, but I think not, for again and again I have heard women lecturers sing the superiority of the women's club. But, as implied above, both women's clubs and men's clubs are exceptional audiences and, of course, their number is limited.

A lecturer's intimate friends often ask him, with a note of scorn, what sort of organizations are they, anyway, which pay good money to hear him talk. The answer (equally scornful, of course) is that these organizations are various and of many kinds of importance. One night a man may speak under the auspices of a college. The next night he may address a rotary club at noon and an audience of high-school boys and girls in the evening. The following evening he may be talking in a church.

The average small-town lyceum course, however, is a result of co-operation. It is put on by a committee of the town's leading citizens, such as two or three ministers, the superintendent of schools, a banker, an editor and two or three leading merchants. These men decide they want, say, three lectures and three concerts. They dicker with several lyceum bureaus till they get what suits them. Such a season's programme of six numbers would cost the local committee perhaps from $1,000 to $2,000, more or less. The committee guarantees the lyceum bureau its lump price and has nothing to do with paying the individual attractions, whose fees may vary greatly. For instance, the "star" lecturer or the "star" concert company of the whole list may get a fee amounting to half the total appropriation put up by that town.

When the committee has put up its guarantee it devolves upon the members of this altruistic organization to engage a hall, arrange the advertising, and, above all, to sell enough season tickets and single admissions to get back the money which they have pledged for the course. Single admissions are sold to each separate lecture or concert, but most of the money needed must be made up by the sale of season tickets. It is worth noting that lectures are cheaper for the farmer than books. A good book nowadays costs from about two dollars upward, whereas a season ticket to such a course of three lectures and three concerts might be no more than two dollars and very often is less.

If enough tickets are sold to leave the committee a surplus at the end of the season this surplus is sometimes devoted to

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charity, but more often it is held over to help defray the expense of next year's programme. And all too frequently, alas, there is a deficit for which the pockets of the public-spirited members of the committee must suffer.

It is the necessity of getting back what they and their fellow committee members have already pledged which drives so many chairmen to that form of semi-auctioneering which is about the most embarrassing thing a lecturer has to face.

The torture is especially acute when you are lecturing on a programme supported not by season tickets but by voluntary subscriptions. Then you actually have to see yourself bought (and paid for, if the audience is more generous than most audiences are). I remember a men's church club which was run this way.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, looking first at the audience and then at me, "I know you are going to have a rare treat this evening, for our guest is a speaker of the highest calibre. Now, gentlemen, you can't expect to get something for nothing. Our attraction this evening costs us—costs—us—(business of fumbling in his pocket for a page of memoranda while I prayed God to strike me dead) costs us $390.60. There must be one thousand men here to-night. Now, if they'll give forty cents apiece it will cover everything and leave ten dollars in the treasury for next time."

Ushers passed the hat. The chairman counted the receipts with a growing expression of disgust. He stepped forward and flung up his hand.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed in a tone which would have wrung remorse from a tiger, "the returns are all in and they amount to just $28.75! Less than three cents apiece!"

Though I knew I was worth less than half that sum, this knowledge did not diminish the pain of the situation. I looked vainly about for means of escape. Guests of honor were sitting between me and the only exit. I became aware that the chairman was speaking again, or still. He was asking the audience if they seriously thought such a speaker as myself was worth only $28.75. He was making the most of the rhetorical question, he was gloating over it. I was about to yield to the impulse to rise and fell him with my chair when he paused. He was offering the audience the alternative of having the hat passed again immediately or of giving more the following Sunday. Vociferously the audience chose the latter alternative. Probably most of them would not be there next Sunday. Neither, thank Heaven, should I.

The chairman turned to me. At last he was finished. He was expecting a lecturer, whom he had tortured, to entertain a thousand men whom he had chided, berated, insulted.

There are chairmen, however, who have an uncanny appreciation of audience psychology.

One evening, after travelling more than 600 miles since the engagement of the evening before, I reached the lyceum hall fifteen minutes late. To make matters worse I had lost my baggage and would have to face the footlights in a wrinkled travelling suit. But the chairman for the occasion was equal to the situation. He told me to stay back in the wings out of sight until I heard him say, "He is here," and then to come quickly upon the platform.

Pulling a long sorrowful face, the chairman walked out to face the apprehensive audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began mournfully, "as you know, it has been advertised that we were to have had the privilege to-night of hearing an address by a man who—" (Here followed a highly exaggerated description of my qualifications—the sort of bombast with which a good many chairmen are wont to embarrass the lecturers committed to their mercies.) "Ladies and gentlemen," went on my sponsor, growing even more lugubrious in manner, "it is a difficult task, I may say a very painful responsibility, which devolves upon a man in my position when a much-advertised and eagerly awaited speaker fails to put in an appearance." Then in a quick, gay tone he added: "But don't worry, he is here."

After that my unfortunate costume was hardly noticed. That audience would have welcomed the Old Man of the Sea himself.

A knowledge of audience psychology can be learned only by experience. There are some lecturers so adept that in the

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few minutes while their introducer is presenting them they can tell what the audience is like, and if they decide it is not a fertile field for the lecture they have prepared they will scrap their whole talk and give an entirely different discourse.

Of course, this does not mean that it is ever advisable to "talk down" to an audience. The greatest compliment I ever received as a lecturer brought an insight of how fatal it would be to talk condescendingly to any auditors. I had been speaking about the social and political problems of Mexico. A ten-year-old boy approached me afterward and, with shining eyes which impelled belief in his surprising words, remarked: "That was the best lecture I ever heard."

Not every one can attain facility in sizing up audiences but there are some fundamental truths about American audiences which the veriest tyro is not long in learning. One is that sentiments of patriotism, if delivered in a ringing voice and with a wild and emotional eye, will *always go*. Another is that flattery is hard to "put over." The average American assemblage is as sharp to detect flattery as it is slow to detect patriotic flubdubbery.

Perhaps the most successful way to flatter an American audience is by implication. Criticism of those absent may be managed in such a way that those present feel that the speaker considers them obviously superior to those whom he is attacking. There is a lecturer who has made a good living for years by this method alone.

"It's easy," he explained to me, "if you make a point of studying each locality before you go on the platform. Suppose Monday night I'm in Squeedunk. It doesn't take me long to learn that the people there like to think they are superior to the people in the nearby hamlet of Podunk. Very well, what am I talking about? Oh, 'Community Building,' or some old standby like that. So I go at it this way: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I happen to know of a town not so far away that is in a woful state, a truly woful state, politically, socially, and morally. The town government is rotten to the core, and the consciences of most of the citizens are riddled with pernicious indifference or downright corruption.'

"So I go on," he continued, "putting in a joke every five minutes to keep them from breaking the furniture in their rage at Podunk. Of course, I have to bear in mind that sooner or later I'll be speaking in Podunk. So I don't name the place specifically, I let their power of unconscious suggestion or whatever you call it, work for me. I wind up by pointing out certain promising traits I've noticed in their own community which indicate that Squeedunk has a future far, far brighter than that of the unfortunate village I've been lambasting as an illustration.

"When I get to Podunk I use the same formula. It's a great one, I tell you, absolutely sure fire. There's no price an audience won't pay to the man who makes his hearers feel that they are superior beings."

In spite of the success of a few intellectual crooks like this man the standards of lecturing are higher than they were twenty years ago. Yet it is still the sad truth that a good many professional lecturers have little or nothing to say. Constant expression leads to diffusion, with speakers as with writers. How can a man who lectures day in and day out, year in and year out have anything to say? In the beginning he may have had an "important message." But the changing times and the necessity of talking again and again in the same localities force him to find new themes. Now few minds are fertile enough to bear an "important message" every year or so. And unlike the minister the lecturer has no elaborate machinery of mystery and esoteric nomenclature to draw upon. So, little by little, the lecturer finds himself beginning to borrow, beginning to draw upon other men's ideas. Often he does this with no sense of shame. There is one well-known lecturer who puts it in his advertising that he travels with a suitcase full of clothes, and a trunk full of books for his inspiration. In a short time such a man becomes little more than a travelling Intellectual Digest, a Carrier of Canned Culture. Alas, too many professional lecturers are just that and nothing more. This is said primarily not as a criticism of the lecturer but as a criti-

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cism of his audience. In the long run the lecturer, like the newspaper, gives the public what it wants.

On our lecture platforms there is no more freedom of speech and no less than there is in our pulpits, our theatres, our newspapers, magazines, and books. If financial profit is the chief aim the safe course in all these fields is to avoid treading on people's prejudices. To say this is only to say that men are human. The fact remains that we cannot know ourselves until we are willing to look at our faults as well as our virtues.

Perhaps the greatest danger in American life to-day is that absence of intellectual courage which Mark Twain deplored when he said:

"In the United States, by the Goodness of God, we have those three unspeakably precious things: freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practise either of them." Our lecture platform suffers from this cowardice as much as any other of the paraphernalia of our public life. Its manifestations, fortunately for such lecturers as have convictions, are as often amusing as otherwise. There is a man who has recently been giving a lecture which is an attempt to point out and label some of the chief dangers to civilization. Before embarking on his tour he sent the manager of one of the bureaus under whose auspices he was to speak a short *résumé* of his lecture in which it was clearly indicated that he saw as two of the greatest dangers to progress militarism in Europe and intolerance in America. This advance synopsis brought forth no censure, but hardly had the talk been delivered two or three times when the bureau manager began bombarding the poor platformist with messages of disapproval because instead of confining himself to "discussing the things which are injuring civilization in Europe you seem to have taken it upon yourself to give your opinion of what is hindering civilization here in America!"

Is it true, as I think H. L. Mencken has said, that the average American is essentially as ignorant and superstitious as the average peasant of mediæval Europe? Of course, since men are not and never will be born equal we shall always have a minority superior in intelligence to the majority of us. But is that majority capable of improvement, capable of elevation? If not then democracy is a child's dream.

The lyceum and Chautauqua, like the press and the pulpit, are concerned with answering that last question. A narrow and intolerant lecture platform, like a narrow and intolerant press, leads only back to Czardom.

The sooner lecturers and bureau managers realize that there is nothing disgraceful in making an honest living and that their protests that they are in lecturing for the "uplift of the community" only turn honest people from them in disgust, the sooner, that is, that they throw overboard the self-deceptions borrowed from the rotarians and realtors of Zenith, the sooner will the American platform return to the healthiness it knew under Emerson and Thoreau. Are my premises unfair? Speaking of lyceum workers to an audience of lyceum workers at the 1922 convention of the International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association, Clay Smith, vice-president of that organization, said:

"We are posing as uplifters and purveyors of culture."

Fortunately, there are signs of improvement in the platform. At least, the depths of twenty or even ten years ago have been left behind. The old "inspirational" lecture is going out of fashion, the professional wind-jammers are finding less and less demand for their wares. In their place one finds more and more men like Vilhjálmur Stefansson and Will Irwin, men to whom lecturing is not the only means of making a living and who, by the same token, are inclined to talk to the public less, and tell it more.

Responsible for the improvement in lecturing is that great national thirst for information. From Bellingham, Washington, to Corpus Christi, Texas, the country burns with the passion for facts. The small-town waitress who wants to hear about Italian Corfu or the Bolsheviki or the Ruhr, is one of many millions who want to hear what is going on in the outside world, beyond the end of Main Street.

While on every hand cynical prophets

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are croaking their predictions of calamities to come, let us remember this great American Thirst for Information. It is the most hopeful sign there is for the future of the United States of America and for the success of the whole experiment called democracy.

Whatever helps to gratify this thirst without quenching it or poisoning the source of it ought to be encouraged. The lyceum does not yet entirely meet the need of a mental beverage, but there is no doubt that of satisfaction it contains a good deal more than half of one per cent.

Our Modern Old People

BY VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

WE are weary of listening to tales about the Young Person. The youth of the rising generation has been exploited to an extent wholly disproportionate to its offenses. We hear of parked corsets, hip-flasks, petting-parties, cheek-dances, etc., until it would seem that there is nothing more to be said. Yet those of a former generation still talk, still lament, still deplore the sins of our young men and women.

The Old People lead the jeremiad. "In *my* youth," they remind the girls and boys, "young folks did not behave as you do!"

These same elderly people would be amazed if their juniors were to retort:

"And in your youth, old folks did not behave as *you* do!"

It shows a surprising amount of forbearance—or stupidity—on the part of the youngsters that they have not come back with some such *tu quoque*. To turn the limelight on the protestants would be to bring into evidence some rather surprising facts.

Grandchildren may not be what they once were. Certainly grandparents are not. From present indications, they appear to be making the most of their opportunities, because, like the Satan of the Apocalypse, they know that they have but a short time.

It is only recently that they have awakened to a sense of what they may do. And they are doing it with a vengeance.

"For seventy-five years I've been a respectable woman," says the mother in Somerset Maugham's play "The Camel's Back," "and I've got to be fast before it is too late."

That might be the slogan of the elderly person of the present day.

On second thoughts I fear that I should change that term. There are no "elderly" people now. The ancient adage that a woman is as old as she looks, a man as old as he feels, is as much out of date as are chaperons and women who do not smoke. But to indicate the class about whom I am now writing I may have to resort occasionally to the word "aged" or "elderly," or—worse still—the indecent one—"old." May those past the fresh, fine flush of fifty-five forgive me!

W. L. George wrote of "The Second Blooming." That was almost a decade ago. In the past ten years we have learned that there may be a third and even a fourth blooming. If one doubts it let him note the age of the principals in prominent divorce cases. In three divorce stories in recent newspapers the men were over seventy. Still in their ashes live their wonted fires!

But it is not only the strong and wicked sex who are dashing about doing fast things. When woman gained her right to equality with man she gained her right to be just as young as he. She may go as far to recover a youth that is slipping from her. For further particulars see Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen."

We have raised such a dust fussing over the Young Person that we have obscured

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our vision of the Old People. But now, they are making themselves seen and heard to an extent that renders it difficult to ignore them.

Said the poet, Edward Young:

> "At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
> Knows it at forty and reforms his plan."

If so, he keeps on reforming it until at fifty or sixty he has just gotten into the stride of worldly wisdom.

"Where are the grandmothers of yesteryear?" sighed a man in my hearing.

"They are *not!*" his mother replied. "We women who have passed our first youth"—she was fifty-six—"do not propose to have grandparenthood thrust upon us. We are legally and technically the grandmothers and grandfathers of the children for whom you young people are responsible. But we wash our hands of any obligations toward the new generation."

She leaned back in her chair, her knees crossed, her cigarette between her lips, and, with narrowed eyes, watched the effect of her speech upon her son. He tried to laugh.

"When I was a kid," he remarked, "your mother-in-law used to look after me while you and dad went off together."

"More fool she!" was the easy retort. "Had she taken as good care of herself as I take of myself, she would not have appeared seventy when she was fifty. I was an inconsiderate little beast to let her tend my youngsters. I do not propose that my children shall show me a similar lack of consideration. No, my dear son, I have my life to live—just as you have yours. And I propose to live it and to have my fling. For years family cares demanded a good deal of my time and attention. Now that they are lifted from my shoulders I intend to have a free foot."

That she has two free feet was proved by the way she was dancing when I saw her at an affair in one of the big hotels the week following the above declaration of independence. Her partner was a stalwart young navy officer, into whose eyes she was gazing languishingly.

"Where is her husband?" my companion asked me, indicating the handsomely dressed, well-groomed woman.

"She divorced him last year," I replied. "On the ground of infidelity."

"How old is he?" was the next question.

"Seventy. Why do you laugh?" I reproved as my companion chuckled. "Many men of his generation are rivalling their younger brothers in the rapidity of their lives."

Watch them, some time, these gray-haired men talking to pretty girls and women. Their age allows them a freedom of touch and speech denied those of a more recent generation.

That the flapper frowns at senile terms of endearment, at lingering hand-clasp, at shoulder-patting and arm-squeezing does not deter old men from persisting in such attentions. In fact, they are flattered by what they suppose to be a girl's coyness. And of course if an aged man is rich—and free to marry—there is always a possibility that he may become a generous and short-lived husband.

As old men seek amusement among young women, so elderly women seek it among young men.

Studying the gray-haired matron of to-day one is reminded frequently of Robert Hichens's "December Love." But the author was rather too conservative in placing his heroine's age as sixty. She might be ten years older and, in slang parlance, "get away with it." He says of her:

"The wild blood in her leaped at the thought of grasping happiness. And she felt reckless. She would dare all, would do anything, if only she might capture happiness. Dignity, self-respect, propriety, the conventions—what value had they really? To bow down to them—does that bring happiness? Out of the way with them, and a straight course for the human satisfaction which comes only in following the dictates of the nature one is born with!"

I had thought this an exaggeration until I began to study the subject. Then—my eyes were opened.

One of the first persons to open them was a woman of seventy-five. She was talking to me of a man twenty years her junior.

"He is my very good friend," she explained. "I know he is devoted to me.

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Not, my dear, I assure you, as a lover. Oh, no! Really—everything is perfectly proper between us!"

I heard myself gasp. In terror lest she should also hear the involuntary intaking of breath, I glanced at her. Her face wore the smiling mask habitual to it. Then she asked me a question:

"You believe that, don't you, my dear?"

"Indeed, yes," I answered promptly, trying to conceal my consternation.

"You see," she went on, "I am always very careful. A woman cannot be too careful. Tongues are so ready to wag with scandal!"

Scandal about a woman of seventy-five! Until then I had thought a septuagenarian, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

But I was to find that I was hopelessly out of date. Only a little later I heard two men mention a widow of sixty who was "flirting outrageously" with a chap of twenty-five.

"But," I protested, "a man may not marry his grandmother, you know!"

The pair laughed, and one of them looked at me compassionately.

"You are away behind the times," he declared. "A grandmother may marry anybody nowadays—unless he can run faster than she. And if he can he is going some!"

Yet sixty-five shakes its head at sixteen and calls it indecently indiscreet!

Grotesque? Yes, just that! Unnatural? Certainly. Yet what are we to do about it?

"I would hate to have my twenty-year-old daughter behave as I behave," giggled a mother of fifty-five. "I try not to let her suspect how gay I am."

Girls used to strive to keep their parents from suspecting when *they* were "gay." Now, in this year of grace, we are changing all that. The elderly people need chaperons.

Yes—they need chaperons, and the youngsters appreciate this need.

"I came in upon granddad just as he was making out a check to the order of some woman," said a sophisticated eighteen-year-old. "I saw her first name before he pushed the slip of paper under his blotter, and looked as guilty as a cat caught stealing cream. Honestly, mother, you must keep an eye on him. He is too giddy for any use! He'll be getting himself mixed up in some scandal if he doesn't watch out."

"My dear child!" the mother sighed. "When a man gets to that age, he is simply incorrigible!"

Beauty shops are springing up at a rate never known before. Once only girls and young women patronized them. Now elderly women have "facials" and "steams" and "packs." They are more particular about the exact shade of their rouge and powder than are their daughters and granddaughters.

Who can blame them? Who does not long to retain a youthful appearance?

Yet, as one puts the question one remembers, with a slight pang, the woman who grew old gracefully—who was "mother" to all of her children's friends—to whom one turned for wise counsel. She had white hair, this gentle soul, and a sweet face with wrinkles caused by smiling, and, sometimes, by crying just a little—but generally over other people's sorrows. She had reached a place where she did not shed tears over her own troubles. Her look was forward toward the sunset, not backward, over her lost youth. Her hands were thin and wrinkled, and she wore dainty lace caps on her snowy hair. She used to say that she had never used rouge or powder.

I mentioned her the other day to an elderly belle. She raised artificially shaped brows in polite yet horrified deprecation.

"I would rather be dead and in my grave than alive and like *that!*" she exclaimed. "I tell you, my dear, if you do not run to keep up with the procession, you drop out entirely. How can any one be happy who is hopelessly elderly?"

I did not reply. Her words reminded me of the saying of an aged Southern mammy whose former charge, after spending ten years at the North, returned to her home in Virginia. Her old nurse greeted her anxiously:

"Law, Miss Molly," she said, "ain't you *never* gwine to git married?"

"I doubt it, mammy." Then, as the woolly head was shaken regretfully: "Don't you approve of a life of single blessedness for women?"

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"I tell you, honey," was the doubtful answer, "single life may be well enough for women—but not until dey *has ceased to struggle.*"

Many elderly people of the present day still struggle. And, from all indications, their contortions will increase rather than decrease.

Ah, well! Far be it from any one to criticise them! They are a product of our times. No one has lived until he has experienced all the sensations. And in grandpa's youth there were no automobiles, airships, nor radios, and not many divorces and scandals among elderly folk. As grandpa lives in this rapid age, he surely has a right to practise rapidity. And what man may do, woman will do.

So we can but stand by and let them play the game. We may even cheer occasionally when they try to make a home-run, and pretend not to see that their knees are sprung and that they muff the ball.

Some of us have had our fling, have lived our lives. Surely it would be cruel not to let our elders do the same!

Nor are we likely to interfere with them. There is a tradition that is impossible to shake off. It is that old age is honorable and to be revered under all conditions. We quote Scripture to prove that "the hoary head is a crown of glory," and are not familiar enough with the Bible to complete the quotation—"if it be found in the way of righteousness." So we hold our tongues about our seniors and spend our time deploring the indiscretions of our juniors. In dealing with the grandparent we follow Kipling's advice anent the chap crossed in love, and

> "Get out when he is on the move
> And give him all the continent."

A man in whom a sense of humor was the pre-eminent characteristic had been ill for many weeks. A friend urged him, as he was a Roman Catholic, to see a priest. The invalid consented. At the end of the visit as the clergyman was about to take his departure, he laid a kindly hand on the sick man's forehead.

"My son," he said, "you and I have been thinking of misdeeds for which you are sorry. But I would not leave you with the thought of your errors uppermost in your mind. Surely you can recall something in your life for which you are heartily glad?"

The sunken eyes twinkled mischievously. "Yes, father," was the whispered response, "I never missed a trick!"

If the signs of the times are to be depended on, such may be the parting exclamation of our Modern Old People.

The Prison

BY LOUIS DODGE

A PRISON, strangely fashioned,
They built and locked me in;
I heard their cries impassioned—
"You shall be saved from sin!"

And though my hands kept beating
And through the night I cried,
They turned from my entreating
And all my prayers denied.

"Our God is yours," they told me,
"To answer every need";
And bars remained to hold me—
The prison called a creed.

But oh, at last I found me
Outside their prison bars,
The boundless world around me,
Above, the steadfast stars.

And now a ceaseless singing
Stirs in the heart of me,
And gifts my hands are bringing
To God, who set me free.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett, 1901–1922, have just been published. They make interesting reading, because they are the expression of an interesting mind. Every one who knew Hudson well seems to have been impressed by the keenness of his observation and the charm of his personality. Such qualities are sufficiently obvious in this book, all the more so because not one of the letters was intended for publication; they were written hastily and impulsively. He wrote on many subjects—natural history, war, new novels, free verse, Edith Wharton, Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, D. H. Lawrence, Henry James, and other individuals. (Hence the lack of an index is criminal.) He insisted that "Roderick Hudson" was James's masterpiece—not a bad choice, though I wish he had preferred "The American." Perhaps he would have, if he had read it. Hudson tells one anecdote which must I think be taken with salt. "He had a pose about his early work—he pretended to disparage it; but a friend of mine and his once said to him: 'Maybe you'll be furious with me for saying that "Roderick Hudson" is your greatest book.' He started back, threw up his hands in his usual way, and said: 'Well, well, well—you think so! You think so!—dear! dear!' Then suddenly sinking his voice he whispered: 'You are right—I think so too.'" Was it the hero's name that made W. H. like it so much?

Hudson showed good judgment in admiring James's posthumous fragment, "The Sense of the Past." Had the author lived to finish it, he would have achieved another masterpiece.

Amy Lowell's famous poem, "Patterns," is criticised unfavorably, because of its botanical errors. I had not noticed them.

Despite the excellence of Hudson's mind, there was a streak of childishness in the man. I do not refer to his childlike simplicity of manner, which was one of his most beautiful traits; no, I mean childishness. Among his novels there are two, "Fan" and "Ralph Herne," which are almost inconceivably crude; and his remarks on war, which naturally and properly shocked Mr. Garnett, illustrate this same immaturity. He took an attitude toward English society like Tennyson's in the opening stanzas of "Maud"; prolonged peace made social and commercial life rotten, and war would be a glorious and much-needed remedy. This may have been a survival of the savagery of his South American days, where so many were engaged in the pleasing pastime of cutting each other's throats. Hudson never felt at ease in sophisticated society; he hated it, and preferred to roam on foot or on his bicycle, talking by the way with shepherds, rustics, little children, and very old men. In November, 1913, he wrote: "I hope to stay on to see the flame of war brighten this peace-rotten land. It will look very beautiful to many watchers and have a wonderful, purifying effect." A few weeks later, speaking of Edith Wharton's "The Custom of the Country," he says: "Well, her picture is true; it is as rotten and contemptible a society as—ours, and once more I thank the gods *we* are going to have a touch of war, the only remedy for the present disease." It is natural, though not consistent, that in September, 1914, we find him writing: "The talk is war—war, war, and I'm weary of it. . . . My hope and prayer is that we may crush the mighty war lord, God's friend and favorite, utterly before long, and so have a normal life for the world once more." Evidently he forgot that he had written this, for in February, 1915, he writes: "You think it a 'cursed war,' I think it a blessed war. And it was quite time we had one for our purification . . . from the degeneration and the rottenness which comes of everlasting peace . . . the blood that is being shed will

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purge us of many hateful qualities—of our caste feeling, of our detestable partisanship, our gross selfishness, and a hundred more. Let us thank the gods for a Wilhelm and a nation insane with hatred of England to restore us to health." Hudson's only regret was that it was not a civil war, which he thought had even higher antiseptic virtues.

When Hudson is talking about birds, he speaks with the authority of a master; when he talks about war, he seems like a small boy.

The beautiful limited edition of his works, in twenty-four volumes, is now complete. It is one of the finest examples of the art of the publisher that I have seen; and I advise all lovers of Hudson who have the necessary money to secure a set before it is too late. One look at these tall books, so big and so light, would make any reader surrender on the spot. The type is as good as borax for the eyes.

The new "Life of W. S. Gilbert," by Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey, is a disappointment. It is a pity that one who was so witty in himself was not the cause of more wit in his biographers. The biography is an important and valuable work, for it abounds in details which have the signs of meticulous accuracy; furthermore, there are many delightful quotations from Gilbert's verses, and it is interesting to know the dates and lists of actors of the operas; but the literary style of the book is uninspired.

A Pittsburgh business man, having read in SCRIBNER'S my tribute to Stewart's novel, "Valley Waters," and to the town it describes, writes me:

> Sat down Monday eve to read "Valley Waters" and finished the story before I went to bed. Haven't done anything like that for years. As you say, it is a bully story. Am creating a larger demand for it here by boosting it. The book should be read by the following people: 1st all who now live in Zanesville; 2nd all who have lived there but now live elsewhere; 3rd all who do not belong to either of these classes.

Among recent autobiographies, I recommend "The Iron Puddler," by James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor. No one will find this book dull. I think that Mr. Davis would be an ideal mediator between capital and labor, as he has the necessary knowledge that can come only from the understanding born of experience. America may not be the greatest country in the world, but it is certainly the most fortunate. Of all nations, past and present, America is the land of opportunity. To mention four autobiographies: "The Americanization of Edward Bok"; "From Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin; "Children of Loneliness," by Anzia Yezierska, and "The Iron Puddler," by James J. Davis; they prove what foreigners have accomplished in the United States. And what a bad thing it would be for us if we refused entrance to immigrants, if we followed any such absurd slogan as *America for Americans!*

And is there any other country in the world where there could be such a career as is described in "A Log Cabin Lady"?

A new volume of poems has appeared, which to conservatives will seem admirable, and to radicals a detestable curiosity. This is "The Ring of Love," by Brookes More, a brother of the distinguished scholar, Paul Elmer More. Its outward semblance is as "reactionary" as its contents. It looks like an old-fashioned gift-book of the vintage of 1850. It has gilt edges, sports a ribbon-marker, and its full-page illustrations look as though they had been taken from Godey. Considerable courage both in author and editor was required to issue just such a book at just such a time as the present; but it is deliberately meant as a challenge to all the experimenters of the twentieth century, from the best to Gertrude Stein. The author, in a defiant preface, consigns the whole modern crew to oblivion; and declares that there is plenty of room in the variety of established metres for every poet who has anything to say. Accordingly his lyrics are inspired not only by imagination and passion, but by a love of form; it appears that over twenty distinct forms have been employed. The suspicion that such a method arouses in the reader is partly justified; many of the poems are more careful in technique than they are careless in rapture. Still, there are a sufficient number of authentic lyrics to make the book a contribution to American contemporary poetry; and they are written by one who knows thoroughly the history of versification.

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Is this the first bugle call against the excesses of contemporary free verse? If so, its publication is significant. But I do not worry about our ridiculous American poetasters, however mightily they advertise themselves, and however strong the gusts of puffery behind their sails; not being of God, they cannot stand. The best living poets in England are as unlike our freeversifiers as could well be imagined; Kipling, De La Mare, Hodgson, Masefield, Noyes, Yeats, Housman seem quite unaffected by the "new" poetry; and in America our leaders, Robinson, Frost, Lindsay, Anna Branch, Sara Teasdale, somehow or other manage to attract attention without indulging in discords. They are self-starters; whereas the freeversifiers are usually started by some crank, and attract general notice only by leaving their mufflers open.

I am glad to see that one of our younger poets, Hervey Allen, has published separately his masterpiece, "The Blindman: A Ballad of Nogent L'Artaud," which in 1921 was included in his volume, "Wampum and Old Gold." I defy anyone to read this poem without thrills; if it is not genuine poetry, I will eat the author's complete works.

I view the present theatrical season in London and New York with particular satisfaction, because two cardinal articles in my dramatic creed—for which I have long suffered abuse—receive effective support. I believe that "Cyrano de Bergerac" is the greatest drama since "Faust," and the finest play in any language since Shakespeare; it is also my opinion that Walter Hampden is one of the most admirable actors of our generation. This week his production of "Cyrano" reaches its one hundredth performance, and seats are selling merrily four weeks ahead. My second article of belief is that J. M. Barrie is the foremost living playwright in the world. At this moment, five of his plays are being acted in five theatres in London. Not one of them is new, but each and all are revivals. It is quite the fashion for critics to sneer at Barrie as a sentimentalist, a facile producer of smiles and tears. But where shall we find a dramatist of to-day who is so thorough a master of the art of the theatre? He defies classification, in the same way that human beings defy it. He belongs to no school, writes no propaganda, and, instead of being interested in contemporary fads and political opinions, he deals only with fundamental, eternal emotions, instincts, and passions. Inasmuch as it is impossible for over one hundred million Americans to see his plays, it is fortunate that many of them have been published, and printed with such peculiar and original stage directions that the books take the reader straight into the theatre. Let me recommend to the thousands of reading clubs in our country the study of Barrie's plays. A year could profitably be spent on the half dozen volumes that have appeared.

Bernard Shaw's new play, "Saint Joan," is not so great as "Candida," or "Major Barbara," or "The Doctor's Dilemma," or "Cæsar and Cleopatra." But it is of course brilliant and challenging, and reaches a vertiginous height in the trial scene. The appeal of the Inspired Maid to all sorts and conditions of men is one of the most interesting facts in history. She was burned about five hundred years ago—and Shakespeare, who wrote his historical plays mainly as nationalistic propaganda, represented her as no better than a street-walker assisted by the fiends of hell. Please reread as a curiosity "King Henry VI, Part I." If a secret ballot of the entire world could be taken to-day on the question, "Who is the most popular woman in secular history?" I believe that Joan of Arc would lead the list. It is a surprising fact that some twenty-five years ago, three men temperamentally unsympathetic toward Joan should each have written a monumental work about her: Anatole France, Andrew Lang, and Mark Twain. It was natural that Schiller should make her the heroine of a drama; her appeal to Bernard Shaw is a better tribute to her magnetic power. Never has she stood so high in popular estimation as now; and yet it is clear that her fame is only in its dawn. Unless all signs fail, fifty years hence she will dominate the minds and imaginations of men as never before. How strange it is that this ignorant girl should reach out hands from the grave and clutch the heartstrings of mankind! Perhaps it is partly be-

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cause she really believed in Something. Cynicism and scepticism may amuse society and, by that strange contradiction so evident in human nature, may flatter the intelligence of those who are pleased with themselves; but this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

If the great Voltaire were alive to-day, he would not write "La Pucelle." After all, perhaps he would.

As a national idol of France, Joan is rising, Napoleon is falling. I suppose it is one more indication of the defeat of intellect by character. To compare the ex-Kaiser with the Emperor Napoleon is to compare the ridiculous with the sublime—for the Kaiser's ability was not equal to his ambition, whereas Napoleon was almost as clever as Satan—yet the comparison of the two men is, after all, favorable to the Kaiser. He wanted the earth and did not care how he got it; but he wanted it for Germany, and always thought of himself as the incarnate German Empire. I do not believe that Napoleon cared a rush for France; he cared for nothing except himself. He would rather have been Emperor of England than a subordinate officer in France.

A new book, which is bound to attract general attention, and which certainly deserves it, is "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," by Albert Leon Guérard, of the Rice Institute of Texas. His opening chapter, "On Historical Legends in General," proves his competence to undertake this particular task. In the pages that follow, he examines the growth of Napoleon's reputation, from the beginning even until now. This necessarily leads him to examine the hero himself, and I should think the examination would make Napoleon turn over in his splendid tomb. Many will differ from Professor Guérard in his estimation of Napoleon's mental powers; both H. G. Wells and our author fail, I think, to convince the reader that Napoleon's intellect was anything short of colossal; but simply nothing is left of Napoleon's character. I remember when I was studying history under one of the most impressive of Yale's teachers, William Graham Sumner, he looked up from his notes one day, and said emphatically: "There is no doubt that Napoleon was one of the most cold-hearted rascals that ever lived."

Professor Guérard's book is a weighty contribution to the subject; it is exactly the kind of book that ought to have been written. I am fascinated by it; I read it with unflagging attention. But I am a little surprised to find in it no mention of Emerson's "Essay on Napoleon." One of the clearest proofs of the genius of Emerson is that in 1850 he published an estimate of Napoleon's ability, character, and career that subsequent books on the subject, when written by dispassionate scholars, like Guérard, have confirmed. Emerson showed clearly in what ways Napoleon was great, for what reasons he was idolized, and why he failed. During the years 1914–1918 I read that inspiring essay every year, for it seemed to prove that where Napoleon had failed Wilhelm could not succeed. I wish that everybody would do two things: read this excellent book by Professor Guérard and, immediately afterward, read Emerson's essay; I think most will agree with me that Emerson gave the definitive, final, unshakable estimate of the man Napoleon Bonaparte.

Unlimited power is worse for the average person than unlimited alcohol; and the resulting intoxication is more damaging for others. Very few have not deteriorated when given absolute dominion; it is worse for the governor than for the governed. It is the basis of the ever-growing fame of both Washington and Lincoln that the more power they received, the more they showed themselves worthy of it; they are exceptions; in the list of American Presidents they stand apart. It is impossible to name any one who does not shrink when placed alongside; we have had many good Presidents, but whoever is named after Washington and Lincoln must be content with being a "bad third."

I was brought up in the extreme Puritanical, Protestant, anti-ritualistic manner of religious doctrine and worship. In my childhood I thought that all Catholics and all Democrats were going to hell. I am therefore interested in my own interest in Compton Mackenzie's novels dealing with the Anglo-Catholic movement. Last

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year I commented in these articles on the first of the trilogy, called "The Altar Steps"; I have just read the second, called "The Parson's Progress," which I like even better; and I am awaiting the third with growing impatience and eagerness. I do not know if many readers will share my enthusiasm; but the characters in these two novels seem very real to me, and I follow the protagonist's mental development like a hound on a fresh scent. The conversations are exceedingly well done; and every point of view seems presented with fairness. There are no exciting objective adventures; all the excitement is in the hero's mind, and, as Fox said of Browning's "Pauline," "the whole composition is of the spirit, spiritual. The scenery is in the chambers of thought; the agencies are powers and passions; the events are transitions from one state of spiritual existence to another." The last adjective for these novels would be *humorous;* yet there is an underlying quiet humor that comes out occasionally in a manner as delightful as it is unexpected. To illustrate: "When St. Paul compared the relation of Christ to His Church with that of a husband to his wife, he certainly never imagined such a perfect lady as the Church of England."

An inner delight to me in the perusal of "The Parson's Progress" is the thought of how intensely D. H. Lawrence would hate it.

Compton Mackenzie is assuredly not narrow. In the same month he publishes "The Parson's Progress," also another full-length and highly interesting novel called "The Seven Ages of Woman," where religion is hardly more than mentioned, and the regular issue of his magazine, *The Gramophone.* But this diversity is normal and natural; everyone who is interested in religion should be interested in everything else, for religion gives vitality and significance to all things.

I am glad to add another bookshop to the rapidly increasing list of those worthy of the name, those conducted by intelligent and highly educated experts. This latest one to reach my attention is "The Medical Standard Book Company," in Baltimore, which despite its name, sells "every kind of book." One of the staff writes me: "The presiding genius is a large entirely black cat, named Cicero, a wise old cat worthy of the name in everything except loquacity, which I believe is contrary to cat nature. Cicero has always been a favorite with customers as well as the staff, and the only difficulty has been in restraining his propensity to pick out a table of special editions or other expensive volumes for his afternoon nap. Cicero has a practical value too; for the rats give the place a wide berth here, and we never have any volumes gnawed to plug the chinks of a rat-nest, as Hamlet might say." Other good bookshops, in addition to those I have already mentioned, are Emily Hoopes's Walnut Street Bookshop, in Philadelphia; The Dunster Bookshop, in Cambridge, and the Old Brick Row Print and Book Shop, in New Haven, which has branches in New York and Princeton. Let me not forget to add that after trying in a score of places to find a copy of "The Wheels of Chance," I finally secured one last August in Leary's Old Bookshop in Philadelphia, and last week I got another copy in the same emporium.

Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry is not only admitted to the Asolo Club, with all its rights and privileges, but he is the only man who joined the club long before it was founded. He entered Asolo in the nineteenth century, and I think others will agree with me in declaring him to be our one and only Honorary Member.

With reference to the story containing "the four fat raisins," with which I ended my December contribution, I have received two letters, one from Portland, Oregon, the other from Dallas, Texas. The former says the title of the story is "Five Pounds of Cinnamon," and was published in a book called "Lil's Travels in Santa Claus Land." My Texas friend says the name of the story is "Roxy's Day of Judgment," and it was published in a book the title of which he cannot remember. I am sure that Roxy was the name of the little girl, and the Texan says she bought the raisins and cinnamon. So both Oregon and Texas are evidently dealing with precisely the same story. Could it have been reissued in a name other than

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the one it had on its first appearance? This is a fine literary problem.

Nothing except the ridicule of foreign missionaries is commoner than the ridicule of Sunday-school books; and I admit that most of those I read in my childhood were marked by a plentiful lack of wit. But there was one Sunday-school book which I read fifty years ago, and is as clear in my mind as though I had finished it yesterday. I wonder if any others recall it. It was called "Drifting and Steering" (an excellent title), and dealt with a quartet of young people, Walter, Owen, Honor, and Phemie. It differed from most Sunday-school books in having the villain get the better of the hero all through the volume, until at the very last he made a death-bed confession; even now the boys and girls in the story seem extremely well portrayed, and such incidents as the fire and the narrow escape from drowning, where the good dog was lost, will never be forgotten by me. A few years ago I came upon a copy of the novel; it was written by Lynde Palmer, a pen-name for Mrs. Peebles. Immediately I looked up Mrs. Peebles in "Who's Who," and to my regret discovered that she had very recently died, at about the age of ninety. I wish that I might have told her of my tremendous admiration for that book. It was certainly one of the best stories I read in my childhood, and made a permanent and beneficial impression on my mind. Many Sunday-school books were maudlin, and could not be taken seriously by anybody in good health. I have just received a letter from a lady who knew me when I was ten years old (I have not seen her since), and she writes that when my mother was chosen to serve on a committee to select books for a Sunday-school in a church in Providence, I particularly begged mother not to select books "where the children died with the triumphs."

A correspondent suggests "Sordello" for the Ignoble Prize. This cannot be accepted, because that poem has few friends. It takes no daring to attack "Sordello," which William Sharp called "that colossal derelict on the ocean of literature." It would require courage to confess admiration for it, for one who did so would be universally suspected not of unusual talents in criticism but of unusual talents in lying. To be a proper candidate for the Ignoble Prize, the object must be one that is almost universally esteemed, so that to confess a dislike of it or an inability to appreciate it, means running the risk of misprision and contempt. Let me then name two candidates for the Ignoble Prize which may cost me what little good reputation I have painfully acquired in half a century. These two are "Don Quixote" and "Tristram Shandy." To me they are bores—colossal bores. I know that the Don tilted against windmills; hence I wish he had tilted against the author of his being, who was one of the greatest windmills of all time. As for "Tristram Shandy," I might enjoy it if it were not so infernally dull. "The Life and Times of Sterne," by the accomplished Wilbur Cross, is to me far more interesting than anything by his hero.

The annual dinner of the Fano Club will be held in New Haven on Browning's birthday, May 7, 1924, at 7.30 P. M.

Doctor W. W. Keen asks me if I can do anything to stop the practice of using substitutes for the first personal pronoun. When he was revising a vast medical work, he went through all the pages, and whenever he came to "the author," "the writer," etc., he substituted "I." Such synonyms are a kind of awkward false modesty that really attracts more attention to the "writer" than if he had frankly said "I." Well, I heartily agree with this distinguished surgeon, and the proof of it is the title of this department which I am conducting.

The American novelist William Henry Bishop, who was present at that famous Boston dinner, in 1877, when Mark Twain shocked Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and others, writes me for information that I can supply only in an unsatisfactory manner. He wishes to know who changed the grammar of Shakespeare into present usage. Shakespeare did not hesitate to use many expressions which are now certainly bad grammar.

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Well, the English people did this gradually; and the fact that Shakespeare used what is now bad grammar does not make it good grammar for us. If we followed him in that respect, we should be imitating him in the only manner possible, it is true, but it would do neither him nor us any good. Usage makes dictionaries, and not the other way around. And yet here is a singular thing: the Authorized Version of the Bible was published when Shakespeare was alive; yet, though there are many mistakes in grammar in Shakespeare, as judged by the twentieth century, there are only two in the Bible: *Whom do men say that I am?* and *heavier than them both*, Proverbs xxvii: 3. Was there a vernacular and a literary language then, and did Shakespeare follow the man in the street rather than the man higher up?

I shall return to this subject in the next number.

Another correspondent writes on "the growing use of the term 'worth while,' which I had supposed meant 'worth the time it takes.' Common speech now asks a contribution to be quite 'worth while.' Here is a Bishop, asking that his 'church exhibit the only tolerance that was worth while.'" Well, I hereby confer on such loose uses of the expression my official damnation and I excommunicate the Bishop from all association with English-speaking people. Still, his offence is nothing compared to the daily-growing use of the word *alibi*, which is a custom particularly detestable, and for which there is no *alibi*.

I have received such a vast number of letters dealing with cats and dogs that it is impossible to quote from more than one or two. A nun writes me from a far-away convent that all her life she has had the same passion for fur that I confessed; she not only loves cats, but longs to stroke every fur cloak she sees. Hail, kindred spirit! A letter of gentle mockery comes from one who writes: "A friend of mine once had a turtle as a pet, and his silence, his wisdom, his imperturbability and his patience (patience to the *n*th degree) far outshone the cat." Well, the turtle has his merits; and it is on record that he won a race with a more gifted animal. I myself doubt it; at all events, I am certain that, whoever won the race, it was won by a hair. A man from Hannibal, Mo., wishes to know why, if the cat is a silent animal, he makes such an infernal noise in fighting. "To the dweller in the modern city flat, cat fights are a rarity, but let him jiggle the jigglers on his radio set and he has about the best imitation I can think of. Have you ever witnessed the meeting of two tom-cats and watched how they begin to comment loudly on the ancestry, and its degradation, of their adversary? After preliminary swearing and blasphemy is done, the song of hate rises higher and higher, then with a final and ear-splitting scream of obscenity they launch themselves into sanguinary conflict." He compares this noisy method with the grim silence of the bulldog. My answer is that the bulldog has no sense of humor. Fighting with him is serious. He does not fight like a gentleman for the sake of the sport, but only for victory. The cat, on the other hand, enjoys abusive conversations like an Irishman or a cab-driver; he doesn't mean it; he is laughing in his fur all the time. A lady writes that Doctor Weir Mitchell made a study of "those people who could tell that a cat, though invisible to the eye, was in the room, but I do not know what conclusions he reached. He recognized it as a nerve disorder but I do not know what he did for it." Another writes: "But the thrill I had when I saw my own and present pet kitten decorating the cover of SCRIBNER'S! I am convinced that she has posed for it—how else could it be so exactly her portrait?"

One of the best of all cat books is "The Alley Rabbit," by James H. Penniman, and the most deeply affecting cat poem I ever read is Thomas Hardy's "Last Words to a Dumb Friend," in the volume "Late Lyrics and Earlier."

I promise to say nothing more about cats in these articles for a long time, for it is impossible that the majority of my readers should share my feline ecstasies. Let me close the subject now by remarking that when I was a boy I felt real regret to learn that Julius Cæsar had conquered the Catti, and was only partially comforted by discovering that the island where Columbus landed, San Salvador, had in later years been rechristened Cat Island.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

OF all the foreign artists who have visited the United States in recent years none has been more certain of a cordial welcome amongst American painters than Paul Albert Besnard. As I write, he is expected to arrive in New York and to open an exhibition of his works at the Knoedler Gallery at the end of March. Then he is to proceed to Pittsburgh, where he will act as one of the jurors for the annual international exhibition, and before he returns to France he will deliver a number of lectures in different parts of the country. If through all these activities he will be accompanied by evidences of good-will on the part of his confrères here, it will be because they recognize in him a peculiarly strong representative of the genius of French art in its latter-day manifestations. He stands for the traditional rectitude of French painting, enriched and made flexible by great individual power. He has been in the Salon but not of it, which is to say that he has kept himself free from the deadly conventions of the famous picture-fair. He was a young man when the Impressionist group came into view, back in the late sixties, and in his formative period he remained in a measure aloof from its revolutionary influences; in fact, he has never been a revolutionist. When he won the Prix de Rome in 1874, he won it as a conservative and he has been a conservative ever since. But fortunately you can be as original in that category as in the most advanced of so-called liberal camps, and from the very outset Besnard's art has had the vitality which springs from free personal sources.

I remember many years ago going over to see his decorations in the Ecole de Pharmacie. They gave me an extraordinary sensation of release from the academic habit of the French school. It is true that there was no trace in them of the poetry and the beauty so characteristic of Puvis. Besnard was not afraid to paint an invalid collapsed in bed, with a doctor occupied in supporting her and in reaching out for a restorative in the hands of a nurse. In other words, he drove straight at life. His very fearlessness, his very realism, proclaimed the true artist. There is life, truth, vividness, in everything he has done. And he, too, has had his poetic moments. In one of them he painted "L'Ile Heureuse," the superb decoration in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. But it is a very different thing from, say, Watteau's famous illustration of much the same theme. Here is no artificial world of romance but a veritable scene in modern landscape. It typifies also one of this artist's salient and most fruitful traits, the *joie de vivre* which runs through his work like an enlivening flame. Nothing is cold or inert in his cosmos. His human beings and his animals fairly quiver with well-being or even, for that matter, with sensations that are not precisely joyous. He has painted, for example, horses in Algeria, some of them tormented by flies. There is an indescribable nervous poignancy expressed in the straining restlessness of the suffering beasts. Memory of those horses comes back to me in particular clearness from the exhibition in which they first appeared here long ago.

You always have a clear recollection of a Besnard picture or decoration or portrait, it is such a rich, tangible affair, with such a glowing fervor in it. His nudes are among the most opulently sensuous paintings of their kind in modern art, intensely modern but with an early Venetian glow in them. His flesh tints may not be as honeyed as Palma's but they are as luminous. Besnard's luminosity is one of his greatest gifts. As I have noted, he did not join the Impressionist movement, but he took over some of its prime interest in light, and as he happens to be a natural colorist, with a passion for a luxurious, even gorgeous, key, his characteristic effects are nothing if not brilliant. It seems quite a matter of course that he should have gravitated for many of his subjects to Algeria and

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India. Sunlit types in gay costumes or in dazzling white, exotic backgrounds, oriental picturesqueness, have inevitably beguiled him. In the painting of these things he has been original, veracious, and magnificently workmanlike. It is in his bold, firm technique that he must especially renew the sympathies of those numerous American artists who have been trained in Paris, recalling to them the wholesome discipline of old days. That is the central idea which is brought to mind by his presence here, the idea of a high standard in workmanship. Besnard, one of the broadest, most liberal of contemporary figures in art, is also essentially an embodiment of sound painting.

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MUSING on this matter of the play of ideas in art, I have been led to think of New York as a clearing-house for foreign artists, and have been impressed by the number of opportunities to test the subject which have been offered to us in recent years. The record would prove portentous, I believe, if one were to attempt to document it, for, even trusting to memory, I can trace the footsteps of a positive multitude. The thing began, ages ago as it seems, with the great exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of portraits and pictures by George Frederick Watts. It is another English show that next comes into view, one of the Pre-Raphaelites at the Century Club. But these episodes had, on the whole, an historical significance. What I am more particularly thinking of to-day is the movement that has sought to make us acquainted with current European ideas. That movement dates, I should say, from the eighties, when Durand-Ruel brought over his memorable collections of the French Impressionists. They were shown both in the old building on Twenty-third Street of the National Academy of Design and at the American Art Galleries. The subject was new and strange. It provoked scoffings as well as some sympathy. It made headway slowly. But headway it did make. Neither collectors nor artists were altogether unresponsive, and upon the artists, in fact, subsequent developments left an indelible mark. It would be impossible to draw up an analysis of the growth of American art in the last thirty years that failed to take account of the influence of French Impressionism. The story is too long for me to retell it here, but I do not think its importance could be denied. There, in short, was an outstanding case of the constructive play of ideas due to the exhibition here of foreign work. Has it been repeated? Hardly. The services to us of French Impressionism remain unique. Most of the foreign shows which recur to me seem to have fulfilled their purpose in satisfying curiosity. If there is an exception to be noted, I would signalize it as the exhibition which Besnard had years since at the American Art Galleries. That carried the lesson of honest workmanship to which I have alluded. It played into the hands of those painters who made the backbone of the Society of American Artists. It sustained the same standards they were sustaining; Besnard attacked the same problems they attacked, and in the same way. His was bound to be a friendly, stimulating influence. I doubt if as much could be said about the shows of Cazin and Raffaelli which were held at the same place. They introduced competent and interesting artists but not what might be called fertilizing forces. This brings up a rather curious phase of the subject.

There is no inherent virtue in a movement, or a school, or a period. The validity of a work of art allied with any one of these things depends wholly upon the caliber of the individual artist producing it. The tale of our foreign exhibitions is a tale of personalities and the odd circumstance is that France, whose artists have been so often in the comparatively recent past men whom it was a delight to honor, has latterly been sending us the work of men of no distinction at all. For one major figure like Besnard we have had shoals of minor types or even of flat mediocrities. During the war there would be every now and then an exhibition sent over from Paris. It was received always with the courtesy implicit in the special conditions of the moment, but it possessed as persistently only the character of a quasi-artistic and really political "gesture." French participation in the international shows at Pittsburgh has only confirmed

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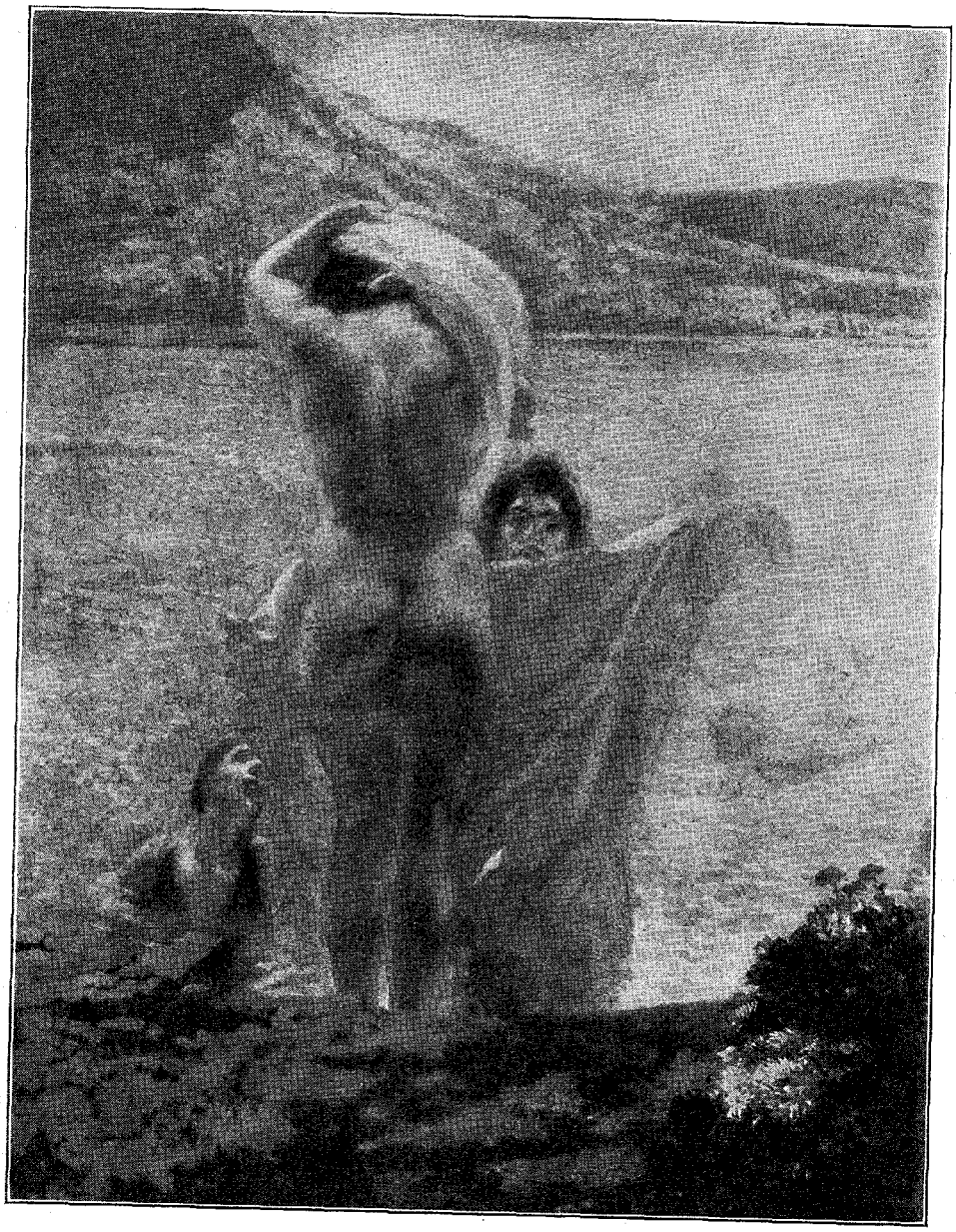

The Bathers.
From the painting by Paul Albert Besnard.

this dubious impression. I do not mean for a moment to convey the suggestion that the school has been wholly sterile and arid in its contributions to our galleries. Of course we have seen over here the work of Frenchmen of high ability. Henry Caro-Delvaille, who has settled in this country, is one of them. His decorative work particularly has won him cordial appreciation. We had an interesting visitor in Jean Lemordant, it has been good to see the landscapes of Henri le Sidaner and Victor Charreton, and there has been entertainment always in the fashionable drawings of M. Helleu. I was grateful when the Kraushaar Gallery began the

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Photo Peter A. Juley.

Canale di SS. Giovanni e Paolo.
From the painting by Favai.

practice of showing, from time to time, a group of paintings by Forain. His designs as a satirist, his etchings and lithographs, have overshadowed his work with the brush, and exhibitions of his paintings here have been of decided benefit to American students. But that is precisely what you cannot say, taking French art by and large, of the miscellaneous exhibitions that have of late illustrated the subject in New York. Frankly they have been, in the main, dull and spiritless incidents, providing no striking sensations.

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RATHER unexpectedly those have been forthcoming in some measure from Spain, a country which is not ordinarily thought of as being in the van of modern art. It isn't there in point of fact, but it has played its part in sending us a few personalities. Though Sorolla, to be sure, was made the object of too indiscriminate admiration when his gay pell-mell of snap-shots was shown at the Hispanic Museum, he had undeniable talents which were of the more interest when you considered them in the light supplied by the modern Spanish school. He did a lot to renovate the practice of that school, and for that reason, if for no other, it was worth while to have his glittering art set forth in New York at full length. He was a personality and, in his way, a constructive force. Decidedly he gave us a sensation. So did Zuloaga, a man whose work has been doubly welcome not only for its technical merits, but as a mirror of Spanish life. A more conventional order of painter who nevertheless had something of Zuloaga's racial quality was Jose Pinazo; and this winter two brothers, Ramon and Valentin de Zubiaurre, had an exhibition at the Dudensing Gallery likewise illuminating as to the types, color, and movement of Spanish life. More recently there has been at the Wildenstein Gallery an exhibition of the work of a Spaniard long resident in Paris, Jose Maria Sert. He showed two sets of decorative paintings. One of them, made as cartoons for tapestries to be executed to the order of the King of Spain, illustrated in groups of figures the characteristics of a Spanish fair. This set ran through an amazing gamut of strong color. The other set, painted for the ballroom in Mr. J. M. Cosden's house at Palm Beach, delineated episodes in the story of Sinbad the Sailor. It was painted *en camaïeu,*

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in black and silver, with each composition framed in a simulation of the folds of red velvet. [See frontispiece.]

It has been said of these paintings that one could not exactly live with them. The criticism is hardly apposite. One does not read Plato or even the morning paper in a ballroom. That is a place for pageantry, a show place, the decoration of which can legitimately be pitched in a Sardanapalian key. Sert so pitches his key, though I ought to add that there is nothing Roman or antique about the pictorial sequence that he develops from it. His extravagance tells rather in his tremendous energy, in the hurly-burly of his picturesque groupings, in the large and lavish way in which he handles form and color. In the Cosden canvases he woke memories of Gustave Doré. In the panels for the king he made you think a little of Goya. Both schemes disclosed a freely decorative *flair* which has been fostered, I dare say, by some contact with Tiepolo. But what made Sert's appearance upon the scene a matter of interest was just his original force. He has broken absolutely with the convention of mural painting established by Veronese. If he has any prototype among the Old Masters it is Tintoretto. But there is nothing really derivative about his art. Though he was a close friend of Degas, and draws in a way that is worthy of the alliance, this has not affected his style. He stands on his own legs, a brilliant craftsman with something to say.

The Spanish record in New York, then, is very creditable. The Italian is good so far as it goes. Favai, the Venetian painter, had a fine exhibition at the Kingore Gallery a year or so ago. In his latest works he seemed to be feeling his way toward a manner of dubious value, but in the bulk of his pictures he had beautiful color and a very interesting personal quality. There has not been much Italian painting shown in New York. When I have looked it up at Pittsburgh it has been of little consequence outside of the able and not otherwise very distinguished productions of the veteran Ettore Tito. The Parisianized Czech, Alphonse Mucha, had an imposing exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum in 1921, imposing through the vast scale of his historical compositions. These represented in excellent estate the ideas and methods of a painter making the most of conventional French instruction. It is a kind of instruction precious in its thoroughgoing rectitude. It makes for efficiency, and Mucha is unquestionably efficient. There was no inspiration, no grace of style, discernible in his gigantic canvases.

Lobelia.
From the drawing by Augustus John.

One artist of individual traits, Ferdinand Hodler, figured conspicuously in the group brought over from Switzerland to the same museum. He has felt the qualities in the Italian Primitives and emulates them interestingly enough, after a fashion. But Swiss art in general, as

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his colleagues stood for it on this occasion, seemed a negligible subject. Modern German art has been in the same case, from the time when it was exhibited on a considerable scale at the Metropolitan Museum to the recent date of the show organized by Doctor Valentiner at the Anderson Galleries which I have already discussed in these pages. Modern German art is poisoned by bad if not positively vulgar taste. The Japanese school of to-day had an exhibition at the Art Centre this winter. It contained nothing remarkable. Two things about it call for notice. One is that certain Japanese artists are making strenuous efforts to adjust themselves to Western methods. The other is that the East is more successful in art when it sticks to its own ancient tradition and lets the West alone.

The English maintain themselves respectably, but not at all excitingly in the annual show at Pittsburgh. They affirm themselves in New York principally through an endless succession of portrait-painters. The line has included some deplorably commonplace practitioners and two artists of distinction, Augustus John and Oswald Birley. Ambrose McEvoy has some engaging qualities and proved mildly interesting, but that was all. Orpen has left a better impression here with his drawings than with his paintings. In fact, British draftsmanship has done more than anything else to command interest in the British school amongst Americans —the draftsmanship of Orpen, John, Charles H. Shannon, and Muirhead Bone. Their studies, shown more particularly at the Scott and Fowles Gallery, have constituted distinctive episodes in the ceaseless flood of exhibitions.

Anna Pavlowa.
From the painting by Savely Sorin.

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IT is a little difficult to be dispassionately judicial about the Russians. Some of them, like Bakst, are, I do not doubt, perfectly solvent and perfectly

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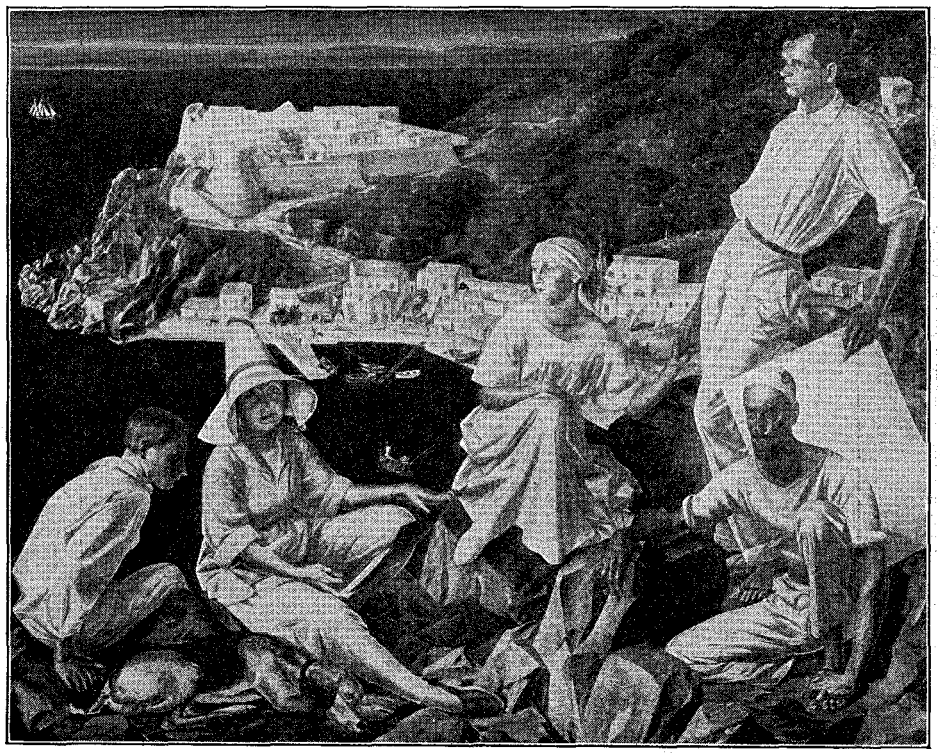
happy. I don't worry in the least about several Russians I might name. But I have a strong suspicion that there are others who have been fearfully hard hit by the revolution at home, and I reflect with sympathy upon the anguish it must mean to be cast upon a strange shore with next to no funds and the pitiless task of beginning life all over again under heavy handicaps. On the other hand, these people make friends here and they seem to be given every chance to show their work. There have been big Russian exhibitions and little ones, shows devoted to a single painter and shows devoted to a group. At this moment I hear of a huge Russian exhibition in preparation at the Grand Central Palace. The subject would, by itself, yield material for an essay. But I am concerned here with the broad stream of foreign art as it flows through the galleries of New York and the leading types that it brings into view. What do these tell us of the Russian school? In the first place that it is rich in talent. It has produced a conventional but powerful painter in Repin. It has a romantic colorist in Boris Anisfeld and a kindred type of picturesqueness in Nicolas Roerich. There is brilliant draftsmanship in the portraits by Savely Sorin and in the paintings of Jakovlev. Nicolas Fechin is an admirable realist, more or less in the tradition of Repin, with an accent of individuality and a quality that is rare in Russian art, the quality of charm. Bakst is bizarre but diabolically clever, a man with a tremendous decorative aptitude and a most polished technique. I cite these artists as the ones who detach themselves most aggressively from the crowd. In a swift retrospective view of their exhibitions I realize how definitely interesting they have been. At the same time I cannot say that they make me feel that anything like a real master has come out of Russia. They give you more of a sensation than you got out of



Portraits, Port Cros, 1921.
From the painting by A. Jakovlev.

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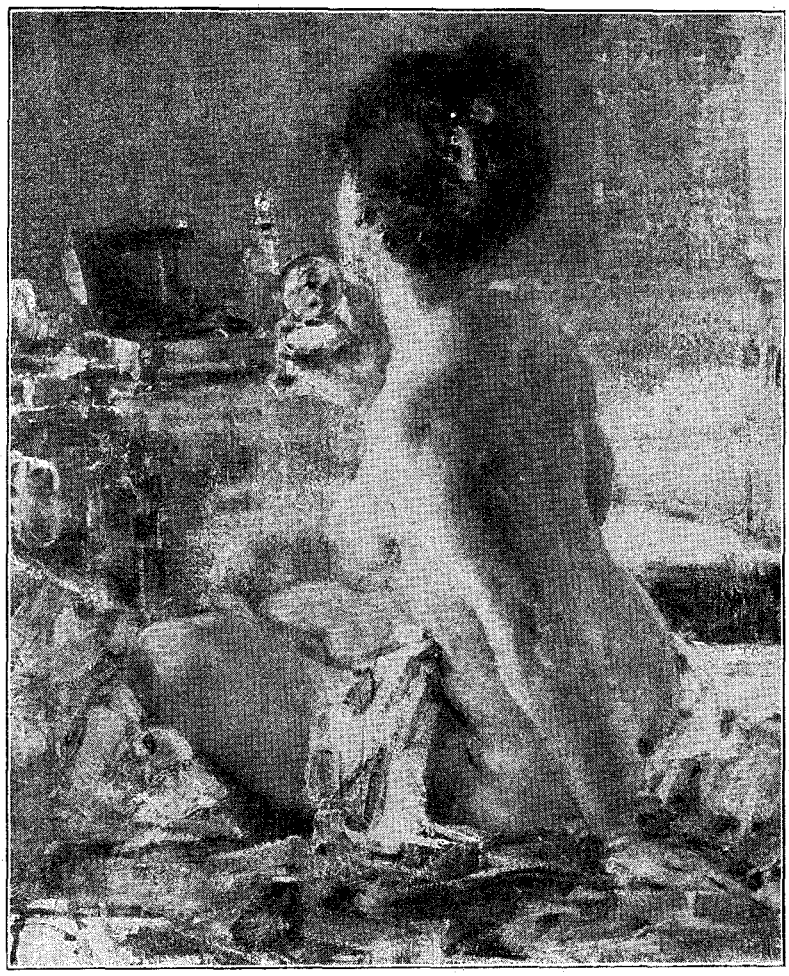

Nude.

From the painting by Nicolas Fechin.

Verestchagin, they are more experimental, more audacious, and, by the same token, more painter-like. But they nearly all suffer from a passion for undue emphasis. Few of them have such delicacy as you recognize in Fechin or such restraint as marks Sorin and Jakovlev. They tend too much to bigness in their forms, to heat and crudity in color, to heaviness in style. Their simplicity is often uncouth. They have brought us from Russia a sensation, yes, but they have not brought us much beauty. In the long run one is inclined to repel their violence of attack. At least they evoke argument, which cannot by any means be said of all the foreigners whose work is put before us. Do they incidentally teach us anything? I question it.

To sum up about all of these strangers of every race, their ministrations in America seem to be to entertain rather than to inspire. As I have said before, they gratify curiosity. It is a good thing, but, just the same, if the reader finds himself in agreement with the foregoing rapid survey he will perhaps accept the judgment that there is nothing noted in it calculated to make us feel apologetic about our own American art.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Fall in Staple Prices and Rise of Foreign Exchange

THE RAPID DECLINE OF WHEAT AND COTTON—LOW MONEY RATES AND STOCK MARKET—THE FRANC'S EXTRAORDINARY RECOVERY

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THIS is the time of year when new influences, sometimes unforeseen, are apt to be discovered in the financial situation. It is not necessarily true that the coming of spring is bound of itself to instil hope and confidence into the financial mind. It will, no doubt, emphasize the spirit of cheerfulness at a time when everything is going well, and that is presumably the basis for the aphorism, ascribed to that eminent Wall Street philosopher, Mr. Daniel Drew, that "nobody ought to sell stocks when the sap is running in the trees." Yet the record shows almost as many disappointing as reassuring discoveries in the springtime markets.

Markets and the Coming of Spring

Our own great "trade booms" of the longer past have usually begun in the spring months. But so have some of our older "trade reactions"—those of 1903 and 1907, for instance. In recent years, it is true, that the turn from falling markets immediately after the armistice to rapid trade expansion came in the spring of 1919; also that the revival of finance and industry which occurred in 1922, after more than a year of profound depression, had its real beginning during April and May. But on the other hand, it was in May of 1920 that signs of the coming breakdown of credit first came into sight. It was in May that the early "trade boom" of 1923, whose continuance had seemed to be irresistible, was abruptly checked by a change in the mood of both producers and consumers.

THE inference from these divergent experiences is that the arrival of this season will not necessarily give either a good turn or a bad turn to the financial situation; that it may, indeed, leave the course of events entirely unchanged, but that it will usually test and define the real character of that situation.

Taking the Financial Reckoning

In two directions, the coming of springtime is bound to affect the business community's plans and forecasts. What merchants call the "spring trade" is itself often a determining factor; for the contracts placed at that time have to be regulated by the merchant's first-hand knowledge of the mood and financial condition of his prospective customers and by his own judgment of the larger influences likely to be at work on trade prosperity.

Something like visible consensus of mercantile judgment is thereby brought to light. It is possible in the springtime, therefore, to determine with reasonable assurance how large a profit the marketing of the old crops gave to the agricultural West and South, and what is the outlook for the new agricultural season. With a country in which, as in ours, nearly one-eighth of the population gets its living from agriculture, these are highly important considerations in the problem of national prosperity.

BUT they are not the only governing considerations. Sometimes a clearer view of the drift of financial affairs may be obtained at this time of year by looking back at the expectations prevalent

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when the year began, and asking how far the actual course of events has proved or disproved their correctness. Some of last New Year Day's forecasts have been wholly fulfilled—the belief, for instance, that 1924 would be a year of active business but without a "boom"; the belief that an exceptionally easy money market would prevail; the prediction that something of a crisis would occur in the financial affairs of France. Financial opinion was very positive on all these points, four months ago, and we now know that it was correct. On the other hand, expectations then generally prevalent as to the probable course of home politics and the probable results of the easy-money market in prices and on the Stock Exchange have thus far been distinctly unfulfilled.

Expectations, Fulfilled and Unfulfilled

It might perhaps be argued that the extraordinary spectacle which the Senate has been making of itself, in its hunt for personal and political scandal, has verified the New Year's Day prediction that the action of Congress would be a danger-point, especially in a "presidential year." But what has thus far happened at Washington differs altogether from what the prophets of evil had foreshadowed. It was "radical legislation" which the markets feared at the end of 1923; attacks on the present railway law; bills to amend and impair the Federal Reserve Act; sweeping legislation in regard to wheat and cotton prices, whether in the form of prohibitory measures against the grain and cotton exchanges or of unsound measures of relief for the farmer himself, and it is precisely these demonstrations which have failed to take shape.

OF the presidential campaign itself, even experienced politicians have been admitting that it will largely hinge, so far as regards Opposition platforms and Opposition stump speeches, on the discoveries, inferences, and insinuations of the Senate inquiries into the oil leases and the Attorney-General's Office. Something of the famous and quite undiscriminating "turn-the-rascals-out" campaign of the Opposition in 1874 and 1876 is generally taken for granted. But there are some important differences between the present situation in that regard and the situation of half a century ago.

The Spectacle at Washington

For one thing, inquiries by the Congressional committees of the seventies were conducted with great dignity; managed by eminent lawyer-statesmen, who respected the rules of evidence and assumed nothing as proved until competent evidence had been provided. No contrast could be greater than the contrast between the proceedings of the "Poland committee," which in 1872 examined the Crédit Mobilier scandals, and of the "Garfield committee," which in 1870 investigated the gold-market conspiracy, and the proceedings of the Senate committees which have been sitting in 1924 at Washington.

THE old-time committees dealt with proven facts; their reports to Congress had the force of judicial findings, and have been so accepted in the histories of the period. Their records had no analogy whatever with the mass of irrelevancies, unconfirmed hear-say evidence, patently malicious testimony by witnesses of confessedly bad character, rehearsal of gossip and tittle-tattle from the underworld of politics, which have accompanied the proceedings of the "Daugherty inquiry" and the Public Lands committee. The committees of the seventies were headed by eminent administration Congressmen, the character of their membership guaranteed the investigation against partisan bias.

Two Kinds of Congressional Inquiry

Stress has none the less been laid on the fact that, even under such circumstances, spectacular accusations in the testimony, reported in all the newspapers and presumably reaffirmed by highly denunciatory reports from the committees to the Senate, would have weight with public opinion in a presidential year. To a greater or less extent, this conclusion can hardly be disputed, and it had its effect on financial sentiment. Yet it is easily possible for such a committee, engaged in procedure of so extraordinary a character, to overshoot the mark and make both itself and its investigation ridiculous. There have been times when the committee's methods of examination,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 87)

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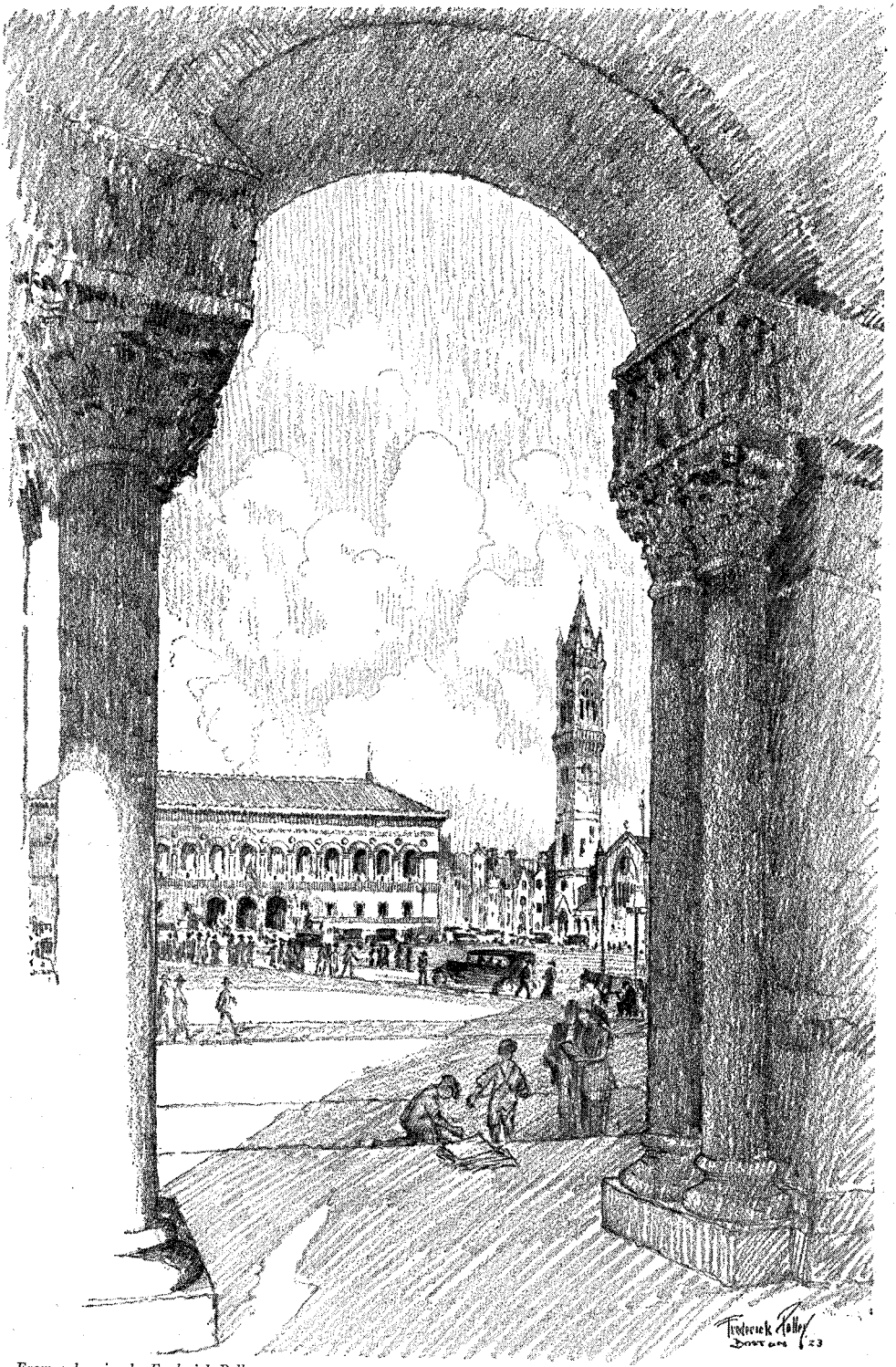

From a drawing by Frederick Polley.

COPLEY SQUARE.

Italian Gothic towers, Romanesque façades, and French Romanesque spires dominate the bounds of Copley Square. This view is through an arch of Trinity Church looking across the Square toward the Library.

—"Boston," page 594.

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